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Volume 13

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The
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The Romantic Revival in England



New York

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THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL

CHARACTERISTICS

AS a period in English literary history, the Romantic Revival is remarkable for the production of a memorable body of poetry by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, of prose fiction by Sir Walter Scott, and of essays by Lamb, Hazlitt, and De Quincey. Differing very greatly from each other in many respects, these writers have in common an imaginative quality which distinguishes their work from that of the great masters of the eighteenth century. It is with this imaginative quality that the period and its name have come to be associated, though strictly speaking the term "Romantic Revival" might be interpreted as signifying mainly the revival of interest in the romances which were popular in the middle ages and in the romantic dramas of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. When German critics and dramatists in the latter part of the eighteenth century were seeking an escape from bondage to French classical convention and tradition, it was to the Elizabethan drama that they turned for example and authority. They found inspiration too in the treasures of English ballad poetry revealed in Bishop Percy's 'Reliques' published in 1765. Macpherson's Ossianic poems and Chatterton's 'Rowley' poems, though of less than dubious authority, had their share in reviving an interest in the romantic past, as had also Gray's dithyrambs founded on Welsh or Norse mythology. But the Romantic Revival soon came to have a more than literary significance; it affected art in general — plastic and pictorial as well as musical — and, gathering material like a snowball, attracted to itself contributing forces which made romanticism if not a philosophy at any rate a point of view. Of this romantic view of life, of which Rousseau was the prophet and the French Revolution the outcome in practical politics, much has been written, but to follow the discussion would take us too far afield. We shall content ourselves with pointing out some of the characteristics of the Romantic Revival as it affected English Literature and, especially, English poetry, in the hope that this analysis will be of service to the student in his reading. It should always be remembered that such classifications are merely pigeon-holes to assist the reader to a clearer view of the literature, and are here inserted as means to that end.

The new themes, points of view or modes of treatment of the poets of the Romantic Revival may be summarized under the following heads, with some indication of the writers of the Romantic Revival conspicuously associated with the particular phase of the movement discussed under each heading: — 1. Freedom; 2. The Individual; 3. Nature; 4. Simplicity; 5. The Past; 6. Beauty; 7. Wonder; 8. Dreams; 9. Emotion; 10. Variety of Expression.

FREEDOM

If there was one thing dear to the heart of the Romanticist it was freedom. Restraint of any kind was sufficient to provoke him to protest either on his own behalf or on behalf of those whom he conceived to be victims of tyranny. The Romantic ideal of freedom was a complex one. It sought political freedom for the individual and political independence for the state. It was vaguely but fundamentally socialistic, and, owing to its sympathy with the poor and downtrodden, it was an avowed enemy of plutocracy. In this particular respect, therefore, the romantic poets are partly the spokesmen of their age and partly the prophets of a new dawn. This impulse to freedom combined ultimately with the new revelation of the significance of the individual to develop the schemes of social amelioration into which Ruskin, Morris, Kingsley, and F. D. Maurice subsequently threw themselves with romantic ardor.

Wordsworth in many of his political sonnets sounds the lofty note of national freedom, not in any insular mood, but generous enough to hope that "the Nations shall be great and free." Shelley in 'Prometheus Unbound' carries the great ideal still higher into heights of the ethereal where thought grows more rarefied and the lyrical cry of the enthusiast of freedom becomes lost in the music of the spheres. But this "bright and ineffectual angel," who sped on the wings of the morning and whose coursers were shod with the light, found government within the four narrow walls of home too difficult to manage, and even his hopeful vision of an ideal republic sometime, somewhere, became but "the wreck of a dissolving dream." Byron, who gave his life in the struggle for Grecian freedom, manifested in his tempestuous existence his thoroughgoing belief in the right to individual liberty, and stopped at times in the onrush of his passion to gaze with understanding eyes upon the ruins of great nations of the past where Freedom had tarried for a while. On to the end of the Victorian Era Meredith, the two Brownings, and Swinburne continued to plead the cause of Italy and other oppressed Continental nations.

THE INDIVIDUAL

With the importance of personal freedom, the value of the individual came also to be recognized. Most people have at some time or another experienced that sudden realization within themselves whereby the self is suddenly, in a flash of revelation, seen to be the center of its experience, a little system of its own within that vast whirling universe of human life which wheels its infinitely complex course on all sides. From this mood to the exploitation of the ego by way of literary self-expression may seem an easy transition, but it is a very different matter to give this self-realization lyrical or at least poetic expression of universal and abiding significance. Wordsworth succeeded in doing so in the Lucy poems, in the 'Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tint-

tern Abbey,' and in some passages of the 'Prelude.' Byron has often been accused of getting his ego out of proportion to the rest of the cosmos, but he too, in a very different way from Wordsworth, succeeded in making his personal experiences of entralling interest to others beside himself. It is the mark of genius to be able by the magic touch of art to transmute into the enduring gold of fine poetry the evanescent and the individual. This Keats can do, and Shelley; Wordsworth and Byron, in their own way and at their best, are also touched with the gift of this inscrutable alchemy. The renaissance of self-consciousness is not necessarily accompanied by an overweening egotism; it may even provoke an access of humility. On the whole, the English Romantic poets (with the exception of Byron) are freer than their Continental brethren from the undue assertion of their own interests and their own concerns. Usually they succeed in identifying their own interests with the interests of humanity.

NATURE

Eighteenth century literature is in the main a city literature, though one notes a growing appreciation of country life in Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns. Now, however, Wordsworth comes as the prophet of a new era of nature-worship, and to him is due the credit of having pointed out to his fellow-men, both by word and deed, the inspiration and the consolation which nature can supply to the tired spirit. With him, indeed, this cult rises to heights of lofty idealism.

Wordsworth includes within his experience four distinct conceptions of Nature which are held by poet and ordinary man alike. There is first the childlike attitude which regards Nature as a great objective power, a distinct and gigantic personality, tolerant, beneficent, or hostile according to mood or provocation. When he stealthily takes a boat for an evening row on the lake, the boy Wordsworth feels that the mountains are rising to overtake him, and his early experiences in trapping and bird-nesting give Nature's countenance an accusing cast. From this mood he passes to one of pure enjoyment when Nature to him was "all in all," the source of satisfying sensation and enduring emotion,

That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

('Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey.'

The third stage in the poet's development comes when he finds in Nature a power to soothe, calm, and elevate the spirit, and experiences a lustration of "the inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" akin to the cleansing of the dusty trodden wayside by the dews of the morning,

While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

The last and highest mood consists in being rapt out of the ordinary sphere of life into the very heart of Nature, in a kind of mystic and momentary identification of the spirits of man and earth in a strange fit of passion that amounts to a sort of cosmic intuition and sees all things "sub specie æternitatis." When

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,—of God they are.

Byron, Shelley, and Keats, too, are poets of Nature, but with a difference. Byron can describe with a magnificent and transient energy the fury of an Alpine tempest or sketch with a facile pen the background of an amour, and can make his pictures of classic lands effectively set off the action of his narrative. Shelley, with a brush dipped in the blue of heaven, paints "a lovely vale in the Indian Caucasus," or makes the West Wind visible, or gives us a glimpse of "the lone Chorasmian shore" and "solemn midnight tingling silence" — but all is large and vague and atmospheric as a Wagnerian setting dimly lighted. Keats lived to "burst Joy's grape against his palate fine" and felt the pain of too much beauty. To him Nature was full of the color of the rainbow, the warmth of the generous South, and the odors of orient spices.

This sensuous view of Nature which we associate with the name of Keats was in the main that adopted by Tennyson, though he sometimes returns to the transcendental philosophy of Wordsworth. Throughout the century the Wordsworth influence prevailed. It is seen in the adjuration addressed to the art students of his time by Ruskin to "go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning and remember her instruction, rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing, and rejoicing always in the truth." Wordsworth it was too who afforded Meredith the foundation for his own transcendental philosophy of Earth the Mother, expressed with so much fire and eloquence in 'The Woods of Westermain,' and implicit in all Meredith's thought and work. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that every Nature-lover in the nineteenth century, from the highest to the most humble, owes something, directly or indirectly, to Wordsworth. His influence is still a factor in the thought and feeling of our own time.

SIMPLICITY

With the return to nature came, almost inevitably, a return to simplicity—not only in treatment but in choice of theme. Simple thoughts, simple people, and familiar passions and motives came into fashion again. It was not a new quality in English poetry, or indeed in any poetry, for the strongest emotions are as a rule the simplest, and the most illuminating ideas are often seen to be inevitable when they are made clear. Real life is near at hand, and is only obscure to us because its significance is veiled to us by its very familiarity. There were eighteenth century poets, such as Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Crabbe, and Blake, who could find in the simplest themes the opportunity for high art, but as a rule the poets and the public had turned to subjects and methods of treatment implying considerable sophistication. It was therefore of considerable significance that Wordsworth, in the 'Preface to the Lyrical Ballads' which furnished so many of the battle cries for the new movement in poetry, insisted on the virtue of simplicity.

"The principal object, then, proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination. . . . Humble and rustic life was generally chosen because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated and more forcibly communicated."

Simplicity is indeed a quality of high art; for all their apparent complexity, Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare have it—for simplicity does not mean childishness but childlikeness; not emptiness, but clarity. One great service then that the Romantic Revival rendered to English literature was to re-assert the eternal truth that one way, at least, of entrance into the kingdom of English letters was to become as a little child.

THE PAST

We have already drawn attention to the important part played in the new movement by the revival of interest in the past which in the eighteenth century was already a significant element of literary activity. But the Romantic Revival is not merely a continuation of this interest in a newly discovered subject-matter which fascinated by its strangeness or charmed by its quaintness. The Romantic poets developed a new point of view with regard to the past. Instead of merely esteeming it for its novelty and for its objective differences from the material to which they were accustomed, they developed in themselves a sub-

jective attitude which made the past eternal and an age in which they, by the extraordinary sensitiveness of their imaginative sympathy, could take their ease. So Bishop Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry' inspired Scott not merely to collect the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' (1802-3) but to write ballads of his own in which he recaptures the heroic valor of former ages, and to give us in the Waverley Novels an undying series of imaginative histories in which distant lands and earlier years spring to a new life under the magic wand of "the Wizard of the North." For his gifted contemporaries also their studies of the past, whether of Medieval Europe or of classical Greece and Rome, were opportunities of widening life as well as of escape from the insensibly hardening conventions which pursued the poetry of nature after its first few careless and exuberant years.

Their initial sensation was the sudden glad surprise of unexpected discovery such as Keats felt "on first looking into Chapman's Homer" (1816), which changed, as the fecund significance of an old world ever new began to stir within his imagination, to "a most dizzy pain" when the spirit reluctantly found itself too weak to bear the heavy weight of "such dim-conceived glories." Shelley was to know the same unquietude, accompanied by the celestial music of the winds and the harmonies of earth, in a vision of the past and future ('Prometheus Unbound,' 1820), and was to build therefrom that tenuous idealism which sometimes seems so like the baseless fabric of a dream. And Byron was to find in "the Niobe of Nations" not merely the "lone mother of dead empires" but a city wherein his soul could dwell with the mighty and tempestuous spirits of the past, peopling the moonlit ruins of colossal decay with gladiators and emperors and all the fanfare of a triumphant paganism.

BEAUTY

Keats is the great revealer of romantic beauty. He stands midway between Wordsworth, who has made us see more than merely yellow in the "primrose by the river's brim," and Ruskin and Morris who preached and practised beauty as a necessity of life. At the outset the fact must be emphasized that beauty is not regarded by the Romantic poets as merely the source of exquisite or concentrated physical sensation. Even Wordsworth insists that we look upon daffodils with

that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

It is beauty spiritualized and lifted into the serene light of the imagination which these poets celebrate, preferring not to dwell upon the corporeal opulence that perhaps unjustly brought condemnation upon Rossetti for his "hothouse poetry," nor upon the enervating satiety which too often detracts

from the melodious verse of Swinburne, with whom languorous Beauty seems ever to watch the death of Love. With Keats, on the contrary,

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

It is this belief in the immortality of beauty as a cardinal fact of life that leads Keats to identify truth and beauty in his incomparable 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' (1820) from which we learn the paradox that

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter —

that the joy of anticipation is reward, enough as well as real, and that attainment, in the difficult dispensation of the gods of old, is the ultimate punishment of "all breathing human passion." Not otherwise does the unmatched music of his 'Ode to a Nightingale' (1819) teach the same lesson to the ear.

The achievement of the Romantic poets is that they found a philosophy of sensation by which they spiritualized their art. In Wordsworth we find the revelation of the eternal beauty of mountain and vale, of cottage and countryside; in Keats, a passionate, because brief, sojourn at the foot of the rainbow of the world's color and a worship of the divine forms of immortal ideas; in Shelley, a lyrical enthusiasm for the wide spaces of earth and air and an ear attuned to catch the music of the spheres; in Coleridge, a perception of the beauty instead of the terror of the supernatural; and in Byron, a lusty love of human life and a worship of the beauty that still lingers upon the face of the ancient mistress of the world.

WONDER

The Romantic Revival has been described not inaccurately, in one important phase at least as "a renaissance of wonder," and perhaps it is this phase which gives romance its permanent hold upon the heart of man. As children we all lend a fascinated credulity to tales of marvel and mystery, and though experience of the world robs us of this easy acceptance of strange and wonderful adventures, if the story-teller is gifted enough, he can for a while bring back to us the mood of childhood and suspend the sceptical outlook of maturity. To most people this momentary return of the vision of childhood is a delight, and the poets of the Romantic Revival had a peculiar gift for evoking a magical atmosphere which compels, if not belief, at any rate the joyous acceptance of childhood. It was Wordsworth who celebrated the imaginativeness of childhood in his magnificent ode 'Intimations of Immortal-

ity,' but it is Coleridge whose 'Ancient Mariner' (1798) holds us with his skinny hand to wonder at the spirits of the deep and to confess the beauty of the wild wastes of ocean; Coleridge's 'Christabel' and 'Kubla Khan' are other examples of his skill in the exercise of this imaginative power. Shelley as a boy sought for ghosts and as a poet felt the "shadow of some unseen Power" in whose awful loveliness he recognized the features of Intellectual Beauty; and Keats constantly throws wide for us

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn.

DREAMS

This quickening of the reader's imagination by the great Romantic poets was in itself a boon. Coleridge ends off his 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner' with a moral:

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small.

But it is not this tag of sea-going superstition about the slaughter of albatrosses that gives the poem its significance. It is the opening of the eyes of men to a vision of another world. Some of the poets, such as Keats, Byron, and Scott, dreamed of the past, and in their dreams saw the beauty of Greece, the glory that was Rome, or the romance of Medieval Europe. Within themselves and within their readers these poets built up the fabric of their dream, touched with the golden glamor of a day long dead, or looming far away like "huge cloudy symbols of a high romance." The retrospective vista that was thus opened liberated the soul of the poet from the domination of the present. It allowed him to roam at will through the city-states of Greece; it made him a freeman of the Roman empire instead of a slave of his own generation; or it welcomed him to the castle or crusade of a later age. Not the least important phase of the Romantic Revival, then, is this temporal liberation of the personality of the poet. Even the somewhat prosaic Wordsworth, tramping the solid hillside of his Lake Country, longs to

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

But not all the dreams were echoes of the past. Some were visions prophetic of the future. Not content with going back to the civilization of the greater ancients, the enthusiastic devotees of a millennial dream courageously sought what they vaguely thought of as the Golden Age, a utopia whose local habitation a weary world has thus far found only in fairy tales and in the realm

of romantic poetry. Futile though their effort was, all enthusiasm and no basis, the iridescent colors of their vision still cast a glamor through the passing years, and encouraged men with the hope of a 'City of God' which might some day be realized upon the earth. In the period of the Romantic Revival strictly considered, very little was realized, but the hopes excited laid a spiritual foundation for future building. Soon Ruskin was to seek the regeneration of the individual and of society in the beautifying of common life, making a fine art out of the dross of prosaic things; Carlyle was to disagree with the easy enthusiasms of earlier schemes, and with the characteristic reaction of his personality, to preach the doctrine of salvation through hard work; and Morris was to combine theory and practice in making the hand achieve the visions of his mind. Even in America the desire to make life over, to live anew in the dream of some happier mode of existence, was to lead to the ephemeral experiments at Brook Farm and Fruitlands.

But all of these amateurs in the art of living had their eyes fixed on the land which they saw in dreams rather than upon the reality which lay at their feet. What they accomplished practically has passed with the years or has been swallowed up in the tide of progress. In literature, however, their dreams still live; still we see them in the distance where

Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever,

and the search for which is the eternal quest of poet and prophet alike. Shelley's vision of "the world's great age" has not begun in actuality, but the magnificent visions of 'Prometheus' and 'Hellas' remain to inspire us not merely with the beauty of his dreams but with the hope of great ideals which we may still strive to fulfil in human experience.

EMOTION

In the Romantic Revival, more perhaps than in any previous age, the poets recognized the value of feeling as the fundamental fact of life, and thought it the main office of the poet to give expression to his own emotions and those of his fellow-men. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats were all conspicuous, in different ways, for intellectual power, but they all acknowledged the supreme importance of feeling. Pope and his school had attached more importance to reason, and to the expression of familiar truths in a new, neat, and effective way—"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." Wordsworth in his 'Preface' already quoted from, returns to the conception of the poet as the divinely inspired "seer," whose passions and thoughts are superior to those of ordinary men:—

"What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true,

endowed with more lively sensibility; more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added, a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement."

It should be noted that Wordsworth, who in his own poems indulged freely — some have thought, too freely — in passages of conscious didacticism, lays much more stress in the paragraph above quoted upon the poet's sensibility, enthusiasm, and tenderness, upon his passions and volitions, than upon his ideas; in the concluding lines he insists that the poet shall express both thoughts and feelings, but those thoughts and feelings which arise spontaneously in his own mind and heart. Emotion then is the initial stimulus of the poet, and the secret of his power over the reader is his gift of communicating that emotion to others. This is the essence of the romantic point of view, the kernel of romantic philosophy. It is not an entirely new view, for Milton had already said that poetry should be "simple, sensuous, passionate," but the stress placed upon the value of emotion was new, at any rate in contrast with the prevailing practice and theory of the poets of "the age of reason."

VARIETY OF EXPRESSION

While the above analysis is by no means exhaustive, it is enough to indicate the greater scope and variety introduced into English poetry during the Romantic Revival in theme, treatment, and point of view. It is therefore not surprising that the Romantic poets exercised much greater versatility and freedom in metrical expression as compared with the somewhat restricted regularity of the eighteenth century. The characteristic measure of the preceding century was the heroic couplet, and the more luxurious rhyme forms of earlier periods — such as the sonnet and the Spenserian stanza — had been almost discarded. The Romantic poets not only revived these and other ancient measures but endowed them with new life and variety. Byron, who is the least

versatile metrical artist of the great Romantic poets, puts the Spenserian stanza to new and sometimes shocking uses in 'Don Juan,' and it would be easy to multiply examples of the daring and triumphant metrical experiments and innovations of his contemporaries. Let the reader, if he will, convince himself of a point which is sufficiently obvious by a short study of the new and haunting melodies of the following bird poems: — Wordsworth's 'To the Cuckoo' and 'To a Skylark,' Shelley's 'To a Skylark,' and Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale.' Or let him read the changing cadences of 'The Ancient Mariner,' or the songs of 'The Lady of the Lake'; let him hear Byron sing of 'The Isles of Greece,' or Shelley chant the magic choruses of 'Prometheus Unbound' and of 'Hellas'; let him see how easily he steps from line to line in 'Endymion' and notice how Keats could use the couplet so skillfully that one never suspects its possibility of monotonous repetition.

Then he will realize how great and how varied was the achievement of the poets of the Romantic Revival in the mere matter of the mechanics of their art. The poets who were to come — Tennyson, Morris, Rossetti, Arnold, Swinburne, Browning, and Meredith — were all to profit by the experiments and achievements of their romantic predecessors, and, inspired by them, were to carry on worthily the high art of matching lofty ideas and deep emotions with a fitting melody of words.

PROSE

The prose of the Romantic period is significant in four different departments. In the first place, it carries on, in the work of Scott and Jane Austen, the development of fiction. The Waverley Novels, which gave Scott for the second time pre-eminence in British letters, were an "open Sesame" to the romantic riches of medieval life and history; and Jane Austen disclosed, through her tolerant microscope in her domestic laboratory, the unsuspected variety and humor of human nature in the peaceful country seats of the English gentry at the turn of the century.

In the second place, the scope of journalistic writing was being widened. The newspaper was now a common fact, even a necessary factor in life. That periodical literature could serve more permanent purposes than the mere publishing of ephemeral news or lively comment, is attested at this time by the rise of the great periodicals: the Edinburgh Review in 1802, the Quarterly Review in 1809, Blackwood's Magazine in 1817, the Westminster Review in 1824, the Spectator in 1828, and Fraser's Magazine in 1830 — all of them important because the chief writers of this period were associated with them either as editors, contributors, or critics, and because of the powerful and significant position which some of them assumed in building the foundations of nineteenth-century literary criticism.

The essay, in the next place, is one of the most significant prose contribu-

tions of the period. No one can think of this time without seeing the slight, pathetic, valiant figure of Charles Lamb, without catching echoes of the impassioned and inspired table-talk of Coleridge, that "archangel, a little damaged," or without hearing the "headlong nonsense" of that most careless and astounding mortal but gifted author, Thomas De Quincey.

Many other essayists of the day were contributing to the magazines or were lecturing and writing about economics, politics, and philosophy. Side by side with the delightful whimsies and the pathetic memories of Elia, there are acute and penetrating disquisitions on matters of national import, such as those by Malthus, Smith, Bentham, and Mill; and there are far-flung speculations and trenchant criticisms of matters of literary art from the pens of Southey, Landor, Hazlitt, and Hunt. Prose is becoming a more effective instrument for the expression of ideas, either inchoately revolutionary or well organized and systemically related. It has also mastered the art of the whimsical, the personal, the reminiscent. A little later Ruskin elevated it to the loftier regions of symphonic sound and to a biblical force and simplicity of expression; and Carlyle made it glow with all the moral fervor of an intense spiritual conviction even amid the ruins of a shattered syntax.

SUMMARY

This period is one that may be described from every point of view as an age of reaction against bondage, whether the restraint be a social or a literary one. It is a time of rapid transition from a period of restricted activity to one of boundless energy. It is an age of sudden and even startling growth from a time when the poetic imagination and esthetic sensibilities of men's emotions were dormant to a more glorious day when even

the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

It is a period in which young men dream dreams, and even old men see visions, and though both dreams and visions "fade into the light of common day," out of the new impulses arise new ways of thinking and a new set of political, industrial, and social conditions.

The revolution that occurs in letters in this age runs parallel to the social and economic phenomena that make their appearance nearly everywhere in the world. In 1776 the American Colonies had declared their independence as a protest against the chafing restriction of an unintelligent and selfish domination. From 1789 to 1799 the French Republic was cleansing itself in blood and was unconsciously preparing itself for another baptism in the fires of war. The immediate effect of England's struggle with Napoleon was to set back (though not to extinguish) the liberalizing influences which had already de-

clared themselves in the British Isles. Burns, the champion of the poor and humble, had already sung

The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

The young Wordsworth, prophet of simplicity and truth, carried away by what he then believed to be the ideals of the French Revolution, cried,

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
But to be young was very heaven.

Southey and Coleridge, each in his way a dreamer of dreams, had seen the vision of an ideal republic on the banks of the Susquehanna where a beneficent nature would do away with human labor and the millennium would come as the leisurely days slipped by in calm philosophizing. Adam Smith in his 'Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations' (1776), and Thomas Paine in his 'Rights of Man' (1791), had put into influential prose the underlying doctrines of social and industrial revolution, and prophesied the ultimate significance of labor. To them, directly or indirectly, Godwin, the apostle of human perfectibility, Mary Wollstonecraft, earliest of the champions of woman's rights, and later, Ruskin, with his doctrine of beauty in work, and Morris, with his practical embodiment of his theories, all owe much. The seed sown in the eighteenth century, though its development was retarded by the clash of arms that ended in 1815 at Waterloo, did eventually bear fruit.

The young Southey and the young Wordsworth were prophets of revolt who turned to conservatism in their maturer years, but Byron and Shelley to the end of their short lives flaunted the banner of human emancipation in the eyes of the reactionary British statesmen who held the reins of power. In 1801, in connection with the Act of Union, by which the Irish Protestant Parliament was abolished, Pitt's attempt to admit the Catholics of Ireland to political rights was blocked by the obstinacy of George III; the Bill was carried in 1812 by a large majority in the House of Commons, but rejected by the House of Lords; but the continued agitation in Ireland forced the Government to give way, and Catholic Emancipation was adopted in 1829 by a Tory Government under the Duke of Wellington with the help of the Whigs. The demand for parliamentary reform, which had also been advocated in vain by Pitt, was supported by only fifteen votes when brought before the House of Commons in 1809 by Sir Francis Burdett, whose pamphlet in support of his motion brought about his imprisonment in the Tower, but on this question also the continued popular agitation resulted in concession, though the Duke of Wellington resigned the Premiership rather than give way. William IV, who had in 1830 succeeded to the throne, was favorable to reform,

and the first instalment was carried in 1832 by the Whig Government which came into office on the Duke's resignation. It was not a very generous instalment, for although the Bill withdrew 143 members from decayed or rotten boroughs and gave them to real centers of population which had hitherto not been represented adequately, if at all, in Parliament, its £10 franchise recognized "not the Rights of Man, but the rights of property and respectability." Still, it was accepted, in the English fashion, as a compromise satisfactory for the time being, and the second and third Reform Bills of 1867 and 1885 left the Twentieth Century Parliaments little to do in the way of complete democracy except the admission of women to the suffrage on the same terms as men, which is being carried with the consent of all parties at the time these words are being written.

Equally significant were the changes in industrial conditions. It is a question whether the Fall of the Bastille in 1789 or the opening of the first steam cotton-spinning factory at Manchester, which took place about the same time, was the greater portent for the future of the world. England, with its central position for trade, its resources in coal and iron, the inventive genius of Watt, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton and Cartwright, took the lead in the new industrial movement. The home industries of spinning and weaving in the villages gave place to the squalid congestion of the factory towns. During the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century the population of England rose from ten to thirteen millions, and the rapid increase of population, in spite of increased national wealth, kept down the rate of wages. The destruction of small industries and the beginning of the transformation of England from an agricultural to an industrial nation, accompanied by the burden of the wars against Napoleon, involved the poorer classes in wide-spread distress and pauperization. Up to 1825 the operatives were prevented from protecting themselves by trades unions, which were forbidden by law as criminal conspiracies. In the year before Napoleon was finally vanquished at Waterloo, Stephenson scored an equally significant success with his No. I locomotive, and England began to be covered with a network of railroads by the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway in 1830. It was the beginning of a new world, but it was many years before the increased facilities for transportation and manufacture gave reasonable conditions of life to the growing masses of workpeople whom the new industries in steel and cotton brought into being.

There were, however, streaks of light in the prevailing gloom. One of the cherished provisions England had won by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 had been the privilege of supplying slaves to the American colonies and the West Indies. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, William Wilberforce, with the support of the Methodists and the Evangelical party in the Church of England, and the encouragement of Pitt, brought in a bill for the abolition of the slave trade, and though it was rejected in 1788 owing to the hostility

of the Liverpool slave-merchants, Wilberforce persevered, and in the first decade of the nineteenth century the iniquitous traffic was suppressed in the British dominions; the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire was carried in 1833 by a payment of twenty million pounds sterling to colonial slave owners. In the following year a new Poor Law put an end to some of the evils of the old system, a beginning was made towards the solution of the problem of national education, and the Municipal Corporations Act restored to the towns their long lost privileges of self-government. The National Gallery and the British Museum Library were established in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and a little later the first factory act was passed, the severity of the criminal law was mitigated, and Sir Robert Peel by the establishment of the London Police Force in place of the antiquated watchmen gave to these efficient guardians of law and order the popular name of "Peelers." The march of humanitarian progress and of social improvement was begun, and though it proceeded somewhat irregularly and sporadically, with many set-backs, there was nevertheless a steady advance, the rate of which was to be greatly accelerated in the Victorian Age.

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16 COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY COURSE IN LITERATURE

HISTORICAL EVENTS LITERARY DATES

1800	Parliamentary Union of England and Ireland Battle of Hohenlinden	1800 Wordsworth, Preface to <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> (2nd edition)
1802	Peace of Amiens—a truce founded on restoration of conquests Napoleon made First Consul for life	1802 Edinburgh Review begins
1803-15	Renewal of the war with France	
1804	Napoleon Emperor	
1805	Trafalgar; Death of Nelson Napoleon defeats Austrians at Austerlitz End of the Holy Roman Empire	1805 Scott, <i>The Lay of the Last Minstrel</i>
1806	Death of Pitt	
1807	Slave trade abolished in British Dominions	1808 Scott, <i>Marmion</i>
1809	Napoleon defeats Austrians at Wagram. Treaty of Vienna extending French dominion	1809 Quarterly Review begins
1810	Napoleon marries Marie Louise	1810 Scott, <i>The Lady of the Lake</i>
1811	Prince of Wales Regent	1811 Jane Austen, <i>Sense and Sensibility</i>
1812-15	War between England and United States	1812 Byron, <i>Childe Harold</i> , Cantos I & II
1812	Napoleon's retreat from Moscow Stephenson constructs locomotive	
1813	Napoleon defeated at Leipzig	1813 Southey Poet Laureate Jane Austen, <i>Pride and Prejudice</i>
1814	Napoleon abdicates and retires to Elba	1813-15 Leigh Hunt in prison for libel
1815	Battle of Waterloo. Napoleon exiled to St. Helena	1814 Scott begins the <i>Waverley Novels</i> Jane Austen, <i>Mansfield Park</i>
		1816 Jane Austen, <i>Emma</i>
		1817 Blackwood's Magazine begins. <i>Poems by John Keats</i>

HISTORICAL EVENTS

LITERARY DATES

1819	Monster meeting at Manchester to demand parliamentary reform. Peterloo Massacre	1818 Jane Austen, <i>Northanger Abbey</i> Shelley left England for Italy
1820-30	George IV	1819-24 Byron, <i>Don Juan</i>
1821	Greek war of independence	1821 Keats dies at Rome De Quincey, <i>Confessions of an English Opium Eater</i>
1823	Promulgation of Monroe Doctrine Canning recognizes independence of Spanish American Colonies	1822 Shelley drowned at Lerici
1825	Trade unions made legal	1824 Byron dies at Missolonghi Westminster Review begins
1826-32	English criminal code reformed	1825 Macaulay, <i>Essay on Milton</i>
1827	Turks defeated at Navarino	1828 Spectator begins
1828	Repeal of Test and Corporation Acts, relieving disabilities of Dissenters	1830 Fraser's Magazine begins Tennyson, <i>Poems, Chiefly Lyrical</i>
1829	Catholic Emancipation Act Independence of Greece	1833 Browning, <i>Pauline</i>
1830	Revolution in Belgium Manchester and Liverpool Railway opened	1833-34 Carlyle, <i>Sartor Resartus</i>
1830-37	William IV	1833-41 <i>Tracts for the Times</i> (29 by Newman)
1832	First Reform Act	1834 Charles Lamb dies Coleridge dies
1833	Slavery abolished in British Empire First Factory Act (limiting children's hours)	1834-38 Macaulay in India
1834	New Poor Law Grants for National Education	1835 Browning, <i>Paracelsus</i>
1835	Municipal Corporations Act	1837 Browning, <i>Strafford</i>

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

IT is no easy matter for a disciple of Wordsworth's to write a brief estimate of his work which shall fall into its due place in a collection of the great writers of the world: the claim which must needs be made for him is so high, the drawbacks are so obvious. Between prosiness and puerility, the ordinary reader may feel as though he had been invited to a banquet, and regaled with bread and water.

Much indeed which might be thought prosy or puerile can be put aside at once without loss. Wordsworth wrote poetry for nearly half a century. For about ten years (1798–1808) he was at his best, and for ten years more (1808–1818) he was still from time to time inspired; after that date the poems worthy of him were short and few.

A great mass of valuable work remains; mainly in poems individually brief, and difficult to classify except in chronological order. For the sake of clear treatment in a brief essay, I may divide these into three stages, roughly chronological. First will come the simple poems, in the style of '*Lyrical Ballads*'; then the poems in intermediate style, of mixed simplicity and grandeur; and lastly the poems in the grand style, such as '*Laodamia*' and many of the sonnets, — a style in which he continued at times to be able to write when his early gift of exquisite simplicity had left him. The simple poems are largely concerned with the Lake Country, and with rustic emotion. As the style merges into grandeur, it deals rather with themes of legendary or national dignity. And through all styles alike runs an undercurrent of prophetic conviction as to the relation of the visible world to a world unseen.

I may mention the following poems as examples of the different styles alluded to above,— styles which of course run into each other: — *Simple style*: '*We are Seven*'; '*Lucy Gray*'; '*Poet's Epitaph*'; '*Pet Lamb*'; '*Poor Susan*'; *Poems on Matthew*; '*Expostulation*' and '*Tables Turned*'; '*Fragment*'; '*Stray Pleasures*'; *Poems on Lucy*; '*My Heart Leaps Up*'; '*Louisa*'; '*Sparrow's Nest*'; '*Daffodils*'; '*Highland Girl*'; '*Phantom of Delight*'; '*Solitary Reaper*'; '*Nightingale*'; '*Cuckoo*'. *Transition to grand style*: '*Tintern Abbey*'; '*Brougham Castle*'; '*Leech-Gatherer*'; '*Affliction of Margaret*'; '*There was a Boy*'; '*Peele Castle*'; '*Death of Fox*'; '*Nutting*'; '*Prelude*'. *Grand style*: '*Happy Warrior*'; '*Yew-Trees*'; '*Laodamia*'; '*Dion*'; '*Ode on Immortality*'; '*Ode to Duty*'; '*Wisdom and Spirit*'; '*Patriotic and Other Sonnets*'; '*Evening Ode*'.

I pass at once to a brief consideration of each group in turn. Wordsworth, as is well known, began by preaching both by precept and example the duty of

throwing aside the so-called dignity and the so-called language of poetry, and of appealing in the speech of real life to the primary emotions of unsophisticated men. But his instructions sometimes resembled the conjurer's mystifying explanations of artifices, which, however attentively we may listen, we can none the better understand. Plainly one must not bring one's objects on the stage in an obvious basket of "poetical diction"; but how produce a canary from one's pocket-handkerchief at the moment desired? As a matter of actual history the gift of poetical melody,—"the charm of words, a charm no words can say,"—has been of all artistic gifts the rarest and the most un-teachable; simplicity of aim makes it no easier, and few men—and they but rarely—have breathed into phrases of absolute naïveté that touch of haunting joy.

Sweet Emma Moreland of yonder town
Met me walking on yonder way,—

lines such as these may sound easy enough; yet I doubt whether even Tennyson ever caught quite that note again. And to me Wordsworth's poems on 'Matthew,' on 'Lucy,' the 'Cuckoo,' the 'Solitary Reaper,' and the like, seem more marvelous, more exceptional as poetical *tours de force*, than even his sonnets; although I agree with those who maintain that he has left us the finest collection of sonnets which any English poet has to show.

I quote in illustration three stanzas of the type which in Wordsworth's early days was a mark for general derision: —

And turning from her grave, I met
Beside the church-yard yew,
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!

No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

Something here is imitable; something, I think, beyond imitation. In 'The Two April Mornings,' from which these stanzas are taken, there is of course a pathetic attitude of mind to which the lines lead up: that of the bereaved father, who would not, if he could, renew the past joy at the risk of renewing

the past sorrow. Others might have chosen that theme; might have adorned into simplicity and elaborated into naïveté a similar recital. But in what mind save Wordsworth's would the couplets which close each of the three stanzas have arisen: the exquisite truth of the look of the child's hair in the dew; the innocent intensity of Matthew's gaze; the springing buoyancy of that last simile,—fresh and vivid as of old was "ocean's many-twinkling smile,"—and the magical melody, which, with its few rustic notes, translates the scene and transfigures it into poetry's ideal world?

There can be nothing incongruous in any passage from simplicity to greatness; and we find in Wordsworth's poems that transition often occurring without conscious change of tone. This is especially noticeable in the 'Prelude,'—a kind of epic on the poet's own education; where the sense of tedium and egotism which such a subject inspires is constantly yielding to our sense of the narrator's candor and dignity in the exposition of his character. The 'Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle,' again, stands midway between Wordsworth's simple style and his grand style. It rises from rustic naïveté into chivalric ardor, and from chivalric ardor into the benign tranquillity of the environing eternal world.

But there was matter enough near home to raise Wordsworth's style to its last elevation, a pure clear tone of heroic grandeur. The 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty'—the lofty appeals of a grave recluse—should form the most permanent record in our literature of the Napoleonic war. Except Campbell's two songs, and Tennyson's great ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, half a century later, they stand practically alone. The contest, indeed, was one well fitted for treatment by this bard of "a few strong instincts and a few plain rules." It was typified in mighty figures on either hand. Napoleon's career afforded a poetic example—impressive as that of Xerxes to the Greeks—of lawless and intoxicated power. And on the other side—on the other side the "adored, the incomparable Nelson," and the homely poet, "retired as noontide dew." These two natures taken together make the ideal Englishman. Nor is there any portrait fitter than that of 'The Happy Warrior' to represent the British character at its height—a figure not ill-matching with "Plutarch's men." The fame and the name of Nelson have been felt to be matters for no one nation's pride alone; and his career has been narrated by the first of naval historians, a citizen of the United States.

We have briefly traced Wordsworth's mode of response to his local and to his national environment. His poetry has reflected first the charm of Cumberland, and then the patriotism and moral energy of the whole English folk. And in each case that poetry has been for us no mere spectacle,—no brilliant effort of mastery over language, on which we gaze admiring but unchanged,—but rather an impulse and an intuition; stirring us to a new emotion by the convincing avowal of emotion intenser than our own. Even more penetrating, more enlightening, was Wordsworth's response to the widest, the cosmic en-

vironment. It was "a sense sublime," in those oft quoted words with which his solemn message began, "of something far more deeply interfused";—of the interaction, the interpenetration, of a spiritual with this material world. His intuition had unified for him the sum of things; he had learnt, that is to say, to see earth's confused phenomena no longer "in disconnection dull and spiritless," but—like Plato before him—as the lovely transitory veil or image of a preëxistent and imperishable world. The prenatal recollection, or the meditative ecstasy, had established him in an inward peace; had poured for him a magic gladness through the cuckoo's song; had lent to his great odes their lofty accent, as of a spirit who has looked on the universe with insight beyond our own, and has seen that it was good.

In the 'Evening Ode' of 1818 we find the seer standing at the close of his own apocalypse; lamenting that celestial light, "full early lost and fruitlessly deplored"; sinking back with constancy into an earthly life, prolonged through another generation of men, but in which the vision came to him no more.

Or if some vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in his dreams.

It was during the calm declining years which followed that the power of Wordsworth went out upon that new generation. His poems indeed were never popular with the popularity of Byron or of Scott. It was rather the leaders of thought who reverenced him, and who imposed their reverence on that larger public which even yet, perhaps, has not fully recognized his inmost charm.

Meanwhile the aging man pursued his quiet way. He still went "boeing about,"—as his peasant neighbors called it,—murmuring his verses on the green hill terraces near Rydal Mount. He still made on foot his grave "Excursions," to meet the friends who had gathered near him from love at once of the country and of its poet. Some of those friends he had aided—it was a task which delighted him—to choose the site and shape the surroundings of a home among the hills. More than one seat in the Lake Country—among them one home of preëminent beauty—has owed to Wordsworth no small part of its ordered charm. The group which thus surrounded him was not unconscious of his worth. To two adult generations he was already dear; and one young child at least, whom hereditary friendships introduced to his notice, felt in that hallowed presence as a child might have felt in Arcadia, encountering tutelary Pan.

For the poet himself these lingering years were full of grave retrospection, of humble self-judgment, of hopeful looking to the end. "Worldly-minded I am not," he wrote to an intimate friend near his life's close; "on the contrary, my wish to benefit those within my humble sphere strengthens seemingly in exact proportion to my inability to realize those wishes. What I lament most

is that the spirituality of my nature does not expand and rise the nearer I approach the grave, as yours does, and as it fares with my beloved partner."

The aged poet might feel the loss of some vividness of emotion; but his thoughts dwelt more and more constantly on the beloved ones who had gone before him, and on the true and unseen world. One of the images which recurs oftenest to his friends is that of the old man as he would stand against the window of the dining-room at Rydal Mount, and read the Psalms and Lessons for the day; of the tall bowed figure and the silvery hair; of the deep voice which always faltered when among the prayers he came to the words which give thanks for those "who have departed this life in Thy faith and fear."

Retirement then might hourly look

Upon a soothing scene;
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene:

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening,
Or mountain torrents where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

Among all Virgil's categories of the Blessed, it is the poets who are the truest friends of man. We need not be ashamed to linger on them fondly; to imagine analogies between the impression which one or another poet makes on us with the sights or sounds, the scents or savors, of the great open world. Shakespeare (one may say) is like breezy daylight; and Dante like the furnace glow. Lucretius is like the storm, and Æschylus like the thunder, and Homer like the moving sea. Pindar is like wine; and Wordsworth like water,—which Pindar said was best. Often that drink seems flat enough: but let the wounded soldier crawl to the well-spring, and he knows that water is best indeed; it is the very life of men.

F. W. H. MYERS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE—William Wordsworth was born of old North country stock, April 7, 1770, at Cockermouth in the Cumberland highlands. Neither at school nor at college was he distinguished as a scholar. Filled with enthusiasm for the French Revolution, he spent a year in France, whence he was driven by the Reign of Terror. He was thus separated from a French girl, Annette Vallon, with whom he had formed an attachment resulting in the birth (in Wordsworth's enforced absence) of a daughter. The little girl was acknowledged by Wordsworth and visited by him in France, being indeed the "dear child" who walked with him on the Calais sands and is enshrined by

him in one of his best sonnets, 'It is a beauteous evening, calm and free.' In the years of separation, however, Wordsworth had married Lucy Hutchison, and on account of the child's illegitimacy the Wordsworth family after the poet's death did all in their power to suppress the fact of her existence. It was, however, known to a few of Wordsworth's friends, and this romantic episode of his passionate youth was rediscovered in the twentieth century by Professor Harper of Princeton. Later, Professor Emile Legouis unearthed in the Museum at Blois a number of letters which Annette Vallon had written to Wordsworth and which had been seized by the Censor and thus preserved. From 1799 to Wordsworth's death he lived almost continuously in the Lake Country, the record of his secluded, uneventful, and happy life being found in his poems. He died at Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850.

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR

FIVE years have passed; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
 With a soft inland murmur. Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows,—hardly hedge-rows,—little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up in silence from among the trees!
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration: feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure; such perhaps
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,—
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul;
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
 How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again;
 While here I stand, not only with the sense

Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills: when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements, all gone by)
To me was all in all: I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.— That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur: other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth: but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity;
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains: and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye and ear,—both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
 For thou art with me here upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest friend,
 My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh, yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy; for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free
 To blow against thee: and in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure,—when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies,—oh, then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,—

If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence,—wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together: and that I, so long
 A worshiper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service; rather say
 With warmer love—oh, with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN

STANGE fits of passion have I known:
 And I will dare to tell,
 But in the Lover's ear alone,
 What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day,
 Fresh as a rose in June,
 I to her cottage bent my way,
 Beneath an evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
 All over the wide lea;
 With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
 Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard plot;
 And as we climbed the hill,
 The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
 Came near and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
 Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
 And all the while my eyes I kept
 On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
 He raised, and never stopped;
 When down behind the cottage roof,
 At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thought will slide
 Into a lover's head! —
 "Oh, mercy!" to myself I cried,
 "If Lucy should be dead!"

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove;
 A maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye! —
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and oh,
 The difference to me!

I TRAVELED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

I TRAVELED among unknown men,
 In lands beyond the sea;
 Nor, England! did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee.

"Tis past, that melancholy dream!
 Nor will I quit thy shore
 A second time; for still I seem
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
 The joy of my desire;
 And she I cherished turned her wheel
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
 The bowers where Lucy played;
 And thine too is the last green field
 That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown:
 This child I to myself will take;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs;
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her; for her the willow bend;
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the storm,
 Grace that shall mold the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round;
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell:
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
 While she and I together live
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake — the work was done; —
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be.

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears:
 She seemed a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees:
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

MICHAEL

A PASTORAL POEM

F from the public way you turn your steps;
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you face to face.
But courage! for around that boisterous brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen: but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that simple object appertains,
A story unenriched with strange events,
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved; — not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, He heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
" The winds are now devising work for me!"
And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
The traveler to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains; he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him and left him on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air; hills, which with vigorous step
He had so often climbed; which had impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which like a book preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts,
The certainty of honorable gain;
Those fields, those hills — what could they less? — had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.
His Helpmate was a comely matron, old —
Though younger than himself full twenty years.
She was a woman of a stirring life,

Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had
Of antique form, this large for spinning wool,
That small for flax; and if one wheel had rest,
It was because the other was at work.
The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only Son,
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone,
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, even then,
Their labor did not cease; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,
Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling by the chimney's edge
That in our ancient uncouth country style
With huge and black projection overbrowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which going by from year to year had found
And left the couple neither gay perhaps
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year

There by the light of this old lamp they sat,
Father and Son, while far into the night
The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighborhood,
And was a public symbol of the life
That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the House itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named The Evening Star.

Thus living on through such a length of years,
The shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear —
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all —
Than that a child, more than all other gifts,
That earth can offer to declining man
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For pastime and delight, as is the use
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
His cradle as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
Sat with a fettered sheep before him stretched,

Under the large old oak, that near his door,
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
 Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called
 The Clipping Tree,¹ a name which yet it bears.
 There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
 Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
 A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
 Two steady roses that were five years old,
 Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
 With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
 With iron, making it throughout in all
 Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
 And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
 He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
 At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
 And, to his office prematurely called,
 There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
 Something between a hindrance and a help;
 And for this course not always, I believe,
 Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
 Though nought was left undone which staff or voice,
 Or looks, or threatening gestures could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
 Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights,
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
 He with his Father daily went, and they
 Were as companions, why should I relate
 That objects which the Shepherd loved before
 Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came
 Feelings and emanations — things which were
 Light to the sun and music to the wind;
 And that the old Man's heart seemed born again.

¹ Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing.

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up;
And now when he had reached his eighteenth year,
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means—
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had pressed upon him,—and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked for claim
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had armed himself with strength
To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours
Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil man
That was, and made an evil choice if he
Were false to us; and if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him—but
'Twere better to be dumb, than to talk thus.
When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;

He shall possess it free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou knowest,
 Another kinsman — he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade — and Luke to him shall go,
 And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 He may return to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done? Where every one is poor,
 What can be gained?" At this the old Man paused,
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
 He was a parish-boy — at the church-door
 They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence,
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbors bought
 A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;
 And with this basket on his arm, the lad
 Went up to London, found a master there,
 Who out of many chose the trusty boy
 To go and overlook his merchandise
 Beyond the seas: where he grew wondrous rich,
 And left estates and monies to the poor,
 And at his birthplace built a chapel floored
 With marble, which he sent from foreign lands.
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel
 And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
 And thus resumed: — "Well, Isabel! this scheme
 These two days has been meat and drink to me.
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 We have enough — I wish indeed that I
 Were younger, — but this hope is a good hope.
 Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
 Tomorrow, or the next day, or tonight:
 If he *could* go, the Boy should go tonight."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
 Was restless morn and night, and all day long
 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.

But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
 To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
 By Michael's side, she through the last two nights
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
 And when they rose at morning she could see
 That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
 She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
 Were sitting at the door. "Thou must not go:
 We have no other Child but thee to lose,
 None to remember—do not go away,
 For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
 The Youth made answer with a jocund voice;
 And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
 Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
 Did she bring forth, and all together sat
 Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
 And all the ensuing week the house appeared
 As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
 The expected letter from their kinsman came,
 With kind assurances that he would do
 His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;
 To which, requests were added, that forthwith
 He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
 The letter was read over; Isabel
 Went forth to show it to the neighbors round;
 Nor was there at that time on English land
 A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel
 Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
 "He shall depart to-morrow." To this word
 The Housewife answered, talking much of things
 Which, if at such short notice he should go,
 Would surely be forgotten. But at length
 She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
 In that deep valley, Michael had designed
 To build a Sheep-fold; and, before he heard
 The tidings of his melancholy loss,
 For this same purpose he had gathered up
 A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
 Lay thrown together, ready for the work.

With Luke that evening thitherward he walked;
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,
And thus the old Man spake to him. — " My son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should touch
On things thou canst not know of. — After thou
First cam'st into the world — as oft befalls
To new-born infants — thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,
And in the open fields my life was passed
And on the mountains, else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
As well thou know'st, in us the old and young
Have played together, nor with me didst thou
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand
And said, " Nay, do not take it so — I see
That these are things of which I need not speak.
Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together: here they lived
As all their forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loath
To give their bodies to the family mold.
I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived.

But 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gain from threescore years.
These fields were burdened when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou shouldst go." At this the old Man paused;
Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
" This was a work for us; and now, my son,
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone —
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
Nay, Boy, be of good hope; — we both may live
To see a better day. At eighty-four
I still am strong and hale; — do thou thy part,
I will do mine. — I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigned to thee;
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone,
Before I knew thy face. — Heaven bless thee, Boy!
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
With many hopes; it should be so — yes — yes —
I knew that thou couldst never have a wish
To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
What will be left to us! — But, I forgot
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
Mayst bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well —
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
A work which is not here: a covenant

"Twill be between us — but, whatever fate
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
 And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,
 And, as his Father had requested, laid
 The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight
 The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart
 He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept;
 And to the house together they returned.
 Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
 Ere the night fell; — with morrow's dawn the Boy
 Began his journey, and when he had reached
 The public way, he put on a bold face;
 And all the neighbors as he passed their doors
 Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
 That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman come,
 Of Luke and his well doing: and the Boy
 Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
 Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
 Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
 "The prettiest letters that were ever seen."
 So, many months passed on: and once again
 The Shepherd went about his daily work
 With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
 Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
 He to that valley took his way, and there
 Wrought at the sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began
 To slacken in his duty; and at length
 He in the dissolute city gave himself
 To evil courses: ignominy and shame
 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
 To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
 "Twill make a thing endurable, which else
 Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
 I have conversed with more than one who well
 Remember the old Man, and what he was
 Years after he had heard this heavy news.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age

Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
 He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud
 And listened to the wind; and as before
 Performed all kinds of labor for his sheep,
 And for the land, his small inheritance.
 And to that hollow dell from time to time
 Did he repair, to build the fold of which
 His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
 The pity which was then in every heart
 For the old Man — and 'tis believed by all
 That many and many a day he thither went,
 And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen
 Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
 Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
 The length of full seven years from time to time
 He at the building of this Sheep-fold wrought,
 And left the work unfinished when he died.
 Three years, or little more, did Isabel
 Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
 Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
 The cottage which was named the Evening Star
 Is gone — the ploughshare has been through the ground
 On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
 In all the neighborhood: — yet the oak is left
 That grew beside their door; and the remains
 Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen
 Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

THREE was a roaring in the wind all night;
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
 The birds are singing in the distant woods;
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods,
 The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
 The grass is bright with raindrops; — on the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth;
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveler then upon the moor:
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
 The pleasant season did my heart employ:
 My old remembrances went from me wholly,
 And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
 Of joy in minds that can no further go,
 As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low:
 To me that morning did it happen so;
 And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
 Dim sadness — and blind thoughts I knew not, nor could name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;
 And I bethought me of the playful hare:
 Even such a happy child of earth am I;
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
 Far from the world I walk, and from all care:
 But there may come another day to me, —
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood;
 As if all needful things would come unsought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good:
 But how can he expect that others should
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;

Of him who walked in glory and in joy
 Following his plow, along the mountain-side.
 By our own spirits are we deified:
 We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
 But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
 A leading from above, a something given,
 Yet it befell that in this lonely place,
 When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
 I saw a man before me unawares;
 The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence:
 Wonder to all who do the same espy,
 By what means it could thither come, and whence;
 So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
 Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
 Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself; —

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,
 Nor all asleep — in his extreme old age:
 His body was bent double, feet and head
 Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
 Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
 A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
 Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood;
 And still as I drew near with gentle pace,
 Upon the margin of that moorish flood
 Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
 That heareth not the loud winds when they call
 And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
 Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
 Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
 As if he had been reading in a book:

And now a stranger's privilege I took;
 And drawing to his side, to him did say.
 "This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old man make,
 In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew;
 And him with further words I thus bespake,—
 "What occupation do you there pursue?
 This is a lonesome place for one like you."
 Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
 Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes;

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
 But each in solemn order followed each,
 With something of a lofty utterance drest—
 Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
 Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
 Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,—
 Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told that to these waters he had come
 To gather leeches, being old and poor;—
 Employment hazardous and wearisome!—
 And he had many hardships to endure:
 From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance:
 And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream
 Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
 And the whole body of the man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
 Or like a man from some far region sent,
 To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
 Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;
 And mighty poets in their misery dead.
 Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
 My question eagerly did I renew,
 "How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
 And said that gathering leeches, far and wide
 He traveled; stirring thus about his feet
 The waters of the pools where they abide.
 "Once I could meet with them on every side;
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
 The old man's shape and speech — all troubled me.
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
 About the weary moors continually,
 Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matters blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,
 But stately in the main; and when he ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
 In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
 "God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
 I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

THE SPARROW'S NEST

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
 Those bright blue eggs together laid!
 On me the chance-discovered sight
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.
 I started — seeming to espy
 The home and sheltered bed,
 The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
 My father's house, in wet or dry
 My sister Emmeline and I
 Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
 Dreading, though wishing, to be near it:
 Such heart was in her, being then
 A little prattler among men.

The blessing of my later years
 Was with me when a boy:
 She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
 And humble cares, and delicate fears;
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
 And love, and thought, and joy.

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

MY heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The Child is father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Sept. 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair;
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; — silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea:
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
 Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous east in fee;
 And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest Child of liberty.
 She was a maiden City, bright and free;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And when she took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea!
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day:
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great, is passed away.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUESSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
 Whether the whistling rustic tend his plow
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
 O miserable chieftain! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee,—air, earth, and skies;
 There's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee; thou hast great allies:
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour,—
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forefeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF

IT is not to be thought of that the flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
 Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish, and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armory of the invincible knights of old:
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
 Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

TO HARTLEY COLERIDGE

SIX YEARS OLD

OTHOU! whose fancies from afar are brought;
 Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
 And fittest to unutterable thought
 The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
 Thou faery voyager! that dost float
 In such clear water, that thy boat
 May rather seem
 To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
 Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
 Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
 O blessed vision! happy child!
 Thou art so exquisitely wild,
 I think of thee with many fears
 For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
 Lord of thy house and hospitality;
 And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
 But when she sate within the touch of thee.

O too industrious folly!
 O vain and causeless melancholy!
 Nature will either end thee quite;
 Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
 Preserve for thee, by individual right,
 A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
 What hast thou to do with sorrow,
 Or the injuries of tomorrow?
 Thou art a dewdrop, which the morn brings forth,
 Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
 Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
 A gem that glitters while it lives,
 And no forewarning gives;
 But at the touch of wrong, without a strife
 Slips in a moment out of life.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn:
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet:
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine:
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 Oh, listen! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travelers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of today?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending; —
 I listened, motionless and still;
 And as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice?.

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear;
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
 I listened to; that cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green:
 And thou wert still a hope, a love;
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place;
 That is fit home for thee!

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills:
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company.
 I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG WALKS
IN THE COUNTRY

DEAR child of nature, let them rail!
There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbor and a hold,
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
And treading among flowers of joy
Which at no season fade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,—
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers,—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

ODE TO DUTY

STERN daughter of the Voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot
 Who do thy work, and know it not:
 Oh! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,—
 Too blindly have repos'd my trust;
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control;
 But in the quietness of thought:

Me this unchartered freedom tires;
 I feel the weight of chance desires:
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face:
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
 I call thee: I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give;
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

WHOMO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be?
 It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
 Whose high endeavors are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright:
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care;
 Who doomed to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower;

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves,
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable — because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also more alive to tenderness.
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows;
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;

Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this that he hath much to love: —
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

I

THREE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose,
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare,
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief;
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;—
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;—
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday;—
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 O evil day! if I were sullen

While earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm;—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!—
 But there's a tree,—of many, one,—
 A single field which I have looked upon:
 Both of them speak of something that is gone;
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,

The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
 A six-years' darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,
 That life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty prophet! seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;

Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,—
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers,
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,—
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast;—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise:
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing.—
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither;
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song:
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts today
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind:
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory;
 Long as there are violets,
 They will have a place in story:
 There's a flower that shall be mine,—
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
 For the finding of a star;
 Up and down the heavens they go,
 Men that keep a mighty rout!
 I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little Flower! — I'll make a stir,
 Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
 Bold, and lavish of thyself;
 Since we needs must first have met,
 I have seen thee, high and low,
 Thirty years or more, and yet
 'Twas a face I did not know;
 Thou hast now, go where I may,
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
 In the time before the thrush
 Has a thought about her nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,

Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless Prodigal;
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
 Travel with the multitude:
 Never heed them, — I aver
 That they all are wanton wooers;
 But the thrifty cottager,
 Who stirs little out of doors,
 Joys to spy thee near her home:
 Spring is coming, thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
 Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
 Careless of thy neighborhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
 On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane; — there's not a place,
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
 Children of the flaring hours!
 Buttercups, that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or no;
 Others, too, of lofty mien:
 They have done as worldlings do, —
 Taken praise that should be thine,
 Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Ill-requited upon earth:
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing;
 Serving at my heart's command,
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing, —
 I will sing, as doth behove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, the English poet and philosopher, was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, October 21, 1772. He was the ninth and youngest son of the vicar of the parish,—a man characterized by learning and also by some of its foibles,—under whose care he passed his childhood; but on the death of his father he was sent up to London to be educated at Christ's Hospital, and there spent, in companionship with Lamb, his school days from 1782 to 1791. He went in the latter year to Jesus College, Cambridge. His career as an undergraduate was marked by an escapade,—his enlistment in the King's Regiment of Light Dragoons in the winter of 1793–94, from which he was released by the influence of his relatives; and in more important ways by his friendship with Southey, whom he found on a visit to Oxford, and his engagement to Sarah Fricker in the summer of 1794. He had already been attached to another young lady, Mary Evans, with whose family he had been intimate. In December 1794 he left Cambridge without taking a degree, and on October 21, 1795, he was married. His biography from this point is one of confused and intricate detail, which only a long story could set forth plainly and exactly. Its leading external events were a residence in Germany in 1798–99 and a voyage to Malta, with travel in Sicily and Italy in 1804–6; in its inward development, the turning-points of his life were his first intimacy with the Wordsworths in 1797, during which his best poems were composed; his subjection to the opium habit, with increasing domestic unhappiness, in 1801–2; and his retreat under medical control to Highgate in 1816. He was practically separated from his family from the time of his voyage to Malta. Troubles of many kinds filled all these years, but he had always a power to attract friends who were deeply interested in his welfare, and he was never without admirers and helpers. Before he withdrew to Highgate he had resided first at Stowey in the neighborhood of Tom Poole, and later at Greta Hall near the Wordsworths; but he was often away from home, and after he ceased to be an inmate there, from 1806 to 1816, he led a wandering life, either in lodgings frequently changed, or in visits to his friends. His resources were always small, and from the start his friends were his patrons, making up subscriptions, loans, and gifts for him; in 1798 the Wedgwoods gave him a pension of £150 for life, which was soon secured for the support of his family, and in 1811 one-half of this was withdrawn; in 1824 he was granted a royal pension of one hundred guineas, and when this lapsed in 1830 Frere made it up to him. De Quincey had distinguished himself by an act of singular and impulsive generosity to him, upon first acquaintance. He

was always cared for, though his indulgence in opium made it difficult for those who knew the fact to assist him directly in a wise way. His pecuniary embarrassment, however, was constant and trying during a great part of his life; his own wretchedness of spirit, under the painful conditions of his bodily state and his moral as well as material position, was very great; but through all these sufferings and trials he maintained sufficient energy to leave behind him a considerable body of literary work. He died July 25, 1834.

The poetic genius of Coleridge, the highest of his many gifts, found brilliant and fascinating expression. His poems — those in which his fame lives — are as unique as they are memorable; and though their small number, their confined range, and the brief period during which his faculty was exercised with full freedom and power, seem to indicate a narrow vein, yet the remainder of his work in prose and verse leaves an impression of extraordinary and abundant intellectual force. In proportion as his imaginative creations stand apart, the spirit out of which they came must have possessed some singularity: and if the reader is not content with simple esthetic appreciation of what the gods provide, but has some touch of curiosity leading him to look into the source of such remarkable achievement and its human history, he is at once interested in the personality of the "subtle-souled psychologist," as Shelley with his accurate critical insight first named him; while experiencing the fascination of the poetry one remembers the charm which Coleridge had in life, that quality which arrested attention in all companies and drew men's minds and hearts with a sense of something marvelous in him — "the most wonderful man," said Wordsworth, "that I ever met." The mind and heart of Coleridge, his whole life, have been laid open by himself and his friends and acquaintances without reserve in many volumes of letters and memoirs; it is easy to figure him as he lived and to recover his moods and aspect: but in order to conceive his nature and define its traits, it is necessary to take account especially of his incomplete and less perfect work, of his miscellaneous interests, and those activities which filled and confused his life without having any important share in establishing his fame.

The intellectual precocity which is the leading trait of Coleridge's boyhood, in the familiar portrait of "the inspired charity-boy" drawn by Lamb from schoolboy memories, is not unusual in a youth of genius; but the omnivorousness of knowledge which he then displayed continued into his manhood. He consumed vast quantities of book-learning. It is a more remarkable characteristic that from the earliest period in which he comes into clear view, he was accustomed to give out his ideas with freedom in an inexhaustible stream of talk. The activity of his mind was as phenomenal as its receptivity. In his college days, too, he was fanatical in all his energies. The remark of Southey after Shelley's visit to him, that here was a young man who was just what he himself had been in his college days is illustrative; for if Southey was then

inflamed with radicalism, Coleridge was yet more deeply infected and mastered by that wild fever of the revolutionary dawn. The tumult of Coleridge's mind, its incessant action, the lack of discipline in his thought, of restraint in his expression, of judgment in his affairs, are all important elements in his character at a time which in most men would be called the formative period of manhood, but which in him seems to have been intensely chaotic; what is most noticeable, however, is the volume of his mental energy. He expressed himself, too, in ways natural to such self-abundance. He was always a discourser, if the name may be used, from the London days at the "Salutation and Cat" of which Lamb tells us, saying that the landlord was ready to retain him because of the attraction of his conversation for customers; and as he went on to the more set forms of such monologue, he became a preacher without pay in Unitarian chapels, a journalist with unusual capacity for ready and sonorous writing in the press, a composer of whole periodicals such as his ventures *The Watchman* and *The Friend*, and a lecturer using only slight notes as the material of his remarks upon literature, education, philosophy, theology, or whatever the subject might be. In all these methods of expression which he took up one after the other, he merely talked in an ample way upon multifarious topics; in the conversation, sermon, leading article, written discourse, or flowing address, he was master of a swelling and often brilliant volubility, but he had neither the certainty of the orator nor the unfailing distinction of the author; there was an occasional and impromptu quality, a colloquial and episodical manner, the style of the irresponsible speaker. In his earlier days especially, the dominant note in Coleridge's whole nature was excitement. He was always animated, he was often violent, he was always without the principle of control. Indeed, a weakness of moral power seems to have been congenital, in so far as he was not permanently bound by a practical sense of duty nor apparently observant of what place duty has in real life. There was misdirection of his affairs from the time when they came into his own hands; there was impulsiveness, thoughtlessness, a lack of judgment which augured ill for him; and in its total effect this amounted to folly. His intoxication with the scheme known as *Pantisocracy*, by which he with Southey and a few like-minded projectors were to found a socialistic community on the banks of the Susquehanna, is the most obvious comment on his practical sense. But his marriage, with the anecdotes of its preliminaries (one of which was that in those colloquies with Lamb at the London tavern, so charmingly described by his boon companion, he had forgotten his engagement or was indifferent to it), more strikingly exemplifies the irresponsible course of his life, more particularly as it proved to be ill-sorted, full of petty difficulties and makeshift expedients, and in the end a disastrous failure. Wherever Cole ridge's reasonable control over himself or his affairs is looked to, it appears to have been feeble. On the other hand, the constancy of his excitement is plain. It was not only mental, but physical. He was, as a young man, full of

energy and capable of a good deal of hard exercise; he had animal spirits, and Wordsworth describes him as "noisy" and "gamesome," as one who

His limbs would toss about him with delight,
Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy

and from several passages of his own writing, which are usually disregarded, the evidence of a spirit of rough humor and fun is easily obtained. The truth is that Coleridge changed a great deal in his life; he felt himself to be very different in later years from what he was in the time when to his memory even he was a sort of glorified spirit: and this earlier Coleridge had many traits which are ignored sometimes, as Carlyle ignored them, and are sometimes remembered rather as idealizations of his friends in their affectionate thoughts of him, but in any event are irreconcilable with his figure in the last period of his life.

It has been suggested that there was always something of disease or at least of ill health in Coleridge and that this should be regarded as influencing his temperament. Whether it were so or not, the plea itself shows the fact. If excitement was the dominant note, as has been said, in his whole nature, it could not exist without a physical basis and accompaniment; his bodily state appears to have been often less one of animation than of agitation, and his correspondence frequently discloses moods that seem almost frantic. In the issue, under stress of pain and trouble, he became an opium-eater; but his physical nature may fairly be described as predisposed to such states as lead to the use of opium and also result from its use, with the attendant mental moods. His susceptibility to sensuous impressions; to a voluptuousness of the entire being, together with a certain lassitude and languor, lead to the same conclusion, which thus seems to be supported on all sides, that Coleridge was, in his youth and early manhood, fevered through all his intellectual and sensuous nature, and deficient on the moral and practical sides in those matters that related to his personal affairs. It is desirable to bring this out in plain terms, because it is best to acknowledge at once that Coleridge's character was, so far as our part—the world's part—in him is concerned, of less consequence than his temperament; a subtler and more profound thing than character, though without moral meaning. It is not unfair to say, since literature is to be regarded most profitably as the expression of human personality, that with Coleridge the modern literature of temperament, as it has been recognized in extreme phases, begins. The temperament of Coleridge was one of diffused sensuousness physically, and of abnormal mental moods,—moods of weakness, languor, collapse, of visionary imaginative life with a night atmosphere of the spectral, moonlit, swimming, scarcely substantial world; and the poems he wrote, which are his contributions to the world's literature, are based on this temperament, like some Fata Morgana upon the sea. The apparent ex-

clusion of reality from the poems in which his genius was most manifest finds its analogue in the detachment of his own mind from the moral, the practical, the usual in life as he led it in his spirit; and his work of the highest creative sort, which is all there is to his enduring fame, stands amid his prose and verse composition of a lower sort like an island in the waste of waters. This may be best shown, perhaps, by a gradual approach through his cruder to his more perfect compositions.

The cardinal fact in Coleridge's genius is that notwithstanding his immense sensuous susceptibilities and mental receptivity, and the continual excitement of his spirit, he never rose into the highest sphere of creative activity except for the brief period when his great poems were written; and with this is the further related fact that in him we witness the spectacle of the imaginative instinct overborne and supplanted by the intellectual faculty exercising its speculative and critical functions; and in addition, one observes in his entire work an extraordinary inequality not only of treatment, but also of subject-matter. In general, he was an egoistic writer. His sensitiveness to nature was twofold: in the first place he noticed, in the objects and movements of nature, evanescent and minute details, and as his sense of beauty was keen, he saw and recorded truly the less obvious and less common loveliness in the phenomena of the elements and the seasons, and this gave distinction to his mere description and record of fact; in the second place he often felt in himself moods induced by nature, but yet subjective,—states of his own spirit, which sometimes deepened the charm of night, for example, by his enjoyment of its placid aspects, and sometimes imparted to the external world a despair reflected from his personal melancholy. Coleridge, however, would not be thought of as a poet of nature, except in so far as he describes what he observes in the way of record, or gives a metaphysical interpretation to phenomena. This is the more remarkable because he had to an eminent degree that intellectual power, that overwhelming desire of the mind, to rationalize the facts of life. It was this quality that made him a philosopher, an analyst, a critic on the great lines of Aristotle, seeking to impose an order of ethics and metaphysics on all artistic productions. But in those poems in which he describes nature directly and without metaphysical thought, there is no trace of anything more than a sensuous order of his own perceptions. Beautiful and often unique as his nature poems are, they are not creative. They are rather in the main autobiographic; and it is surprising to notice how large a proportion of his verse is thus autobiographic, not in those phases of his own life which may be, or at least are thought of as representative of human life in the mass, but which are personal, such as the lines written after hearing Wordsworth read the 'Prelude,' or those entitled 'Dejection.' When his verse is not confined to autobiographic expression, it is often a product of his interest in his friends or in his family. What is not personal in it is apt to be domestic or social.

If we turn from the poems of nature to those concerned with man, a similar shallowness, either of interest or of power, appears. Coleridge was in early years a radical; he was stirred by the Revolution in France, and he was emotionally charged with the ideas of the time,—ideas of equality, fraternity, and liberty. But this interest died out, as is shown by his political verse. He had none but a social and a philosophical interest in any case. Man, the individual, did not at any time attract him. There was nothing dramatic in his genius, in the narrow and exact sense; he did not engage his curiosity or his philosophy in individual fortunes. It results from this limitation that his verse lacks human interest of the dramatic kind. The truth was that he was interested in thought rather than in deeds, in human nature rather than in its concrete pity and terror. Thus he did not seize on life itself as the material of his imagination and reflection. In the case of man as in the case of nature he gives us only an egoistic account, telling us of his own private fortune, his fears, pains, and despairs, but only as a diary gives them; as he did not transfer his impressions of nature into the world of creative art, so he did not transfer his personal experiences into that world.

What has been said would perhaps be accepted, were it not for the existence of those poems, 'The Ancient Mariner,' 'Christabel,' 'Kubla Khan,' which are the marvelous creations of his genius. In these it will be said there is both a world of nature new created, and a dramatic method and interest. It is enough for the purpose of the analysis if it be granted that nowhere else in Coleridge's work, except in these and less noticeably in a few other instances, do these high characteristics occur. The very point which is here to be brought out is that Coleridge applied that intellectual power, that overmastering desire of the mind to rationalize the phenomena of life, which has been mentioned as his great mental trait,—that he applied this faculty with different degrees of power at different times, so that his poetry falls naturally into higher and inferior categories; in the autobiographic verse, in the political and dramatic verse which forms so large a part of his work, it appears that he did not have sufficient feeling or exercise sufficient power to raise it out of the lower levels of composition; in his great works of constructive and impersonal art, of moral intensity or romantic beauty and fascination, he did so exercise the creative imagination as to make these of the highest rank, or at least one of them.

'The Ancient Mariner,' apart from its many minor merits, has this distinction in Coleridge's work,—it is a poem of perfect unity. 'Christabel' is a fragment, 'Kubla Khan' is a glimpse; and though the 'Ode to France,' 'Love, Youth, and Age,' and possibly a few other short pieces, have this highest artistic virtue of unity, yet in them it is of a simpler kind. 'The Ancient Mariner,' on the other hand, is a marvel of construction in that its unity is less complex than manifold; it exists, however the form be examined. In the merely external sense, the telling of the tale to the Wedding-Guest, with the

fact that the wedding is going on, gives it unity; in the merely internal sense, the moral lesson of the salvation of the slayer of the albatross by the medium of love felt toward living things, subtly yet lucidly worked out as the notion is, gives it unity: but in still other ways, as a story of connected and consequential incidents with a plot, a change of fortune, a climax, it has unity; and if its conception either of the physical or the ethical world be analyzed, these too—and these are the fundamental things—are found consistent wholes. It nevertheless remains true that this system of nature as a vitalized but not humanized mode of life, with its bird, its spirit, its magical powers, is not the nature that we know or believe to be,—it is a modern presentation of an essentially primitive and animistic belief; and similarly this system of human life,—if the word human can be applied to it, with its dead men, its skeleton ship, its spirit sailors, its whole miracle of spectral being,—is not the life we know or believe to be; it is an incantation, a simulacrum. It may still be true therefore that the imaginative faculty of Coleridge was not applied either to nature or human life, in the ordinary sense. And this it is that constitutes the uniqueness of the poem, and its wonderful fascination. Coleridge fell heir, by the accidents of time and the revolutions of taste, to the ballad style, its simplicity, directness, and narrative power; he also was most attracted to the machinery of the supernatural, the weird, the terrible, almost to the grotesque and horrid, as these literary motives came into fashion in the crude beginnings of romanticism; his subtle mind, his fine senses, his peculiar susceptibility to the mystic and shadowy in nature,—as shown by his preference of the moonlight, dreamy, or night aspects of real nature, to its brilliant beauties in the waking world,—gave him ease and finesse in the handling of such subject-matter; and he lived late enough to know that all this eerie side of human experience and imaginative capacity, inherited from primeval ages but by no means yet deprived of plausibility, could be effectively used only as an allegoric or scenic setting of what should be truth to the ethical sense; he combined one of the highest lessons of advanced civilization, one of the last results of spiritual perception,—the idea of love toward life in any form,—with the animistic beliefs and supernatural fancies of the crude ages of the senses. This seems to be the substantial matter; and in this he was, to repeat Shelley's phrase, the "subtle-souled psychologist." The material of his imagination, on the sensuous side, was of the slightest: it was the supernaturalism of the romantic movement, somewhat modified by being placed in connection with the animal world; and he put this to use as a means of illustrating spiritual truth. He thus became the first of those who have employed the supernatural in our recent literature without losing credence for it, as an allegory of psychological states, moral facts, or illusions real to the eye that sees them and having some logical relation to the past of the individual; of such writers Hawthorne and Poe are eminent examples, and both of them, it may be remarked, are writers in whom temperament rather than character is the ground

of their creative work. The intimate kinship between imagination so directed and the speculative philosophical temper is plain to see. In 'Christabel' on the other hand, the moral substance is not apparent: the place filled by the moral ideas which are the centers of the narrative in 'The Ancient Mariner,' is taken here by emotional situations; but the supernaturalism is practically the same in both poems, and in both is associated with that mystery of the animal world to man, most concentrated and vivid in the fascination ascribed traditionally to the snake, which is the animal motive in 'Christabel' as the goodness of the albatross is in 'The Ancient Mariner.' In these poems the good and the bad omens that ancient augurs minded are made again dominant over men's imagination. Such are the signal and unique elements in these poems, which have besides that wealth of beauty in detail, of fine diction, of liquid melody, of sentiment, thought, and image, which belong only to poetry of the highest order, and which are too obvious to require any comment. 'Kubla Khan' is a poem of the same kind, in which the mystical effect is given almost wholly by landscape; it is to 'The Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel' what protoplasm is to highly organized cells.

If it be recognized then that the imagery of Coleridge in the characteristic parts of these cardinal poems is as pure allegory, is as remote from nature or man, as is the machinery of fairy-land and chivalry in Spenser, for example, and that he obtains credibility by the psychological and ethical truth presented in this imagery, it is not surprising that his work is small in amount; for the method is not only a difficult one, but the poetic machinery itself is limited and meager. The poverty of the subject-matter is manifest, and the restrictions to its successful use are soon felt. It may well be doubted whether 'Christabel' would have gained by being finished. In 'The Ancient Mariner' the isolation of the man is a great advantage; if there had been any companion for him, the illusion could not have been entire: as it is, what he experiences has the wholeness and truth within itself of a dream, or of a madman's world,—there is no standard of appeal outside of his own senses and mind, no real world; but in 'Christabel' the serpentine fable goes on in a world of fact and action, and as soon as the course of the story involved this fable in the probabilities and actual occurrences of life, it might well be that the tale would have turned into one of simple enchantment and magic, as seems likely from what has been told of its continuation; certainly it could not have equaled the earlier poem, or have been in the same kind with it, unless the unearthly magic, the spell, were finally completely dissolved into the world of moral truth as is the case with 'The Ancient Mariner.' Coleridge found it still more impossible to continue 'Kubla Khan.' It seems a fair inference to conclude that Coleridge's genius, however it suffered from the misfortunes and ills of his life, was in these works involved in a field, however congenial, yet of narrow range and infertile in itself. In poetic style it is to be observed that he kept what he had gained; the turbid diction of the earlier period never came

back to trouble him, and the cadences he had formed still gave their music to his verse. The change, the decline, was not in his power of style; it was in his power of imagination, if at all, but the fault may have laid in the capacities of the subject-matter. A similar thing certainly happened in his briefer ballad poetry, in that of which 'Love,' 'The Three Graces,' 'Alice Du Clos,' and 'The Dark Ladie,' are examples; the matter there, the machinery of the romantic ballad, was no longer capable of use; that sort of literature was dead from the exhaustion of its motives. The great 'Ode to France,' in which he reached his highest point of eloquent and passionate expression, seems to mark the extinction in himself of the revolutionary impulse. On the whole, while the excellence of much of the remainder of his verse, even in later years, is acknowledged, and its originality in several instances, may it not be that in his greatest work Coleridge came to an end because of an impossibility in the kind itself?

From whatever cause, the fact was that Coleridge ceased to create in poetry, and fell back on that fluent, manifold, luminous faculty he possessed of absorbing and giving out ideas in vast quantities, as it were by bulk. He attended especially to the theory of art as he found it illustrated in the greatest poets, and he popularized among literary men a certain body of doctrine regarding criticism, its growth and methods; and in later years he worked out metaphysical theological views which he inculcated in ways that won for him recognition as a practical influence in contemporary church opinion. In these last years of his lecturing and discoursing in private, the figure he makes is pathetic, though Carlyle describes it with a grim humor in the 'Life of Sterling': over against that figure should be set the descriptions of the young Coleridge by Dorothy Wordsworth and Lamb; and after these perhaps the contrast which Coleridge himself draws between his spirit and his body may enable a reader to fuse the two — youth and age — into one. Whatever were the weaknesses of his nature and the trials of his life, of which one keeps silent, he was deeply loved by friends of many different minds, who, if they grew cold, had paid at least once this tribute to the charm, the gentleness, and the delight of his human companionship.

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who, pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south-wind sprung up behind;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariner's hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perched for vespers nine;
 Whilst all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white moonshine." —

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
 From the fiends that plague thee thus!
 Why look'st thou so?" — "With my cross-bow
 I shot the Albatross!"

PART II

"THE Sun now rose upon the right;
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left
 Went down into the sea.

"And the good south-wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day for food or play
 Came to the mariner's hollo!

"And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe:
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
 That made the breeze to blow!

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
 The glorious Sun uprise:
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog and mist.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink:
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.

PART III

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time! A weary time!
 How glazed each weary eye!
 When looking westward I beheld
 A something in the sky.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist:
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
 And still it neared and neared:
 As if it dodged a water-sprite,
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, 'A sail! a sail!'

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call:
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

"See! see (I cried) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!"

"The western wave was all a-flame:
 The day was well nigh done:

Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

" And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

" Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

" Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

" Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

" The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
' The game is done! I've won, I've won! '
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

" The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

" We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;

From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The hornèd Moon with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

“One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.

“Four times fifty living men,
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

“The souls did from their bodies fly —
 They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whiz of my cross-bow! ”

PART IV

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
 I fear thy skinny hand!
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
 As is the ribbed sea-sand.

“I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
 And thy skinny hand, so brown.”—
 “Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
 This body dropt not down.

“Alone, alone, all, all alone,
 Alone on a wide wide sea!
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony.

“The many men, so beautiful!
 And they all dead did lie:
 And a thousand thousand slimy things
 Lived on; and so did I.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

"Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold.
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

" And soon I heard a roaring wind:
 It did not come anear;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

" The upper air burst into life!
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about;
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

" And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
 The Moon was at its edge.

" The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side:
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

" The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on!
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

" They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake nor moved their eyes;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

" The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
 Yet never a breeze up-blew;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do:
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

" The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee:
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

"For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds come back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean;
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length,
 With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound:
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoon.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare;
 But ere my living life return'd,
 I heard, and in my soul discern'd
 Two voices in the air.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'is this the man?
 By Him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low
 The harmless Albatross.

"'The spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew:
 Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do.'"

PART VI

First Voice

'But tell me, tell me! speak again
 Thy soft response renewing—
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?
 What is the ocean doing?'

Second Voice

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him, smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

First Voice

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

Second Voice

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

'Fly brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

"We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
'O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.'

"The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!

He singeth loud his godly hymns
 That he makes in the wood.
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
 The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

"This Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea.
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
 He loves to talk with marineres
 That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
 He hath a cushion plump:
 It is the moss that wholly hides
 The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
 'Why, this is strange, I trow!
 Where are those lights so many and fair,
 That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
 'And they answered not our cheer!
 The planks look warped! and see those sails,
 How thin they are and sere!
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest-brook along:
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look'—
 (The pilot made reply).
 'I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread:
 It reached the ship, it split the bay;
 The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned,
 My body lay afloat;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked,
 And fell down in a fit;
 The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
 And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
 Who now doth crazy go,
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.
 'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
 The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
 I stood on the firm land!
 The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
 And scarcely he could stand.

"'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
 The Hermit crossed his brow.
 'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say —
 What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
 With a woeful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale;
 And then it left me free.

“ Since then at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

“ I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

“ What loud uproar bursts from that door:
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

“ O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

“ O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company! —

“ To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

“ Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

“ He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn:
 A sadder and a wiser man
 He rose the morrow morn.

CHRISTABEL

PART I

TIS the middle of night by the castle clock,
 And the owls have awaken'd the crowing cock;
 Tu-whit! — Tu-whoo!
 And hark, again! the crowing cock,
 How drowsily it crew.
 Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff, which
 From her kennel beneath the rock
 Maketh answer to the clock,
 Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
 Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
 Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
 The night is chilly, but not dark.
 The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
 It covers but not hides the sky.
 The moon is behind, and at the full;
 And yet she looks both small and dull.
 The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
 'Tis a month before the month of May,
 And the Spring comes slowly up this way.
 The lovely lady, Christabel,
 Whom her father loves so well,
 What makes her in the wood so late,
 A furlong from the castle gate?

She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothèd knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek —
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were;

And wildly glittered here and there
 The gems entangled in her hair.
 I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
 A lady so richly clad as she—
 Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"
 Said Christabel, "and who art thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,
 And her voice was faint and sweet: —
 "Have pity on my sore distress,
 I scarce can speak for weariness:
 Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!"
 Said Christabel, "How camest thou here?"
 And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
 Did thus pursue her answer meet: —
 "My sire is of a noble line,
 And my name is Geraldine:
 Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
 Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
 They choked my cries with force and fright,
 And tied me on a palfrey white.
 The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
 And they rode furiously behind.
 They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
 And once we crossed the shade of night.
 As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
 I have no thought what men they be;
 Nor do I know how long it is
 (For I have lain entranced, I wis)
 Since one, the tallest of the five,
 Took me from the palfrey's back,
 A weary woman, scarce alive.
 Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
 He placed me underneath this oak;
 He swore they would return with haste;
 Whither they went I cannot tell —
 I thought I heard, some minutes past,
 Sounds as of a castle bell.
 Stretch forth thy hand," thus ended she,
 "And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine:
“O well, bright dame, may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth, and friends withal,
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father’s hall.”

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
“All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth;
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.”

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So, free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the Lady by her side;
“Praise we the Virgin all divine,
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!”
“Alas, alas!” said Geraldine,
“I cannot speak for weariness.”
So, free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
 Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
 The mastiff old did not awake,
 Yet she an angry moan did make.
 And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
 Never till now she uttered yell
 Beneath the eye of Christabel.
 Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
 For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
 Pass as lightly as you will.
 The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
 Amid their own white ashes lying;
 But when the lady passed, there came
 A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
 And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
 And nothing else saw she thereby,
 Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
 Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
 "O softly tread," said Christabel,
 "My father seldom sleepeth well: "
 Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
 And, jealous of the listening air,
 They steal their way from stair to stair,
 Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
 And now they pass the Baron's room,
 As still as death, with stifled breath!
 And now have reached her chamber door;
 And now doth Geraldine press down
 The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
 And not a moonbeam enters here.
 But they without its light can see
 The chamber carved so curiously,
 Carved with figures strange and sweet,
 All made out of the carver's brain,
 For a lady's chamber meet:
 The lamp with twofold silver chain
 Is fastened to an angel's feet.
 The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
 But Christabel the lamp will trim.

She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."
"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered: "Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon, with altered voice, said she:
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue:
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'Tis over now!"
Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor, whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
 “All they, who live in the upper sky,
 Do love you, holy Christabel!
 And you love them, and for their sake,
 And for the good which me befell,
 Even I in my degree will try,
 Fair maiden, to requite you well.
 But now unrobe yourself; for I
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.”

Quoth Christabel, “So let it be!”
 And as the lady bade, did she.
 Her gentle limbs did she undress
 And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain, of weal and woe,
 So many thoughts moved to and fro,
 That vain it were her lids to close;
 So half-way from the bed she rose,
 And on her elbow did recline,
 To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
 And slowly rolled her eyes around;
 Then drawing in her breath aloud,
 Like one that shuddered, she unbound
 The cincture from beneath her breast:
 Her silken robe, and inner vest,
 Dropped to her feet, and full in view,
 Behold! her bosom and half her side—
 A sight to dream of, not to tell!
 O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs:
 Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
 Deep from within she seems half-way
 To lift some weight with sick assay,
 And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
 Then suddenly, as one defied,
 Collects herself in scorn and pride,
 And lay down by the maiden’s side! —
 And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah, well-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:

"In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
 But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heard'st a low moaning,
 And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
 And didst bring her home with thee, in love and in charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp air."

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel, when she
 Was praying at the old oak tree.
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows;
 Her slender palms together prest,
 Heaving sometimes on her breast;
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale —
 Her face, oh, call it fair not pale,
 And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
 Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, woe is me!)
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
 Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
 Dreaming that alone, which is —
 O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
 The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
 And lo! the worker of these harms,
 That holds the maiden in her arms,
 Seems to slumber still and mild,
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine! since arms of thine
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.
 O Geraldine! one hour was thine —

Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
 The night-birds all that hour were still.
 But now they are jubilant anew,
 From cliff and tower, tu-whoo! tu-whoo!
 Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance;
 Her limbs relax, her countenance
 Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
 Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
 And oft the while she seems to smile
 As infants at a sudden light!
 Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
 Like a youthful hermitess,
 Beauteous in a wilderness,
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
 And, if she move unquietly,
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
 Comes back and tingles in her feet.
 No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
 What if she knew her mother near?
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,
 The saints will aid if men will call:
 For the blue sky bends over all.

PART II

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
 Knells us back to a world of death.
 These words Sir Leoline first said,
 When he rose and found his lady dead:
 These words Sir Leoline will say
 Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began
 That still at dawn the sacristan,
 Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
 Five and forty beads must tell
 Between each stroke — a warning knell,
 Which not a soul can choose but hear
 From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, "So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale."

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
"Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side —
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air,
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,
"Now heaven be praised if all be well!"
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
 Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
 That He, who on the cross did groan,
 Might wash away her sins unknown,
 She forthwith led fair Geraldine
 To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.
 The lovely maid and the lady tall
 Are pacing both into the hall,
 And pacing on through page and groom,
 Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
 His gentle daughter to his breast,
 With cheerful wonder in his eyes
 The lady Geraldine espies,
 And gave such welcome to the same,
 As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
 And when she told her father's name,
 Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
 Murmuring o'er the name again,
 Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?
 Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
 They parted — ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining —
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between.
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsels' face:
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side
He would proclaim it far and wide,
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame
Were base as spotted infamy!
"And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court — that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!"
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrank and shuddered, and saw again —
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)
Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,

Had put a rapture in her breast,
 And on her lips and o'er her eyes
 Spread smiles like light!
 With new surprise,
 "What ails then my belovèd child?"
 The Baron said—His daughter mild
 Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
 I ween, she had no power to tell
 Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

DEJECTION: AN ODE

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
 With the old Moon in her arms;
 And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
 We shall have a deadly storm.

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

WELL! if the bard was weather-wise, who made
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
 Unroused by winds that ply a busier trade
 Than those which mold yon cloud in lazy flakes,
 Or the dull sobbing draft that moans and rakes
 Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
 Which better far were mute.

For lo! the New Moon, winter-bright
 And overspread with phantom light,
 With swimming phantom light o'erspread,
 But rimmed and circled by a silver thread;
 I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
 The coming on of rain and squally blast.
 And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
 And the slant night-shower driving hard and fast!
 Those sounds, which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
 And sent my soul abroad,
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give—
 Might startle this dull pain and make it move and live.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear —

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,

In word, or sigh, or tear —

O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,

Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow-green;
And still I gaze — and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars, —
Those stars that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen;
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue:
I see them all so excellently fair —
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail;

And what can these avail,

To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?

It were a vain endeavor,

Though I should gaze forever

On that green light that lingers in the west:

I may not hope from outward forms to win

The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,

And in our life alone does Nature live;

Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!

And would we aught behold of higher worth

Than that inanimate cold world allowed

To the poor loveless, ever-anxious crowd —

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the earth;

And from the soul itself must there be sent

A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be,

What and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power:

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower —
 Joy, Lady, is the spirit and the power
 Which wedding nature to us, gives in dower

A new Earth and Heaven,
 Undreamt-of by the sensual and the proud;
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud —

We in ourselves rejoice!
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colors a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
 This joy within me dallied with distress;
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
 Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness.
 For hope grew round me like the twining vine;
 And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to earth,
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;

But oh! each visitation
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
 My shaping spirit of imagination.

For not to think of what I needs must feel,
 But to be still and patient, all I can;
 And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural man —
 This was my sole resource, my only plan:
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
 And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

Hence, viper thoughts that coil around my mind —
 Reality's dark dream!

I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
 Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
 Of agony, by torture lengthened out,
 That lute sent forth! Thou wind, that ravest without!
 Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,

Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
 Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
 Mad lutanist! who in this month of showers,
 Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
 Makest devils' Yule, with worse than wintry song,
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among!

 Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
 Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy bold!

 What tell'st thou now about?

 'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
 With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds —
 At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold.

But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!

 And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
 With groans and tremulous shudderings — all is over —

 It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!

 A tale of less affright,

 And tempered with delight,

As Otway's self had framed the tender lay:

 'Tis of a little child

 Upon a lonesome wild —

Not far from home, but she hath lost her way;

 And now moans low in bitter grief and fear —

And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

 'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep;
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
 Visit her, gentle Sleep, with wings of healing!

 And may this storm be but a mountain-birth;
 May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,

 Silent as though they watched the sleeping earth!

 With light heart may she rise, —

 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes —

 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;
 To her may all things live, from pole to pole —
 Their life the eddying of her living soul!

 O simple spirit, guided from above!
 Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice!
 Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

KUBLA KHAN

KN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree,
 Where Alph the sacred river ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round;
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momently was forced;
 Amid whose swift half-intermittent burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momently the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

If it were possible to earn a place among the immortals by the force of unremitting toil, no man of letters could have a clearer claim to the distinction than Robert Southey. The vast labors of his life, seconding considerable talents, did indeed build for him a high contemporary reputation. Within his limits he did his life's work well. He was a good and faithful servant of literature: had he had more of the mastery of genius, he would have been less in bondage to his conceptions. As it was, he was fettered by the schemes for his vast epics and interminable histories. The element of drudgery dulls even the greatest of his works. He is among English men of letters as one that serveth.

His life touched at many points the lives of other noted men; yet it was ever self-contained, closed in against all passions but the one devouring passion for culture. There was a Southey who, feeling the electric currents of the revolution, dreamed of brotherhood and freedom in the forests of America: but the Southey of literary history spent his life among his thousands of beloved books in the quiet rooms of Greta Hall, content with the use and wont of the Old World; content to perform, year in and year out, the daily tasks of composition, proof-reading, and letter-writing. The poet had become the sober writer of prose; the revolutionist had become the conservative.

Robert Southey was born in 1774. His father, a linen draper, being unsuccessful in his business, the care and support of the boy was partly assumed by his mother's maiden aunt, Miss Tyler,—an intelligent but eccentric woman, who gave him a good early training. From her care he went to be educated at Westminster School, which rejected Southey after four years of nurture, because the boy wrote a sarcastic article on flogging for the paper published by the pupils. Enduring friendships, however, were formed at Westminster: one with C. W. Wynn, who was so impressed with his ability that he settled upon Southey an annuity of £160. Christ Church, Oxford, rejected him because of the Westminster episode, but he was received at Balliol.

In 1794 occurred an event of much importance in his life: he met Coleridge. With the mystical poet, "voyaging on strange seas of thought alone," the young Southey had much in common. They were both under the domination of the republican spirit; they had both looked to France for the dawn of the social millennium, and had beheld only the terrors of the midnight tempest. They both dreamed of a world made over nearer to the heart's desire. Coleridge had already formulated his dreams. They should go to the West to the banks of the Susquehanna: there in the virgin forests of America they could

free themselves forever from the pernicious social system of the Old World. They would live as brothers. Each would till the soil, living by the work of his own hands. Each would take with him a wife who should share the toil and the blessings. They would rear their children in innocence and peace. They would live the ideal life of study and of manual labor in the bosom of nature. Their community would be a "pantisocracy." Coleridge and Southey had friends ready and willing to make the venture,—Robert Lovell, a young Quaker; Robert Allen, and George Burnett. Lovell's wife had four sisters,—Edith, Sarah, Martha, and Elizabeth Fricker. An idea prevailed among the pantisocrats that these ladies might be married off-hand, the only inducement necessary being a glowing description of the land of promise. Southey, however, had another object in marrying than the good of the new community. He loved Edith Fricker, and she returned his affection.

Nothing was lacking now to the perfect success of the scheme but money. The young enthusiasts were rich in dreams, but poor in pocket. Coleridge never had money in his life. The others, being also of the poetical temperament, never had much of it. Southey and Coleridge began a series of lectures, the one on history, the other on ethics and politics, for the sake of raising the necessary funds. About this time Southey met Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, whose sincere friendship manifested itself in substantial forms. Two years before, in 1794, Southey had written an epic, 'Joan of Arc,' in which he had embodied his democratic fervor. Cottle bought this of him for fifty guineas, and published it in 1796. The assistance was timely; for the young poet was in disgrace with Aunt Tyler, who had cast him out on the news of his intended marriage with Miss Fricker.

Soon after the publication of 'Joan of Arc' there arrived on the scene Southey's uncle, who was the British chaplain at Lisbon; having heard of his nephew's vagaries and believing that a change of scene would bring about a change of mind, he induced him to return with him to Lisbon. On the day of his departure young Southey was secretly married to his Edith. He returned, cured of pantisocracy, but with his mind full of poetical schemes: epics galore, tragedies and comedies and romances, which were to be wrought out one by one. Among the first of these to be completed was 'Madoc,' a narrative poem of the adventures of a Welsh prince of the twelfth century in the wilderness of America. The breakdown of Southey's health led to a second visit to Portugal, on which his wife accompanied him. On his return he was for a time private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland; but the post not proving a congenial one, he took up his abode at Greta Hall, Keswick, in the English Lake region, where he was to spend the remainder of his life,—supporting himself, his family, and Coleridge's family by his incessant literary labors.

In 1813 Southey was appointed to the office of Poet Laureate, made vacant by the death of Pye. At that date his works included mainly metrical ro-

mances and translations from the Spanish and Portuguese. Southey seems to have renounced poetry with his republicanism. The odes which he wrote in his official character are forced in tone, and generally commonplace. After taking up his abode in Greta Hall, he devoted himself chiefly to prose composition. He wrote there his 'History of Brazil,' his 'History of Portugal,' his lives of Wesley, of Cowper, and of Nelson, his commonplace books, his 'History of the Peninsular War,' and that charming book of gossip, 'The Doctor.' His prose is masterly, direct, and even. His claim to be numbered among English men of letters now rests indeed almost entirely upon his prose works.

In 1816 he was offered a baronetcy through the influence of Sir Robert Peel; but he declined the honor. In 1826 he was offered a seat in Parliament, and an estate to qualify him for the office; but this he also declined. Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.; he refused a similar honor from Cambridge. He died in 1843, literally worn out by brain labor.

THE CURSE

From 'The Curse of Kehama'

I CHARM thy life
 From the weapons of strife,
 From stone and from wood,
 From fire and from flood,
 From the serpent's tooth,
 And the beasts of blood;
 From Sickness I charm thee,
 And Time shall not harm thee:
 But Earth, which is mine,
 Its fruits shall deny thee;
 And Water shall hear me,
 And know thee and fly thee;
 And the Winds shall not touch thee
 When they pass by thee,
 And the Dews shall not wet thee
 When they fall nigh thee:
 And thou shalt seek Death
 To release thee, in vain;
 Thou shalt live in thy pain,
 While Kehama shall reign,
 With a fire in thy heart,
 And a fire in thy brain;

And Sleep shall obey me,
 And visit thee never,
 And the Curse shall be on thee
 For ever and ever.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea:
 The ship was still as she could be;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion;
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
 The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The holy Abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had placed that Bell on the Inchcape Rock;
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
 And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
 The mariners heard the warning Bell;
 And then they knew the perilous Rock,
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
 All things were joyful on that day;
 The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
 And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
 A darker speck on the ocean green:
 Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
 It made him whistle, it made him sing:
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
 Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
 And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound;
 The bubbles rose and burst around:
 Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the Rock
 Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
 He scoured the seas for many a day:
 And now, grown rich with plundered store,
 He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
 They cannot see the sun on high:
 The wind hath blown a gale all day;
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
 So dark it is, they see no land.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar?
 For methinks we should be near the shore." —
 " Now where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
 " O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock! "

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
 He curst himself in his despair:
 The waves rush in on every side;
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear, —
 A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

IT was a summer evening;
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found,
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh, —
 “ ‘Tis some poor fellow's skull,” said he,
 “ Who fell in the great victory.

“ I find them in the garden,
 For there's many hereabout;
 And often when I go to plow,
 The plowshare turns them out:
 For many thousand men,” said he,
 “ Were slain in that great victory.”

“ Now tell us what 'twas all about,”
 Young Peterkin he cries; —
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes; —
 “ Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
 “ Who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for,
 I could not well make out:
 But everybody said,” quoth he,
 “ That ‘twas a famous victory.

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by:
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born baby, died:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun:
 But things like that, you know, must be,
 After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
 And our good Prince Eugene.”
 “ Why, ‘twas a very wicked thing! ”
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 “ Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he:
 “ It was a famous victory,

“ And everybody praised the Duke,
 Who this great fight did win.”
 “ But what good came of it at last? ”
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 “ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he;
 “ But ‘twas a famous victory.”

STANZAS WRITTEN IN MY LIBRARY

MY days among the Dead are passed;
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
 I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
 My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

MARIA EDGEWORTH

THE famous author of Irish novels and didactic tales was the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth and his first wife Anna Ehrs, and was born at Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, January 1, 1767. When she was twelve years old the family settled on the estate at Edgeworth's-town, County Longford, Ireland, which was her home during the remainder of her long life. It was a singularly happy family circle, of which Maria was the center. Her father married four times, and had twenty-two children, on whom he exercised his peculiar educational ideas. He devoted himself most particularly to Maria's training, and made her his most confidential companion. She was also employed by him in keeping his accounts and in dealing with his tenants; and the education of her brother Henry was entrusted to her care. Several of her works were written in conjunction with her father, and over almost all he exercised a supervision which doubtless hindered the free expression of her genius. At Edgeworth's-town, however, she had the opportunity to become acquainted with both fashionable society and the Irish peasantry, two classes which figure prominently in her novels. Her first publication, 'Letters to Literary Ladies,' on the education of women, appeared in 1795. This was followed by educational and juvenile works illustrating the theories of her father: 'The Parent's Assistant,' 'Practical Education' (a joint production), supplemented later by 'Early Lessons'; 'Rosamond,' 'Harry and Lucy,' and a sequel to the 'Parent's Assistant.' In 1800 appeared 'Castle Rackrent,' the first of her novels of Irish life, and her best known work; soon followed by 'Belinda,' and the well-known 'Essay on Irish Bulls,' by her father and herself. Miss Edgeworth's reputation was now established, and on a visit to Paris at this time she received much attention. Here occurred the one recorded romance of her life, the proposal of marriage from Count Edelcrantz, a Swedish gentleman. On her return she wrote 'Leonora.' In 1804 she published 'Popular Tales'; in 1809 the first series of 'Fashionable Tales.' These tales include 'Almeria' and 'The Absentee,' considered by many critics her masterpiece. 'Patronage' was begun years before as 'The Freeman Family.' In 1817 she published 'Harrington' and 'Ormond,' which rank among her best works. In the same year her father died, leaving to her the completion of his 'Memoirs,' which appeared in 1820. Her last novel, 'Helen,' published in 1834, shows no diminution of her charm and grace. With occasional visits to Paris and London, and a memorable trip to Scotland in 1823, when she was entertained at Abbotsford, she lived serene and happy at Edgeworth's-town until her sudden death in 1849.

Miss Edgeworth was extremely small, not beautiful; but a brilliant talker and a great favorite in the exclusive society to which she everywhere had access. Her greatest success was in the new field opened in her Irish stories, full of racy, rollicking Irish humor, and valuable pictures of bygone conditions,—for the genial peasant of her pages is now rarely found. Not the least we owe her is the influence which her national tales had on Sir Walter Scott, who declared that her success led him to do the same for his own country in the *Waverley Novels*. Miss Edgeworth's style is easy and animated. Her tales show her extraordinary power of observation, her good sense, and remarkable skill in dialogue, though they are biased by the didactic purpose which permeates all her writings. As Madame de Staël remarked, she was "lost in dreary utility." And doubtless this is why she just missed greatness, and has been consigned to the ranks of "standard" authors who are respectfully alluded to but seldom read. The lack of tenderness and imagination was perhaps the result of her unusual self-control, shown in her custom of writing in the family sitting-room, and so concentrating her mind on her work that she was deaf to all that went on about her. Surely some of the creative power of her mind must have been lost in that strenuous effort. Her noble character, as well as her talents, won for her the friendship of many distinguished people of her day. With Scott she was intimate, Byron found her charming, and Macaulay was an enthusiastic admirer. In her letters are found many interesting and valuable accounts of the people she met in the course of her long life.

SIR CONDY ATTENDS HIS OWN WAKE

From 'Castle Rackrent'

WHEN they were made sensible that Sir Condy was going to leave Castle Rackrent for good and all, they set up a whillaluh that could be heard to the farthest end of the street; and one fine boy he was, that my master had given an apple to that morning, cried the loudest; but they all were the same sorry, for Sir Condy was greatly beloved among the childher, for letting them go a-nutting in the demesne without saying a word to them, though my lady objected to them. The people in the town, who were the most of them standing at their doors, hearing the childher cry, would know the reason of it; and when the report was made known the people one and all gathered in great anger against my son Jason, and terror at the notion of his coming to be landlord over them, and they cried, "No Jason! no Jason! Sir Condy! Sir Condy! Sir Condy Rackrent forever!" and the mob grew so great and so loud I was frightened, and made my way back to the house to warn my son to make his escape or hide himself, for fear of

the consequences. Jason would not believe me till they came all round the house and to the windows with great shouts; then he grew quite pale, and asked Sir Condy what had he best do? "I'll tell you what you'd best do," said Sir Condy, who was laughing to see his fright: "finish your glass first; then let's go to the window and show ourselves, and I'll tell 'em, or you shall if you please, that I'm going to the lodge for change of air for my health, and by my own desire, for the rest of my days." "Do so," said Jason who never meant it should have been so, but could not refuse him the lodge at this unseasonable time. Accordingly Sir Condy threw up the sash and explained matters, and thanked all his friends, and bid 'em look in at the punch-bowl, and observe that Jason and he had been sitting over it very good friends; so the mob was content, and he sent 'em out some whisky to drink his health, and that was the last time his Honor's health was ever drunk at Castle Rackrent.

The very next day, being too proud, as he said to me, to stay an hour longer in a house that did not belong to him, he sets off to the lodge, and I along with him not many hours after. And there was great bemoaning through all O'Shaughlin's Town, which I stayed to witness, and gave my poor master a full account of when I got to the lodge. He was very low and in his bed when I got there, and complained of a great pain about his heart; but I guessed it was only trouble, and all the business, let alone vexation, he had gone through of late; and knowing the nature of him from a boy, I took my pipe, and while smoking it by the chimney, began telling him how he was beloved and regretted in the county, and it did him a deal of good to hear it. "Your Honor has a great many friends yet, that you don't know of, rich and poor in the county," says I; "for as I was coming along the road, I met two gentlemen in their own carriages, who asked after you, knowing me, and wanted to know where you was, and all about you, and even how old I was: think of that!" Then he wakened out of his doze, and began questioning me who the gentlemen were. And the next morning it came into my head to go, unknown to anybody, with my master's compliments, round to many of the gentlemen's houses where he and my lady used to visit, and people that I knew were his great friends, and would go to Cork to serve him any day in the year, and I made bold to try to borrow a trifle of cash from them. They all treated me very civil for the most part, and asked a great many questions very kind about my lady and Sir Condy and all the family, and were greatly surprised to learn from me Castle Rackrent was sold, and my master at the lodge for health; and they all pitied him greatly, and he had their good wishes, if that would do, but money was a thing they unfortunately had not any of them at this time to spare. I had my journey for my pains, and I, not used to walking, nor supple as formerly, was greatly tired, but had the satisfaction of telling my master, when I got to the lodge, all the civil things said by high and low.

"Thady," says he, "all you've been telling me brings a strange thought into my head: I've a notion I shall not be long for this world anyhow, and I've a great fancy to see my own funeral afore I die." I was greatly shocked at the first speaking, to hear him speak so light about his funeral, and he to all appearances in good health, but recollecting myself answered: — "To be sure it would be as fine a sight as one could see, I dared to say, and one I should be proud to witness; and I did not doubt his Honor's would be as great a funeral as ever Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin's was, and such a one as that had never been known in the county before or since." But I never thought he was in earnest about seeing his own funeral himself, till the next day he returns to it again. "Thady," says he, "as far as the wake goes, sure I might without any great trouble have the satisfaction of seeing a bit of my own funeral." "Well, since your Honor's Honor's so bent upon it," says I, not willing to cross him, and he in trouble, "we must see what we can do." So he fell into a sort of a sham disorder, which was easy done, as he kept his bed and no one to see him; and I got my shister, who was an old woman very handy about the sick, and very skillful, to come up to the lodge to nurse him; and we gave out, she knowing no better, that he was just at his latter end, and it answered beyond anything; and there was a great throng of people, men, women, and children, and there being only two rooms at the lodge, except what was locked up full of Jason's furniture and things, the house was soon as full and fuller than it could hold, and the heat and smoke and noise wonderful great; and standing among them that were near the bed, but not thinking at all of the dead, I was startled by the sound of my master's voice from under the great-coats that had been thrown all at top, and I went close up, no one noticing. "Thady," says he, "I've had enough of this; I'm smothering, and I can't hear a word of all they're saying of the deceased." "God bless you, and lie still and quiet," says I, "a bit longer; for my shister's afraid of ghosts and would die on the spot with fright, was she to see you come to life all on a sudden this way without the least preparation." So he lays him still, though well-nigh stifled, and I made all haste to tell the secret of the joke, whispering to one and t'other, and there was a great surprise, but not so great as we had laid out it would. "And aren't we to have the pipes and tobacco, after coming so far tonight?" said some; but they were all well enough pleased when his Honor got up to drink with them, and sent for more spirits from a shebeanhause, where they very civilly let him have it upon credit. So the night passed off very merrily, but to my mind Sir Condy was rather upon the sad order in the midst of it all, not finding there had been such a great talk about himself after his death as he had always expected to hear.

SIR MURTAGH RACKRENT AND HIS LADY

From 'Castle Rackrent'

NOW it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick. On coming into the estate he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself. He had his house, from one year's end to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller; for rather than be left out of the parties at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country,—such as the O'Neils of Ballynagrotty, and the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tullyhog,—made it their choice often and often, when there was no moon to be had for love nor money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken-house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his friends and the public in general, who honored him with their company unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent; and this went on I can't tell you how long: the whole country rang with his praises—long life to him! I'm sure I love to look upon his picture, now opposite to me; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman—his neck something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which by his particular desire is still extant in his picture, said to be a striking likeness though taken when young. He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whisky; which is very likely, as nobody has ever appeared to dispute it with him, and as there still exists a broken punch-bowl at Castle Rackrent in the garret, with an inscription to that effect—a great curiosity. A few days before his death he was very merry; it being his Honor's birthday, he called my grandfather in, God bless him! to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself; but could not carry it to his head on account of the great shake in his hand; on this he cast his joke, saying:—"What would my poor father say to me if he was to pop out of the grave and see me now? I remember when I was a little boy, the first bumper of claret he gave me after dinner, how he praised me for carrying it so steady to my mouth. Here's my thanks to him—a bumper toast." Then he fell to singing the favorite song he learned from his father—for the last time, poor gentleman; he sung it that night as loud and as hearty as ever, with a chorus:—

He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;

But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

Sir Patrick died that night: just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off; they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry in the morning, to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor. His funeral was such a one as was never known before or since in the county! All the gentlemen in the three counties were at it; far and near, how they flocked! My great-grandfather said that to see all the women even in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out. Then such a fine whillaluh! you might have heard it to the farthest end of the county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse! But who'd have thought it? just as all was going on right, through his own town they were passing, when the body was seized for debt: a rescue was apprehended from the mob, but the heir, who attended the funeral, was against that for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law; so, to be sure, the law must take its course, and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country; and Sir Murtagh Rackrent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance. Sir Murtagh alleging in all companies, that he all along meant to pay his father's debts of honor, but the moment the law was taken of him there was an end of honor to be sure. It was whispered (but none but the enemies of the family believed it) that this was all a sham seizure to get quit of the debts, which he had bound himself to pay in honor.

It's a long time ago, there's no saying how it was, but this for certain: the new man did not take at all after the old gentleman; the cellars were never filled after his death, and no open house or anything as it used to be; the tenants even were sent away without their whisky. I was ashamed myself, and knew not what to say for the honor of the family; but I made the best of a bad case, and laid it all at my lady's door, for I did not like her anyhow, nor anybody else; she was of the family of the Skinflints, and a widow; it was a strange match for Sir Murtagh; the people in the country thought he demeaned himself greatly, but I said nothing: I knew how it was; Sir Murtagh was a great lawyer, and looked to the great Skinflint estate; there however he overshot himself; for though one of the co-heiresses, he was never the better for her, for she outlived him many's the long day—he could not see that, to be sure, when he married her. I must say for her, she made him the best of wives, being a very notable stirring woman, and looking close to everything.

But I always suspected she had Scotch blood in her veins; anything else I could have looked over in her from a regard to the family. She was a strict observer for self and servants of Lent, and all fast days, but not holy days. One of the maids having fainted three times the last day of Lent, to keep soul and body together we put a morsel of roast beef in her mouth, which came from Sir Murtagh's dinner,—who never fasted, not he; but somehow or other it unfortunately reached my lady's ears, and the priest of the parish had a complaint made of it the next day, and the poor girl was forced as soon as she could walk to do penance for it, before she could get any peace or absolution, in the house or out of it. However, my lady was very charitable in her own way. She had a charity school for poor children, where they were taught to read and write gratis, and where they were kept well to spinning gratis for my lady in return; for she had always heaps of duty yarn from the tenants, and got all her household linen out of the estate from first to last; for after the spinning, the weavers on the estate took it in hand for nothing, because of the looms my lady's interest could get from the linen board to distribute gratis. Then there was a bleach-yard near us, and the tenant dare refuse my lady nothing, for fear of a lawsuit Sir Murtagh kept hanging over him about the water-course.

With these ways of managing, 'tis surprising how cheap my lady got things done, and how proud she was of it. Her table, the same way, kept for next to nothing,—duty fowls, and duty turkeys, and duty geese came as fast as we could eat 'em, for my lady kept a sharp lookout, and knew to a tub of butter everything the tenants had, all round. They knew her way, and what with fear of driving for rent and Sir Murtagh's lawsuits, they were kept in such good order, they never thought of coming near Castle Rackrent without a present of something or other—nothing too much or too little for my lady: eggs, honey, butter, meal, fish, game, grouse, and herrings, fresh or salt, all went for something. As for their young pigs, we had them, and the best bacon and hams they could make up, with all young chickens in spring; but they were a set of poor wretches, and we had nothing but misfortunes with them, always breaking and running away. This, Sir Murtagh and my lady said, was all their former landlord Sir Patrick's fault, who let 'em all get the half-year's rent into arrear; there was something in that, to be sure. But Sir Murtagh was as much the contrary way; for let alone making English tenants of them, every soul, he was always driving and driving and pounding and pounding, and canting and canting and replevyng and replevyng, and he made a good living of trespassing cattle; there was always some tenant's pig, or horse, or cow, or calf, or goose trespassing, which was so great a gain to Sir Murtagh that he did not like to hear me talk of repairing fences. Then his heriots and duty work brought him in something; his turf was cut, his potatoes set and dug, his hay brought home, and in short, all the work about his house done for nothing; for in all our leases there were strict clauses heavy

with penalties, which Sir Murtagh knew well how to enforce: so many days' duty work of man and horse from every tenant he was to have, and had, every year; and when a man vexed him, why, the finest day he could pitch on, when the cratur was getting in his own harvest, or thatching his cabin, Sir Murtagh made it a principle to call upon him and his horse; so he taught 'em all, as he said, to know the law of landlord and tenant.

As for law, I believe no man, dead or alive, ever loved it so well as Sir Murtagh. He had once sixteen suits pending at a time, and I never saw him so much himself; roads, lanes, bogs, wells, ponds, eel weirs, orchards, trees, tithes, vagrants, gravel pits, sand pits, dung-hills, and nuisances,—everything upon the face of the earth furnished him good matter for a suit. He used to boast that he had a law suit for every letter in the alphabet. How I used to wonder to see Sir Murtagh in the midst of the papers in his office! Why, he could hardly turn about for them. I made bold to shrug my shoulders once in his presence, and thank my stars I was not born a gentleman to so much toil and trouble; but Sir Murtagh took me up short with his old proverb, "Learning is better than house or land." Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost one but seventeen; the rest he gained with costs, double costs, treble costs sometimes; but even that did not pay. He was a very learned man in the law, and had the character of it; but how it was I can't tell, these suits that he carried cost him a power of money: in the end he sold some hundreds a year of the family estate: but he was a very learned man in the law, and I know nothing of the matter, except having a great regard for the family; and I could not help grieving when he sent me to post up notices of the sale of the fee-simple of the lands and appurtenances of Timoleague. "I know, honest Thady," says he to comfort me, "what I'm about better than you do; I'm only selling to get the ready money wanting to carry on my suit with spirit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin."

He was very sanguine about that suit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin. He could have gained it, they say, for certain, had it pleased Heaven to have spared him to us, and it would have been at the least a plump two thousand a year in his way; but things were ordered otherwise,—for the best, to be sure. He dug up a fairy mount against my advice, and had no luck afterward. Though a learned man in the law, he was a little too incredulous in other matters. I warned him that I heard the very Banshee that my grandfather heard under Sir Patrick's window a few days before his death. But Sir Murtagh thought nothing of the Banshee, nor of his cough with a spitting of blood,—brought on, I understand, by catching cold in attending the courts, and overstraining his chest with making himself heard in one of his favorite causes. He was a great speaker, with a powerful voice; but his last speech was not in the courts at all. He and my lady, though both of the same way of thinking in some things, and though she was as good a wife and great economist as you could see, and he the best of husbands as to looking

into his affairs, and making money for his family,—yet I don't know how it was, they had a great deal of sparring and jarring between them. My lady had her privy purse, and she had her weed ashes, and her sealing money upon the signing of all the leases, with something to buy gloves besides; and besides, again, often took money from the tenants, if offered properly, to speak for them to Sir Murtagh about abatements and renewals. Now the weed ashes and the glove money he allowed her clear perquisites; though once when he saw her in a new gown saved out of the weed ashes, he told her to my face (for he could say a sharp thing) that she should not put on her weeds before her husband's death. But in a dispute about an abatement, my lady would have the last word, and Sir Murtagh grew mad; I was within hearing of the door, and now I wish I had made bold to step in. He spoke so loud the whole kitchen was out on the stairs. All on a sudden he stopped, and my lady too. Something has surely happened, thought I—and so it was, for Sir Murtagh in his passion broke a blood-vessel, and all the law in the land could do nothing in that case. My lady sent for five physicians, but Sir Murtagh died, and was buried. She had a fine jointure settled upon her, and took herself away, to the great joy of the tenantry. I never said anything one way or the other, while she was part of the family, but got up to see her go at three o'clock in the morning. "It's a fine morning, honest Thady," says she; "good-by to ye," and into the carriage she stepped, without a word more, good or bad, or even half a crown; but I made my bow, and stood to see her safe out of sight, for the sake of the family.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

OFTEN as it has been my fortune to write about Sir Walter Scott, I never sit down to do so without a sense of happiness and elation. It is as if one were meeting a dear friend, or at the least were to talk with other friends about him. This emotion is so strong, no doubt, because the name and memory and magic of Sir Walter are entwined with one's earliest recollections of poetry, and nature, and the rivers and hills of home. Yet the phrase of a lady, a stranger, in an unpublished letter to Scott, "You are such a friendly author," contains a truth not limited to Scott's fellow-countrymen and fellow-Borderers. To read him, to read all of him almost, to know his works familiarly, is to have a friend, and as it were, an invisible playmate of the mind. Goethe confessed this spell; it affected even Carlyle; all Europe knew its charm; Alexandre Dumas, the Scott of France, not only felt it but can himself inspire it,—the spell of a great, frank, wise, humorous, and loving nature, accompanied by a rich and sympathetic imagination, and equipped with opulence of knowledge. In modern England, few men have had wider influence than two who in many respects are all unlike Scott,—Gladstone and Ruskin; yet their writings are full of admiration for "the Magician who dwelleth in the castle on the Border." Today, some very "modern" people of letters, in no way remarkable either for knowledge, fancy, or humor, affect to speak of Scott with disdain. The latest criticism which I chanced to read talked of his "romances of chivalry," as if they had no connection with actual "life." He wrote only about three prose "romances of chivalry." It is life itself that throbs in a score, perhaps a hundred, of his characters. Davie Deans, Jeanie Deans, Bessie Maclure, Nantie Ewart, Wandering Willie, Andrew Fairservice, Louis XI., James VI., Ratcliffe, Madge Wildfire, the Dugald Creature, Callum Beg, Diana Vernon, Dugald Dalgetty, the fishers of 'The Antiquary,' Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Claverhouse, Meg Dods,—these are but a few of Scott's immortally living characters. From kings to gillies, they all display life as it has been, and is, and will be lived. Remoteness and strangeness of time and place and society can never alter nature, nor hide from minds not prejudiced and dwarfed by restricted faculties and slovenly sham education, the creative greatness of Scott.

His life has been told by the first biographer in British literature save Boswell. It has been my lot to read most of the manuscript materials used by Scott's son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart; and the perusal only increases one's esteem for his work. Lockhart's tact in selection was infallible. But his book is a long book; and parts of it which interest a Scot do not strongly

appeal to the interest of an Englishman or an American not of Scottish descent. Nevertheless Lockhart's 'Biography' is in itself a delightful, if not indispensable, accompaniment of Sir Walter's works. No biographer had ever less to conceal: a study of the letters and other unpublished documents makes this certain. The one blot on Sir Walter's scutcheon — his dabbling in trade — was matter of public knowledge during his own lifetime. Occasional defects of temper, such as beset the noblest natures, Lockhart did not hide; for which he was foolishly blamed. Speaking from the most intimate knowledge now attainable, one may confidently say that Lockhart's Scott is the real man, "as known to his Maker."

There is no room here for even a sketch of a life already familiar in outline. Persons so unfortunate as "not to have time" to read Lockhart, will find all that is necessary in R. H. Hutton's sketch ('English Men of Letters' series), or in Saintsbury's 'Sir Walter Scott' ('Famous Scots' series). The poet and novelist was descended from the Border house of Harden: on the spindle side he had the blood of Campbells, Macdonalls, Haliburtons, and Rutherfords in his veins. All of these are families of extreme antiquity,— the Macdonalls having been almost regal in Galloway and Argyle. Scott's father (born 1729) was a Writer to the Signet, the Saunders Fairford of 'Redgauntlet.'

The poet and novelist was born on August 15, 1771, and died in 1832. The details of his infancy, his lameness, his genius in childhood, his studious and adventurous boyhood, his incomplete education (like St. Augustine he would not learn Greek), his adoption of the profession of advocate, may be found in every 'Life.' "The first to begin a row and the last to end it," Scott knew intimately all ranks of society before he had published a line. Duchesses, gypsies, thieves, Highlanders, Lowlanders, students, judges, attorneys' clerks, actors, gamekeepers, farmers, tramps,— he was at home with all of them, while he had read everything in literature that most people do not know. It was his fortune to be a poet while England yet had two kings: George III. *de facto*, Charles III. and Henry IX. *de jure*. Hopeless as the Jacobite cause now was, the sentiment lingered; and Scott knew intimately the man who sent the Fiery Cross through Appin in 1745,— Invernahyle. A portrait of Prince Charles was one of his earliest purchases. He had seen Burns, who wrote the last 'Birthday Ode' for a royal Stuart. Yet his youth was contemporary with the French Revolution, which only made him more of a Tory. His infancy dwelt with sad excitement on our disasters in the American War of Independence. Thus he lived in the Medea's-caldron of history, with a head and heart full of the knowledge and love of the past,— in poetry, ballad, legend, charter, custom. From all this rich experience of men and women, of the European "Twilight of the Gods," of clashing societies and politics, of war and literature, came the peculiar and original ply of his genius.

This was ripened probably by a love affair which ended when he was twenty-

five (1796); ended as far as hope was concerned, otherwise it closed only with his earthly life, if then. If aught of man's personality persists after death, then what has so deeply colored and become one with the self as a love like Scott's, never dies. You find its traces in his novels, and poems, and Journal: it even peeps out in his review of Miss Austen's novels. From living tradition — on the authority of a lady who, having seen her once, loved her to her own death in extreme age — we are able to say that Scott's lost love was "an angel rather than a woman."

To please her he began to aim at success in letters, starting with a translation of Bürger's romantic ballad, 'Lenore.' But it was in vain. Scott bore his loss like a man. The result was not elegiac poetry, but, as Saintsbury justly remarks, the conquest of "the violence of Scott's most irritable and ungovernable mind," so described by an early and intimate friend.

To understand Scott, all this must be kept in memory. People complain of his want of "passion." Of passion in its purest and strongest phase no man had known more. But if his passion was potent, more potent was his character. He does not deal in embraces, and such descriptions of physical charms and raptures as fill the lines of Burns and Carew. "I may not, must not sing of love," says his minstrel; but whoever has read 'Rob Roy,' and lost his heart to Diana Vernon, ought to understand. "The rest, they may live and learn." Scott, in Carlyle's phrase, "consumed his own smoke"; which Carlyle never did.

Next year (1797) Scott married the lady — Miss Carpenter or Charpentier — to whom he was the fondest and most faithful of husbands. Hogg calls her "a perfect beauty"; small, dark, and *piquante*, and "a sweet, kind, affectionate creature." Mrs. Scott had humor and high spirits, as one or two of her letters show; she made no kind of literary pretensions; and a certain fretfulness in her latest years may be attributed to the effects of a lingering and fatal illness. Scott and she were very happy together.

The details of his professional career at the bar may be omitted. He was an unsuccessful pleader, but got the remunerative office of "sheriff of the forest" of Ettrick. He roamed in Galloway, Liddesdale, and the Highlands; he met "Monk" Lewis, and began some ballads for a collection of his. Already, in 'The Eve of St. John,' we see the qualities of Scott — and the defects. In 1802 appeared his 'Border Minstrelsy,' printed at Kilm by his school friend, James Ballantyne. This was the beginning of a fatal connection. Scott became secretly a printer and publisher. Though he owns, and justly, to "a thread of the attorney" in his nature, he had neither the leisure nor the balance for a man of business. He became entangled in the system of fictitious credit; he never shook off its meshes; and when a commercial crash came in 1825–26, he was financially ruined. The poet in him had been acquiring treasures of things old, books and curios; he had built for these Abbotsford, an expensive villa on a bad site, but near Tweed; he had purchased land, at exorbitant rates,

mainly for antiquarian and poetical reasons of association, partly from the old Scottish territorial sentiment; he had kept open house, and given money with royal munificence; a portion of his gains was fairy gold, mere paper. So Sir Walter was ruined; and he killed himself, and broke his brain, in the effort to pay his creditors. He succeeded, but did not live to see his success. That, in the briefest form, and omitting his politics (which were chivalrous), is the story of a long life, strenuous almost beyond literary example, and happy as men may look for happiness. Of his sons and daughters only one left offspring,—Sophia, wife of John Gibson Lockhart. Of their children, again, only one, the wife of Mr. Hope, later Hope-Scott, left issue,—Maxwell Scott, from whom descend a flourishing family.

Of Scott's poems it must be said that he is, first of all and above all, a teller of tales in rhyme. Since Spenser, perhaps, no one had been able to interest the world in a rhymed romaint. Sir Walter follows the medieval romanticists in verse, adding popular ballad qualities after the example, in method and versification, of Coleridge's 'Christabel.' The result was a new form; often imitated, but never successfully. How welcome it was to an age wearied with the convention of the Popeian heroic couplet, in incompetent hands, need not be said. Scott himself held that the main appeal of his poetry was to young people. Older lovers of poetry want subtler style and deeper thought.

Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my Tale,

said the poet. He judged himself, on the negative side, with perfect accuracy. Nobody knew his own defects better. But, for all that, the nine-and-twenty knights of fame who stabled their steeds in Branxholme Hall charm the present writer as much as they did when his years were six. The Ride of William of Deloraine remains the best of riding ballads. The Goblin Page abideth terrible and grotesque. And it is so with the rest. We cannot force our tastes on others. If any man's blood is not stirred by the last stand of the spears of Scotland at Flodden, when

The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell,

in that man's blood there can be very little iron. Scott's "scenery" now wearies many readers; but in the early century it was novel; and was usually seen at the speed of *The Chase*, or of the hurrying of the *Fiery Cross*, in the 'Lady of the Lake.' How often, looking at the ruined shells of feudal castles of the west,—Ardtornish, Dunstaffnage, and the others,—one has thought of his verse on these fortresses,—

Each on its own dark cape reclined,
And listening to its own wild wind.

The task of reviving Celtic romance was left to a Lowland Scot, with very little of Celtic blood in his veins. In 'Rokeby' my own taste prefers the lyrics, as "Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair," and "A weary lot is thine, fair maid," and "When the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray." The 'Lord of the Isles' is comparatively confused and feeble.

Apart from — and I think, above — Scott's success in rhymed narrative, his lyrics hold their place. They vary much in merit: but for the essence of all romance, and pitiful contrast of youth and pride and death, 'Proud Maisie' is noted; for fire, speed, and loyalty, 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,' 'Bonnie Dundee,' 'Young Lochinvar,' Flora MacIvor's song in 'Waverley'; for restrained melancholy, 'The Sun upon the Weirlaw Hill'; for all qualities of the old ballad, 'The Red Harlaw.' The great objections to Scott's narrative poems are, in a hurried age, their length and their diffuseness. In his lyrics he has all his good qualities without the defects. Among defects one would not include want of meditativeness, of the "subjective," of the magically selected word, because these great merits are not included in his aim. About himself, his passions and emotions (the material of most lyrics and elegiacs), he was not going to speak.

Of Scott's novels it is nearly as impossible to write here, in space so brief, as of Shakespeare's plays. Let us take first their defects, to which the author himself pleads guilty. The shortest way to an understanding of Scott's self-criticism is the reading of his Introductions to 'The Abbot' and 'Nigel.' He admits his deficiency in plot and construction, — things of *charpentage*, within the reach of ordinary talent, but often oddly disregarded by genius; witness Shakespeare and Molière. Scott's conclusions, he owns, are "huddled up"; he probably borrowed the word from his friend, Lady Louisa Stuart. "Yet I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my work to scale, dividing it into volumes and chapters, and endeavored to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity, and which finally should terminate in a striking catastrophe." But he could not do it. He met Dugald Dalgetty, or Baillie Jarvie, who led him away from his purpose. If he resisted temptation, he "wrote painfully to himself, and under a consciousness of flagging which made him flag still more. . . . In short, sir, on such occasions I think I am bewitched." So he followed his genius, which was not architectonic. He contented himself with writing "with sense and spirit a few unlaboried and loosely put together scenes, but which had sufficient interest in them to amuse."

As for his style, he tells Lockhart that he "never learned grammar." His manner is often not only incorrect, but trailingly diffuse; he was apt to pack

a crowd of details and explanations, about which he did not care, into a sentence which began anywhere and died out anyhow. This was arrant carelessness. But it was usually accompanied by simplicity and spontaneity; if it does not charm us by cadence, it never irritates us by self-consciousness and futile research. Such are Scott's palpable defects: and he had of course the "old-fashionedness" of his generation,—not a graceful or magnificent sort of old fashion. For his heroes, and many of his heroines, he entertained a complete contempt,—especially for Waverley. They are only ordinary young people: brave, strong, not clever, honorable, a good deal puzzled by the historical crises in which they find themselves. They are often neither Whig nor Tory, neither Covenanter nor Cavalier, with any energy. The story moves on round them; the characters come and go,—they are not the real interest. Rose Bradwardine is a good, affectionate, ignorant, confiding, pretty girl; perfectly true to nature, but no Rosalind nor Beatrice. Di Vernon, and Catherine Seton, and Rebecca — especially Miss Vernon — are among the few heroines whom we can remember and adore. Then it must be conceded that Scott does not deal in moral or social "problems." His characters know what is the right thing to do, and do it or leave it alone. Ivanhoe vastly preferred Rebecca to Rowena. An author might give us chapters on his moral and psychological difficulties, and they might be excellent chapters. But Ivanhoe merely conquers his passion practically; and as to the secret of his heart, only a word is dropped. Scott never lingers over interminable tragedies of the emotions. Most of us can supply what is lacking for ourselves in that respect.

It will be seen that Scott's novels have the obvious blemishes of which many readers are most intolerant. But we who admire, and take lifelong pleasure in, Sir Walter, "have great allies,"—the greatest of critical names; we need not fear to speak with the adversary in the gate. We admit the absence of some excellent qualities: we admit the presence of diffuseness, and of what, to exclusive readers of recent novels, is tediousness. Moreover, if like Huckleberry Finn you have "no use for dead people," and hate history, of course you cannot be pleased with any historical novels. Gentle King Jamie, Queen Mary, Richard of the Lion Heart, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Cavaliers and Covenanters, knights and archers, speak a language which you cannot understand, about matters which do not concern you, thrall as you are to your little day of ideas and vogue.

But Sir Walter, "for a' that," has qualities which delighted all Europe, and which still delight people who love the past, and love humor, adventure, the spectacle of life. These people are not few; for they must be the purchasers of the endless new editions, cheap or dear, of the Waverley Novels. Sir Walter can tell a story, and he can create men and women — not to mention horses and dogs — of endless varieties, and in every rank. Moreover he can create *places*: Tully Veolan and many others are, as Saintsbury says, "our own — our own to pass freely through until the end of time."

Scott is old now: in his time, as poet and as romancer, he was absolutely new. The poems did not proceed obviously, and by way of manifest gradual evolution, from anything familiar to most men. The old French rhymed romances, Barbour's 'Bruce,' the ancient ballads, and 'Christabel,' all went to their begetting; but in themselves they were *new*. New also was the historical novel, based on vast knowledge, and informed with such life as Shakespeare poured into 'Henry IV.' or 'Julius Cæsar.' Scott created the *genre*: without him there had been no 'Esmond,' no 'Master of Ballantrae,' no 'Mousquetaires.' Alexandre Dumas, as historical novelist, is the greatest of Scott's works.

There is here no space for detailed criticism of the novels. A man might do worse than read 'Waverley,' the earliest, and then 'Redgauntlet,' the most autobiographical, in succession. Here is the romance of the fallen dynasty, of the kings landless, whose tomb the dying Scott visited in Rome. Had I to choose my private favorite, it would be 'Old Mortality'; which might be followed (as 'Waverley' by 'Redgauntlet') by the decline of the Cameronians in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.' For chivalry 'Ivanhoe' is pre-eminent; with 'Quentin Durward' for adventure and construction. And after these a man cannot go wrong; though 'Count Robert of Paris,' 'Peveril,' 'Castle Dangerous,' and (in Scott's opinion) 'Anne of Geierstein,' are saddening, and "smack of the apoplexy." 'The Pirate' and 'The Monastery' are certainly not novels to begin with, nor is 'St. Ronan's Well.'

Of his historical works, 'The Tales of a Grandfather' can never be superseded; the 'Napoleon,' though readable, is superseded, and was ungrateful taskwork. The essays are a great treasure of enjoyment; the 'Swift' is an excellent and wise biography. The 'Journal' is the picture of the man,—so much greater, better, kinder, and more friendly than even the author. "Be a good man, my dear," was his last word to Lockhart: it is the unobtrusive moral of all that he wrote and was.

ANDREW LANG

THE LAST MINSTREL

Prelude to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.

The last of all the Bards was he,
 Who sung of Border chivalry:
 For, welladay! their date was fled,
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
 He caroled light as lark at morn;
 No longer, courted and caressed,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He poured, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay:
 Old times were changed, old manners gone;
 A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door;
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
 The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye,—
 No humbler resting-place was nigh.
 With hesitating step, at last,
 The embattled portal arch he passed,
 Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
 But never closed the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor.
 The Duchess marked his weary pace,
 His timid mien, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well:
 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree;
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

. When kindness had his wants supplied,
 And the old man was gratified,

Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone;
And of Earl Walter,—rest him God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;—
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hands, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained:
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his agèd brain,—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head:

But when he caught the measure wild,
 The old man raised his face, and smiled;
 And lightened up his faded eye,
 With all a poet's ecstasy!
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along;
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
 In the full tide of song were lost;
 Each blank in faithless memory void,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied;
 And while his harp responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

LOCHINVAR

From 'Marmion'

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west:
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
 He swam the Esk River where ford there was none:
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word)
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" —

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine:
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace:
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur:
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan:
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE DISCLOSURE

From the 'Lady of the Lake'

THAT early beam, so fair and sheen,
 Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
 When, rousing at its glimmer red,
 The warriors left their lowly bed,
 Looked out upon the dappled sky,
 Muttered their soldier matins by,
 And then awaked their fire, to steal,
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.
 That o'er, the Gael around him threw
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,
 And, true to promise, led the way
 By thicket green and mountain gray.
 A wildering path! — they winded now
 Along the precipice's brow,
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
 The windings of the Forth and Teith,
 And all the vales between that lie,
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
 Assistance from the hand to gain;
 So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose:
 Ever the hollow path twined on,
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
 A hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host.
 The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,

With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war:
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied." —
"Yet why a second venture try?" —
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day:
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide, —
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; —
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,

Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?" —
 "No, by my word; — of bands prepared
 To guard King James's sports I heard;
 Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
 This muster of the mountaineer,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." —
 "Free be they flung! — for we were loth
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.
 Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
 Bewildered in the mountain game,
 Whence the bold boast by which you show
 Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?" —
 "Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
 Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Save as an outlawed desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
 Yet this alone might from his part
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
 A space he paused, then sternly said: —
 "And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
 Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
 What recked the chieftain if he stood
 On Highland heath, or Holyrood!
 He rights such wrong where it is given,
 If it were in the court of heaven." —

"Still was it outrage; — yet, 'tis true,
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
 While Albany, with feeble hand,
 Held borrowed truncheon of command,
 The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power.

But then, thy chieftain's robber life!
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain.—
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne.”
The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile:—
“Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between.—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael:
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread,—
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,—
And well the mountain might reply:—
‘To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.’
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think’st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river’s maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall with strong hand redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause ’gainst Roderick Dhu.”

Answered Fitz-James: — “ And if I sought,
 Think’st thou no other could be brought?
 What deem ye of my path waylaid?
 My life given o’er to ambuscade? ” —

“ As of a meed to rashness due:
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
 ‘ I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
 I seek (good faith) a Highland maid,’ —
 Free hadst thou been to come and go;
 But secret path marks secret foe.
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
 Save to fulfill an augury.” —

“ Well, let it pass; nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
 Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride:
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine’s glen
 In peace; but when I come again,
 I come with banner, brand, and bow,
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For love-lorn swain, in lady’s bower,
 Ne’er panted for the appointed hour
 As I until before me stand
 This rebel chieftain and his band! ” —

“ Have, then, thy wish! ” — He whistled shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
 From shingles gray their lances start,
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life

To plaided warrior armed for strife.
 That whistle garrisoned the glen
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood, and still.
 Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James: "How sayest thou now?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave.—Though to his heart
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 He manned himself with dauntless air,
 Returned the chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before:—
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I."

Sir Roderick marked; and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel.
 Short space he stood;—then waved his hand:
 Down sunk the disappearing band;
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
 Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low:
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—

The next but swept a lone hillside,
 Where heath and fern were waving wide.
 The sun's last glance was glinted back
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green and cold gray stone.

SONG

From the 'Lady of the Lake'

SOUDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armor's clang, nor war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping;
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here;
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.

Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun;
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.

SONG: JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride.
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
 Sae comely to be seen" —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

" Now let this willfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale:
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley-dale;
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen" —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

" A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair;
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair:
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride our forest queen" —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmered fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and ha'—
 The ladie was not seen!
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

HIGHLAND SONG: PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan-Conuil.

Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons!

Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
 From mountain so rocky,—

The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.

Come every hill plaid and
 True heart that wears one,

Come every steel blade and
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter;

Leave the corpse uninterred,
 The bride at the altar;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges:

Come with your fighting-gear,
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
 Forests are rended,

Come as the waves come when
 Navies are stranded:

Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster,

Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset!

NORA'S VOW

HEAR what Highland Nora said: —
 "The Earlie's son I will not wed,
 Should all the race of nature die,
 And none be left but he and I.
 For all the gold, for all the gear,
 And all the lands both far and near,
 That ever valor lost or won,
 I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke:
 "Are lightly made and lightly broke;
 The heather on the mountain's height
 Begins to bloom in purple light;
 The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
 That luster deep from glen and brae:
 Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
 May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
 May barter for the eagle's nest;
 The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
 Ben-Cruaichan fall and crush Kilchurn;
 Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
 Before their foes may turn and fly:
 But I, were all these marvels done,
 Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
 Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
 Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
 Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;

To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
 No Highland brogue has turned the heel:
 But Nora's heart is lost and won,—
 She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

SONG: BRIGNALL BANKS

From 'Rokeby'

OH, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen.
 And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
 Beneath the turrets high,
 A maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily: —
 "Oh, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green:
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
 Than reign our English queen." —

"If, maiden, thou wouldest wend with me,
 To leave both tower and town,
 Thou first must guess what life lead we,
 That dwell by dale and down.
 And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
 As blithe as Queen of May." —
 Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
 Than reign our English queen.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn,
 And by your palfrey good,
 I read you for a Ranger sworn,
 To keep the king's greenwood." —

"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
 And 'tis at peep of light;
 His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night."—
 Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are gay:
 I would I were with Edmund there,
 To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musketoon,
 So gallantly you come,
 I read you for a bold Dragoon,
 That lists the tuck of drum."—
 "I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear;
 But when the beetle sounds his hum,
 My comrades take the spear.
 And oh! though Brignall banks be fair,
 And Greta woods be gay,
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare
 Would reign my Queen of May!"

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die:
 The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
 Were better mate than I!
 And when I'm with my comrades met,
 Beneath the greenwood bough,
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now.
 Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen."

BONNY DUNDEE

TO the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,—
 "Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
 So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Chorus: — Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
 And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee! ”

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street:
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
 But the Provost, douce man, said, “ Just e'en let him be, —
 The gude town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.”

[Chorus.]

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
 Ilk carline was flying and shaking her pow;
 But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
 Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!

[Chorus.]

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market was crammed,
 As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged:
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
 As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

[Chorus.]

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

[Chorus.]

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke: —
 “ Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
 For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

[Chorus.]

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes: —
 “ Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

[Chorus.]

“ There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
 There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
 Will cry hoigh! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

[Chorus.]

“ There's brass on the target of darkened bull-hide;
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside:
 The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
 At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

[Chorus.]

" Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,—
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"

[Chorus.]

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
 The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on;
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs, and on Clermiston's lea,
 Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

[Chorus.]

FLORA MAC-IVOR'S SONG

From 'Waverley'

THREE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
 But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
 A stranger commanded, — it sunk on the land,
 It has frozen each heart and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
 The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
 On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
 It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
 Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
 Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
 That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
 The morn on our mountains is dawning at last!
 Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
 And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray! the exiled, the dear!
 In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
 Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
 Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
 Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
 That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye
 But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
 Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
 Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
 And resistless in union rush down on the foe.

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
 Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
 Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
 Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
 Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
 May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
 Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of Gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
 Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
 Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
 To launch the long galley and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
 The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
 How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
 Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
 Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
 Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
 For honor, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
 'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the call;
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath,
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
 May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
 Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
 Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

THE MEETING OF JEANIE AND EFFIE DEANS

From 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian'

[Effie Deans, charged with concealing the birth of her illegitimate child and suspected of having murdered it, is visited in the Tolbooth Prison at Edinburgh by her elder sister, Jeanie.]

JEANIE DEANS was admitted into the jail by Ratcliffe. This fellow, as void of shame as honesty, as he opened the now trebly secured door, asked her, with a leer which made her shudder, whether she remembered him?

A half-pronounced timid "No" was her answer.

"What! not remember moonlight, and Muschat's Cairn, and Rob and Rat?" said he with the same sneer. "Your memory needs redding up, my jo."

If Jeanie's distresses had admitted of aggravation, it must have been to find her sister under the charge of such a profligate as this man. He was not, indeed, without something of good to balance so much that was evil in his character and habits. In his misdemeanors he had never been bloodthirsty or cruel; and in his present occupation, he had shown himself, in a certain degree, accessible to touches of humanity. But these good qualities were unknown to Jeanie; who, remembering the scene at Muschat's Cairn, could scarce find voice to acquaint him that she had an order from Bailie Middleburgh, permitting her to see her sister.

"I ken that fu' weel, my bonny doo; mair by token, I have a special charge to stay in the ward with you a' the tine ye are thegither."

"Must that be sae?" asked Jeanie with an imploring voice.

"Hout, ay, hinny," replied the turnkey; "and what the waur will you and your tittie be of Jim Ratcliffe hearing what ye hae to say to ilk other? Deil a word ye'll say that will gar him ken your kittle sex better than he kens them already; and another thing is, that if ye dinna speak o' breaking the Tolbooth, deil a word will I tell ower, either to do ye good or ill."

Thus saying, Ratcliffe marshaled her the way to the apartment where Effie was confined.

Shame, fear, and grief, had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie! my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture; but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sunbeam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible.

The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed and sat down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony; till, throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter; "ye are very ill."

"Oh, what wad I gie to be ten times waur, Jeanie!" was the reply; "what wad I gie to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father — but I am his bairn nae langer now — Oh, I hae nae friend left in the warld — Oh, that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle kirk-yard!"

"Hout, lassie," said Ratcliffe, willing to show the interest which he absolutely felt: "dinna be sae dooms doon-hearted as a' that, — there's mony a tod hunted that's na killed. Advocate Langtale has brought folk through waur snappers than a' this, and there's no a cleverer agent than Nichil Novit e'er drew a bill of suspension. Hanged or unhang'd, they are weel aff has sic an agent and counsel: ane's sure o' fair play. Ye are a bonny lass, too, and ye wad busk up your cockernony a bit; and a bonny lass will find favor wi' judge and jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for the fifteenth part of a flea's hide and tallow, d—n them."

To this homely strain of consolation the mourners returned no answer; indeed, they were so much lost in their own sorrows as to have become insensible of Ratcliffe's presence.

"O Effie," said her elder sister, "how could you conceal your situation from me? O woman, had I deserved this at your hand? Had ye spoke but a word — sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us."

"And what gude wad that hae done?" answered the prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See," she said, producing the sacred volume, "the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. Oh, see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' Scripture!"

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: "He hath stripped me of my glory,

and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree."

"Isna that ower true a doctrine?" said the prisoner: "isna my crown, my honor, removed? And what am I but a poor, wasted, wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell."

"Oh, if ye had spoken ae word," again sobbed Jeanie, — "if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day."

"Could they na?" said Effie, with something like awakened interest, — for life is dear even to those who feel it is a burden: "wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?"

"It was ane that kend what he was saying weel eneugh," replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

"Wha was it? — I conjure you to tell me," said Effie, seating herself upright. "Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-by as I am now? Was it — was it *him*?"

"Hout," said Ratcliffe, "what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither? I se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn."

"Was it *him*?" said Effie, catching eagerly at his words; "was it *him*, Jeanie, indeed? Oh, I see it was *him*: poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane, — and him in sic danger on his ain part, — poor George!"

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling toward the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming, "O Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?"

"We maun forgie our enemies, ye ken," said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"And ye hae suffered a' this for *him*, and ye can think of loving *him* still?" said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"Love *him*!" answered Effie; "if I hadna loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trew ye that love sic as mine is is lightly forgotten? — Na, na! ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend; — and O Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no!"

"What needs I tell ye onything about it?" said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about onybody beside."

"That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it," replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

"I fancy," said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, "the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell. Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth forby Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny,—better sit and rue than flit and rue. Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that, maybe."

"O my God! my God!" said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him, "d'ye ken where they hae putten my bairn? — O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane — bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh! O man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me where they hae put my bairn — the sign of my shame and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has taen 't away, or what they hae dune wi't!"

"Hout tout," said the turnkey, endeavoring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, "that's taking me at my word wi' a witness — Bairn, quo' she? How the deil suld I ken onything of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that of auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yourself."

As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Jeanie Deans possessed, with her excellently clear understanding, the concomitant advantage of promptitude of spirit, even in the extremity of distress.

She did not suffer herself to be overcome by her own feelings of exquisite sorrow, but instantly applied herself to her sister's relief, with the readiest remedies which circumstances afforded; and which, to do Ratcliffe justice, he showed himself anxious to suggest, and alert in procuring. He had even the delicacy to withdraw to the furthest corner of the room, so as to render his official attendance upon them as little intrusive as possible, when Effie was composed enough again to resume her conference with her sister.

The prisoner once more, in the most earnest and broken tones, conjured Jeanie to tell her the particulars of the conference with Robertson; and Jeanie felt it was impossible to refuse her this gratification.

"Do ye mind," she said, "Effie, when ye were in the fever before we left Woodend, and how angry your mother, that's now in a better place, was wi' me for gieing ye milk and water to drink, because ye grat for it? Ye were a

bairn then, and ye are a woman now, and should ken better than ask what canna but hurt you; but come weal or woe, I canna refuse ye onything that ye ask me wi' the tear in your ee."

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, "Oh, if ye kend how long it is since I heard his name mentioned! — if ye but kend how muckle good it does me but to ken onything o' him that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o' him!"

Jeanie sighed, and commenced her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in hers, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of "Poor fellow," "Poor George," which escaped in whispers and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made a long pause.

"And this was his advice?" were the first words she uttered.

"Just sic as I hae tell'd ye," replied her sister.

"And he wanted you to say something to yon folks, that wad save my young life?"

"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be man-sworn."

"And you tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughten years auld yet?"

"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflection seemed about to take, "that I daured na swear to an untruth."

"And what d'y'e ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit. "Ye are muckle to blame, lass, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn. Murder! — I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its ee!"

"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose as the new-born babe itsell."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie haughtily: "it's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the warld are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

"I didna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson. How can I help loving him, that loves me better than body and soul baith! — Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stude wi' him as it stands wi' you —" Here she paused and was silent.

"Oh, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, lass," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time eneugh to repent o't."

"But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offense when it's a sin willfully and presumptuously committed."

"Weel, weel, Jeanie," said Effie, "I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions,—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on anybody."

JEANIE MEETS THE DUKE OF ARGYLE

[Jeanie Deans, at the trial, refuses to tell a lie in the witness-box to save her sister from condemnation, but makes the journey to London on foot to win a royal pardon through the influence of the Duke of Argyle. Her interview with the Duke is recounted in the following pages.]

THE Duke was alone in his study, when one of his gentlemen acquainted him that a country girl from Scotland was desirous of speaking with his Grace.

"A country girl, and from Scotland!" said the Duke; "what can have brought the silly fool to London?—Some lover pressed and sent to sea, or some stock sunk in the South-Sea funds, or some such hopeful concern, I suppose, and then nobody to manage the matter but MacCallummore. Well, this same popularity has its inconveniences.—However, show our countrywoman up, Archibald—it is ill manners to keep her in attendance."

A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance might be termed very modest and pleasing in expression, though sunburnt, somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features, was ushered into the splendid library. She wore the tartan plaid of her country, adjusted so as partly to cover her head, and partly to fall back over her shoulders. A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humored face, to which the solemnity of her errand, and her sense of the Duke's rank and importance, gave an appearance of deep awe, but not of slavish fear, or fluttered bashfulness. The rest of Jeanie's dress was in the style of Scottish maidens of her own class; but arranged with that scrupulous attention to neatness and cleanliness, which we often find united with that purity of mind, of which it is the natural emblem.

She stopped near the entrance of the room, made her deepest reverence, and crossed her hands upon her bosom, without uttering a syllable. The Duke of

Argyle advanced towards her; and if she admired his graceful deportment and rich dress decorated with the orders which had been deservedly bestowed on him, his courteous manner, and quick and intelligent cast of countenance, he on his part was not less, or less deservedly, struck with the quiet simplicity and modesty expressed in the dress, manners, and countenance of his humble countrywoman.

"Did you wish to speak with me, my bonny lass?" said the Duke, using the encouraging epithet which at once acknowledged the connection betwixt them as country folk; "or did you wish to see the Duchess?"

"My business is with your honor, my Lord—I mean your Lordship's Grace."

"And what is it, my good girl?" said the Duke, in the same mild and encouraging tone of voice. Jeanie looked at the attendant. "Leave us, Archibald," said the Duke, "and wait in the anteroom." The domestic retired. "And now sit down, my good lass," said the Duke; "take your breath—take your time, and tell me what you have got to say. I guess by your dress, you are just come up from poor Scotland—Did you come through the streets in your tartan plaid?"

"No, Sir," said Jeanie; "a friend brought me in ane o' their street coaches—a very decent woman," she added, her courage increasing as she became familiar with the sound of her own voice in such a presence; "your Lordship's Grace kens her—it's Mrs. Glass, at the sign o' the Thistle."

"Oh, my worthy snuff-merchant—I have always a chat with Mrs. Glass when I purchase my Scots high dried. Well, but your business, my bonny woman—time and tide, you know, wait for no one."

"Your honor—I beg your Lordship's pardon—I mean your Grace,"—for it must be noticed, that this matter of addressing the Duke by his appropriate title had been anxiously inculcated upon Jeanie by her friend Mrs. Glass, in whose eyes it was a matter of such importance, that her last words, as Jeanie left the coach, were, "Mind to say your Grace;" and Jeanie, who had scarce ever in her life spoken to a person of higher quality than the Laird of Dumbiedikes, found great difficulty in arranging her language according to the rules of ceremony.

The Duke, who saw her embarrassment, said, with his usual affability, "Never mind my grace, lassie; just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scots tongue in your head."

"Sir, I am muckle obliged—Sir, I am the sister of that poor unfortunate criminal, Effie Deans, who is ordered for execution at Edinburgh."

"Ah!" said the Duke, "I have heard of that unhappy story, I think—a case of child murder, under a special act of parliament—Duncan Forbes mentioned it at dinner the other day."

"And I was come up frae the north, sir, to see what could be done for her in the way of getting a reprieve or pardon, sir, or the like of that."

"Alas! my poor girl," said the Duke; "you have made a long and a sad journey to very little purpose — Your sister is ordered for execution."

"But I am given to understand that there is a law for reprieving her, if it is in the king's pleasure," said Jeanie.

"Certainly, there is," said the Duke; "but that is purely in the king's breast. The crime has been but too common — the Scots crown lawyers think it is right there should be an example. Then the late disorders in Edinburgh have excited a prejudice in government against the nation at large, which they think can only be managed by measures of intimidation and severity. What argument have you, my poor girl, except the warmth of your sisterly affection, to offer against all this? — What is your interest? — What friends have you at court?"

"None, excepting God and your Grace," said Jeanie, still keeping her ground resolutely, however.

"Alas!" said the Duke, "I could almost say with old Ormond, that there could not be any, whose influence was smaller with kings and ministers. It is a cruel part of our situation, young woman — I mean of the situation of men in my circumstances, that the public ascribe to them influence which they do not possess; and that individuals are led to expect from them assistance which we have no means of rendering. But candor and plain dealing is in the power of everyone, and I must not let you imagine you have resources in my influence, which do not exist, to make your distress the heavier — I have no means of averting your sister's fate — She must die."

"We must a' die, sir," said Jeanie; "it is our common doom for our father's transgression; but we shouldna hasten ilk other out o' the world, that's what your honor kens better than me."

"My good young woman," said the Duke, mildly, "we are all apt to blame the law under which we immediately suffer; but you seem to have been well educated in your line of life, and you must know that it is alike the law of God and man, that the murderer shall surely die."

"But sir, Effie — that is, my poor sister, sir — canna be proved to be a murderer; and if she be not, and the law take her life notwithstanding, wha is it that is the murderer then?"

"I am no lawyer," said the Duke; "and I own I think the statute a very severe one."

"You are a lawmaker, sir, with your leave; and, therefore, ye have power over the law," answered Jeanie.

"Not in my individual capacity," said the Duke; "though as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. But that cannot serve you — nor have I at present, I care not who knows it, so much personal influence with the sovereign as would entitle me to ask from him the most insignificant favor. What could tempt you, young woman, to address yourself to me?"

"It was yoursell, sir."

"Myself?" he replied — "I am sure you have never seen me before."

"No, sir; but a' the world kens that the Duke of Argyle is his country's friend; and that ye fight for the right, and speak for the right, and that there's nane like you in our present Israel, and so they that think themselves wranged draw to refuge under your shadow; and if ye wunna stir to save the blood of an innocent countrywoman of your ain, what should we expect frae southerns and strangers? And maybe I had another reason for troubling your honor."

"And what is that?" asked the Duke.

"I hae understood from my father, that your honor's house, and especially your gudesire and his father, laid down their lives on the scaffold in the persecuting time. And my father was honored to gie his testimony baith in the cage and in the pillory, as is specially mentioned in the books of Peter Walker the packman, that your honor, I dare say, kens, for he uses maist partly the westland of Scotland. And, sir, there's ane that takes concern in me, that wished me to gang to your Grace's presence, for his gudesire had done your gracious gudesire some good turn, as ye will see frae these papers."

With these words, she delivered to the Duke the little parcel which she had received from Butler. He opened it, and, in the envelope, read with some surprise, "'Muster-roll of the men serving in the troop of that godly gentleman, Captain Salathiel Bangtext.—Obadiah Muggleton, Sin-Despise Double-knock, Stand-fast-in-faith Gipps, Turn-to-the-right Thwack-away' — What the deuce is this? A list of Praise-God Barebones' Parliament I think, or of old Noll's evangelical army — that last fellow should understand his wheelings, to judge by his name. — But what does all this mean, my girl?'"

"It was the other paper, sir," said Jeanie, somewhat abashed at the mistake.

"Oh, this is my unfortunate grandfather's hand sure enough — 'To all who may have friendship for the house of Argyle, these are to certify, that Benjamin Butler, of Monk's regiment of dragoons, having been, under God, the means of saving my life from four English troopers who were about to slay me, I, having no other present means of recompense in my power, do give him this acknowledgement, hoping that it may be useful to him or his during these troublesome times; and do conjure friends, tenants, kinsmen, and whoever will do aught for me, either in the Highlands or Lowlands, to protect and assist the said Benjamin Butler, and his friends or family, on their lawful occasions, giving them such countenance, maintenance, and supply, as may correspond with the benefit he hath bestowed on me; witness my hand — Lorne.'"

"This is a strong injunction — This Benjamin Butler was your grandfather, I suppose? — You seem too young to have been his daughter."

"He was nae akin to me, sir — he was grandfather to ane — to a neighbor's son — to a sincere weel-wisher of mine, sir," dropping her little curtsey as she spoke.

"Oh, I understand," said the Duke—"a true love affair. He was the grandsire of one you are engaged to?"

"One I *was* engaged to, sir," said Jeanie, sighing; "but this unhappy business of my poor sister—"

"What!" said the Duke, hastily—"he has not deserted you on that account, has he?"

"No, sir; he wad be the last to leave a friend in difficulties," said Jeanie; "but I maun think for him as weel as for mysell. He is a clergyman, sir, and it would not beseem him to marry the like of me, wi' this disgrace on my kindred."

"You are a singular young woman," said the Duke. "You seem to me to think of everyone before yourself. And have you really come up from Edinburgh on foot, to attempt this hopeless solicitation for your sister's life?"

"It was not a'thegither on foot, sir," answered Jeanie; "for I sometimes got a cast in a wagon, and I had a horse from Ferrybridge, and then the coach—"

"Well, never mind all that," interrupted the Duke—"What reason have you for thinking your sister innocent?"

"Because she has not been proved guilty, as will appear from looking at these papers."

She put into his hand a note of the evidence and copies of her sister's declaration. These papers Butler had procured after her departure, and Sadilletree had them forwarded to London to Mrs. Glass's care, so that Jeanie found the documents, so necessary for supporting her suit, lying in readiness at her arrival.

"Sit down in that chair, my good girl," said the Duke, "until I glance over the papers."

She obeyed and watched with the utmost anxiety each change in his countenance as he cast his eye through the papers briefly, yet with attention, and making memoranda as he went along. After reading them hastily over, he looked up, and seemed about to speak, yet changed his purpose, as if afraid of committing himself by giving too hasty an opinion, and read over again several passages which he had marked as being most important. All this he did in shorter time than can be supposed by men of ordinary talents; for his mind was of that acute and penetrating character which discovers, with the glance of intuition, what facts bear on the particular point that chances to be subjected to consideration. At length he rose, after a few minutes' deep reflection.—"Young woman," said he, "your sister's case must certainly be termed a hard one."

"God bless you, sir, for that very word!" said Jeanie.

"It seems contrary to the genius of British law," continued the Duke, "to take that for granted which is not proved, or to punish with death for

a crime, which, for aught the prosecutor has been able to show, may not have been committed at all."

"God bless you, sir!" again said Jeanie, who had risen from her seat, and with clasped hands, eyes glittering through tears, and features which trembled with anxiety, drank in every word which the Duke uttered.

"But, alas! my poor girl," he continued, "what good will my opinion do you, unless I could impress it upon those in whose hands your sister's life is placed by the law? Besides, I am no lawyer; and I must speak with some of our Scottish gentlemen of the gown about the matter."

"Oh, but, sir, what seems reasonable to your honor, will certainly be the same to them," answered Jeanie.

"I do not know that," replied the Duke; "ilka man buckles his belt his ain gate — you know our old Scots proverb? — But you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain. Leave these papers with me, and you shall hear from me tomorrow or next day. Take care to be at home at Mrs. Glass's, and ready to come to me at a moment's warning. It will be unnecessary for you to give Mrs. Glass the trouble to attend you; — and by the bye, you will please to be dressed just as you are at present."

"I wad hae putten on a cap, sir," said Jeanie, "but your honor kens it isna the fashion of my country for single women; and I judged that, being sae mony hundred miles frae hame, your Grace's heart wad warm to the tartan," looking at the corner of her plaid.

"You judged quite right," said the Duke. "I know the full value of the snood; and MacCallummore's heart will be as cold as death can make it, when it does *not* warm to the tartan. Now, go away, and don't be out of the way when I send."

Jeanie replied, "There is little fear of that, sir, for I have little heart to go to see sights amang this wilderness of black houses. But if I might say to your gracious honor, that if ye ever condescend to speak to ony ane that is of greater degree than yoursell, though maybe it isna civil in me to say sae, just if you would think there can be nae sic odds between you and them, as between poor Jeanie Deans from St. Leonard's and the Duke of Argyle; and so dinna be chappit back or cast down wi' the first rough answer."

"I am not apt," said the Duke, laughing, "to mind rough answers much — Do not you hope too much from what I have promised. I will do my best, but God has the hearts of Kings in his own hand."

Jeanie curtseyed reverently and withdrew, attended by the Duke's gentleman, to her hackney-coach, with a respect which her appearance did not demand, but which was perhaps paid to the length of the interview with which his master had honored her.

EFFIE'S FAREWELL TO HER SISTER

The night was so exquisitely beautiful that Jeanie, instead of immediately directing her course towards the Lodge, stood looking after the boat as it again put off from the side, and rowed into the little bay, the dark figures of her companions growing less and less distinct as they diminished in the distance, and the joram, or melancholy boatsong of the rowers coming on the ear, with softened and sweeter sound, until the boat rounded the headland, and was lost to her observation.

Still Jeanie remained in the same posture, looking out upon the sea. It would, she was aware, be some time ere her companions could reach the Lodge, as the distance by the more convenient landing-place was considerably greater than from the point where she stood, and she was not sorry to have an opportunity to spend the interval by herself.

The wonderful change which a few weeks had wrought in her situation, from shame and grief, and almost despair, to honor, joy, and a fair prospect of future happiness, passed before her eyes with a sensation which brought the tears into them. Yet they flowed at the same time from another source. As human happiness is never perfect, and as well-constructed minds are never more sensible of the distresses of those whom they love than when their own situation forms a contrast with them, Jeanie's affectionate regrets turned to the fate of her poor sister — the child of so many hopes — the fondled nursing of so many years — now an exile, and what was worse, dependent on the will of a man, of whose habits she had every reason to entertain the worst opinion, and who, even in his strongest paroxysms of remorse, had appeared too much a stranger to the feelings of real penitence.

While her thoughts were occupied with these melancholy reflections, a shadowy figure seemed to detach itself from the copsewood on her right hand. Jeanie started, and the stories of apparitions and wraiths, seen by solitary travelers in wild situations, at such times, and in such an hour, suddenly came full upon her imagination. The figure glided on, and as it came betwixt her and the moon, she was aware that it had the appearance of a woman. A soft voice twice repeated, "Jeanie — Jeanie!" — Was it indeed — could it be the voice of her sister? — Was she still among the living, or had the grave given up its tenant? — Ere she could state these questions to her own mind, Effie, alive, and in the body, had clasped her in her arms, and was straining her to her bosom, and devouring her with kisses. "I have wandered here," she said, "like a ghaist, to see you, and nae wonder you take me for ane — I thought but to see you gang by, or to hear the sound of your voice; but to speak to yourself again, Jeanie, was mair than I deserved, and mair than I durst pray for."

"O Effie! how came you here alone, and at this hour, and on the wild sea beach? — Are you sure it's your ain living sell?"

There was something of Effie's former humor in her practically answering the question by a gentle pinch, more beseeming the fingers of a fairy than of a ghost. And again the sisters embraced, and laughed, and wept by turns.

"But ye maun gang up wi' me to the Lodge, Effie," said Jeanie, "and tell me a' your story—I hae gude folk there that will make ye welcome for my sake."

"Na, na, Jeanie," replied her sister sorrowfully,—"ye hae forgotten what I am—a banished outlawed creature, scarce escaped the gallows by your being the bauldest and the best sister that ever lived—I'll gae near nane o' your grand friends, even if they was nae danger to me."

"There is nae danger—there shall be nae danger," said Jeanie eagerly. "O Effie, dinna be wilfu'—be guided for ance—we will be sae happy a'the-gither!"

"I have a' the happiness I deserve on this side of the grave, now that I hae seen you," answered Effie; "and whether there were danger to mysell or no, naebody shall ever say that I come with my cheat-the-gallows face to shame my sister among her grand friends."

"I hae nae grand friends," said Jeanie; "nae friends but what are friends of yours—Reuben Butler and my father.—O unhappy lassie, dinna be dour, and turn your back on your happiness again! We wunna see another acquaintance—Come hame to us, your ain dearest friends—it's better sheltering under an auld hedge than under a new planted wood."

"It's in vain speaking, Jeanie,—I maun drink as I hae brewed—I am married, and I maun follow my husband for better for worse."

"Married, Effie!" exclaimed Jeanie—"Misfortunate creature! and to that awfu'—"

"Hush, hush," said Effie, clapping one hand on her mouth, and pointing to the thicket with the other, "he is yonder."

She said this in a tone which showed that her husband had found means to inspire her with awe as well as affection. At this moment a man issued from the wood.

It was young Staunton. Even by the imperfect light of the moon, Jeanie could observe that he was handsomely dressed and had the air of a person of rank.

"Effie," he said, "our time is wellnigh spent—the skiff will be aground in the creek, and I dare not stay longer,—I hope your sister will allow me to salute her?" But Jeanie shrunk back from him with a feeling of internal abhorrence. "Well," he said, "it does not much signify; if you keep up the feeling of ill will, at least you do not act upon it, and I thank you for your respect to my secret, when a word (which in your place I would have spoken at once) would have cost me my life. People say you should keep from the wife of your bosom the secret that concerns your neck—my wife and her sister both know mine, and I shall not sleep a wink the less sound."

"But are you really married to my sister, sir?" asked Jeanie, in great doubt and anxiety; for the haughty, careless tone in which he spoke seemed to justify her worst apprehensions.

"I really am legally married, and by my own name," replied Staunton, more gravely.

"And your father — and your friends?"

"And my father and my friends must just reconcile themselves to that which is done and cannot be undone," replied Staunton. "However, it is my intention, in order to break off dangerous connections, and to let my friends come to their temper, to conceal my marriage for the present, and stay abroad for some years. So that you will not hear of us for some time, if ever you hear of us again at all. It would be dangerous, you must be aware, to keep up the correspondence; for all would guess that the husband of Effie was the — what shall I call myself? — the slayer of Porteous."

Hardhearted light man! thought Jeanie — to what a character she has intrusted her happiness! — She has sown the wind, and maun reap the whirlwind.

"Dinna think ill o' him," said Effie, breaking away from her husband, and leading Jeanie a step or two out of hearing — "dinna think *very* ill o' him — he's gude to me, Jeanie — as gude as I deserve — And he is determined to gie up his bad courses — Sae, after a', dinna greet for Effie; she is better off than she has wrought for — But you — oh, you! how can you be happy eneugh! never till ye get to heaven, where a'body is as gude as yoursell. — Jeanie, if I live and thrive, ye shall hear of me — if —"

She tore herself from her sister's arms — rejoined her husband — they plunged into the copsewood and she saw them no more. The whole scene had the effect of a vision, and she could almost have believed it such but that very soon after they quitted her, she heard the sound of oars, and a skiff was seen on the firth, pulling swiftly towards the small smuggling sloop which lay in the offing. It was on board of such a vessel that Effie had embarked at Portobello, and Jeanie had no doubt that the same conveyance was destined, as Staunton had hinted, to transport them to a foreign country.

Although it was impossible to determine whether this interview, while it was passing, gave more pain or pleasure to Jeanie Deans, yet the ultimate impression which remained on her mind was decidedly favorable. Effie was married — made, according to the common phrase, an honest woman — that was one main point; it seemed also as if her husband were about to abandon the path of gross vice in which he had run so long and so desperately — that was another. For his final and effectual conversion he did not want understanding, and God knew his own hour.

RICHARD AND SALADIN

From 'The Talisman'

THIE two heroic monarchs—for such they both were—threw themselves at once from horseback; and the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and after a courteous inclination on either side they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no further notice; no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the Soldan fixed upon him; and the Soldan also was the first to break silence.

"The Melech Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard,—with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse stills her child, and the free Arab subdues his restive steed!"

"And these are all nobles of Araby?" said Richard, looking around on wild forms with their persons covered with haicks, their countenances swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural luster from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple even to meanness.

"They claim such rank," said Saladin; "but though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty, and bear no arms but the saber—even the iron of their lances is left behind."

"I fear," muttered De Vaux in English, "they have left them where they can be soon found.—A most flourishing house of Peers, I confess, and would find Westminster Hall something too narrow for them."

"Hush, De Vaux," said Richard, "I command thee.—Noble Saladin," he said, "suspicion and thou cannot exist on the same ground. Seest thou," pointing to the litters,—"I too have brought some champions with me, though armed perhaps in breach of agreement; for bright eyes and fair features are weapons which cannot be left behind."

The Soldan, turning to the litters, made an obeisance as lowly as if looking toward Mecca, and kissed the sand in token of respect.

"Nay," said Richard, "they will not fear a closer encounter, brother: wilt thou not ride toward their litters?—and the curtains will be presently withdrawn."

"That may Allah prohibit!" said Saladin, "since not an Arab looks on who would not think it shame to the noble ladies to be seen with their faces uncovered."

"Thou shalt see them, then, in private, brother," answered Richard.

"To what purpose?" answered Saladin, mournfully. "Thy last letter was, to the hopes which I had entertained, like water to fire; and wherefore should I again light a flame which may indeed consume, but cannot cheer me?—But will not my brother pass to the tent which his servant hath prepared for him? My principal black slave hath taken order for the reception of the princesses; the officers of my household will attend your followers; and ourself will be the chamberlain of the royal Richard."

He led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the *chappe* (*capa*), or long riding-cloak which Richard wore; and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen,—a broad, straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter: this he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honor led him to whisper in English, "For the Blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned: give no triumph to the infidel."

"Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground, and casting a fierce glance around: "thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the King's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by thefeat it had performed. He then took the King's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited,

laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux in English: "it will be long ere your long jackanapes fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping-hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard: "by our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning; be not so broad, I pray thee."

The Soldan indeed presently said, "Something I would fain attempt—though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric." So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the King: "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of naught but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar; a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was on the contrary of a dull-blue color, marked with ten millions of meandering lines which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim; then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously and with so little apparent effort that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat,—"there is gramarye in this."

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him; for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his sabre, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent,—equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow; and what we cannot do by sleight, we eke out by strength. Nevertheless, in truth thou art as expert in inflicting wounds as my sage Hakim in curing them. I trust I shall see the learned leech: I have much to thank him for, and had brought some small present."

As he spoke, Saladin exchanged his turban for a Tartar cap. He had no sooner done so, than De Vaux opened at once his extended mouth and his large round eyes, and Richard gazed with scarce less astonishment, while the Soldan spoke in a grave and altered voice: "The sick man, sayeth the poet, while he is yet infirm knoweth the physician by his step; but when he is recovered he knoweth not even his face when he looks upon him."

"A miracle! a miracle!" exclaimed Richard.

"Of Mahound's working, doubtless," said Thomas de Vaux.

"That I should lose my learned Hakim," said Richard, "merely by absence of his cap and robe, and that I should find him again in my royal brother Saladin!"

"Such is oft the fashion of the world," answered the Soldan: "the tattered robe makes not always the dervish."

"And it was through thy intercession," said Richard, "that yonder Knight of the Leopard was saved from death, and by thy artifice that he revisited my camp in disguise!"

"Even so," replied Saladin: "I was physician enough to know that unless the wounds of his bleeding honor were stanch'd, the days of his life must be few. His disguise was more easily penetrated than I had expected from the success of my own."

"An accident," said King Richard (probably alluding to the circumstance of his applying his lips to the wound of the supposed Nubian), "let me first know that his skin was artificially discolored; and that hint once taken, detection became easy, for his form and person are not to be forgotten. I confidently expect that he will do battle on the morrow."

"He is full in preparation and high in hope," said the Soldan. "I have furnished him with weapons and horse, thinking nobly of him from what I have seen under various disguises."

"Knows he now," said Richard, "to whom he lies under obligation?"

"He doth," replied the Saracen; "I was obliged to confess my person when I unfolded my purpose."

"And confessed he ought to you?" said the King of England.

"Nothing explicit," replied the Soldan; "but from much that passed between us, I conceive his love is too highly placed to be happy in its issue."

"And thou knowest that his daring and insolent passion crossed thine own wishes?" said Richard.

"I might guess so much," said Saladin; "but his passion had existed ere my wishes had been formed—and, I must now add, is likely to survive them. I cannot, in honor, revenge me for my disappointment on him who had no hand in it. Or if this high-born dame loved him better than myself, who can say that she did not justice to a knight of her own religion, who is full of nobleness?"

"Yet of too mean lineage to mix with the blood of Plantagenet," said Richard haughtily.

"Such may be your maxims in Frangistan," replied the Soldan. "Our poets of the Eastern countries say that a valiant camel-driver is worthy to kiss the lip of a fair Queen, when a cowardly prince is not worthy to salute the hem of her garment. But with your permission, noble brother, I must take leave of thee for the present, to receive the Duke of Austria and yonder Nazarene knight,— much less worthy of hospitality, but who must yet be suitably entertained, not for their sakes, but for mine own honor; — for what saith the sage Lokman? 'Say not that the food is lost unto thee which is given to the stranger; for if his body be strengthened and fattened therewithal, not less is thine own worship and good name cherished and augmented.' "

The Saracen monarch departed from King Richard's tent; and having indicated to him, rather with signs than with speech, where the pavilion of the Queen and her attendants was pitched, he went to receive the Marquis of Montferrat and his attendants, for whom, with less good-will but with equal splendor, the magnificent Soldan had provided accommodations. The most ample refreshments, both in the Oriental and after the European fashion, were spread before the royal and princely guests of Saladin, each in their own separate pavilion; and so attentive was the Soldan to the habits and taste of his visitors, that Grecian slaves were stationed to present them with the goblet, which is the abomination of the sect of Mohammed. Ere Richard had finished his meal, the ancient Omrah, who had brought the Soldan's letter to the Christian camp, entered with a plan of the ceremonial to be observed on the succeeding day of the combat. Richard, who knew the taste of his old acquaintance, invited him to pledge him in a flagon of wine of Schiraz: but Abdallah gave him to understand, with a rueful aspect, that self-denial, in the present circumstances, was a matter in which his life was concerned; for that Saladin, tolerant in many respects, both observed, and enforced by high penalties, the laws of the Prophet.

"Nay, then," said Richard, "if he loves not wine, that lightener of the human heart, his conversion is not to be hoped for, and the prediction of the mad priest of Engaddi goes like chaff down the wind."

JANE AUSTEN

THE biography of one of the greatest English novelists might be written in a dozen lines, so simple, so tranquil, so fortunate was her life. Jane Austen, the second daughter of an English clergyman, was born at Steventon, in Hampshire, in 1775. Her father had been known at Oxford as "the handsome proctor," and all his children inherited good looks. Mrs. Austen was a clever woman, full of epigram and humor in conversation, and rather famous in her own coterie for improvised verses and satirical hits at her friends. From her cradle, Jane Austen was used to hearing agreeable household talk, and the freest personal criticism on the men and women who made up her small, secluded world. The family circumstances were easy, and the family friendliness unlimited,—conditions determining, perhaps, the cheerful tone, the unexciting course, the sly fun and good-fellowship of her stories.

It was in this Steventon rectory, in the family room where the boys might be building their toy boats, or the parish poor folk complaining to "passon's madam," or the county ladies paying visits of ceremony, in monstrous muffs, heelless slippers laced over open-worked silk stockings, short flounced skirts, and lutestring pelisses trimmed with "Irish," or where tradesmen might be explaining their delinquencies, or farmers' wives growing voluble over foxes and young chickens—it was in the midst of this busy and noisy publicity, where nobody respected her employment, and where she was interrupted twenty times in an hour, that the shrewd and smiling social critic managed, before she was twenty-one, to write her famous '*Pride and Prejudice*.' Here too '*Sense and Sensibility*' was finished in 1797, and '*Northanger Abbey*' in 1798. The first of these, submitted to a London publisher, was declined as unavailable, by return of post. The second, the gay and mocking '*Northanger Abbey*', was sold to a Bath bookseller for £10, and several years later bought back again, still unpublished, by one of Miss Austen's brothers. For the third story she seems not even to have sought a publisher. These three books, all written before she was twenty-five, were evidently the employment and delight of her leisure. The serious business of life was that which occupied other pretty girls of her time and her social position,—dressing, dancing, flirting, learning a new stitch at the embroidery frame, or a new air on "the instrument"; while all the time she was observing, with those soft hazel eyes of hers, the "humors" of the world about her. In 1801, the family removed to Bath, then the most fashionable watering-place in England. The gay life of the brilliant little city, the etiquette of the Pump Room and the Assemblies, regulated by the autocratic Beau Nash, the drives, the routs, the card parties, the toilets, the

shops, the Parade, the general frivolity, pretension, and display of the eighteenth century *Vanity Fair*, had already been studied by the good-natured satirist on occasional visits, and already immortalized in the swiftly changing comedy scenes of '*Northanger Abbey*.' But they tickled her fancy none the less, now that she lived among them, and she made use of them again in her later novel, '*Persuasion*'.

For a period of eight years, spent in Bath and in Southampton, Miss Austen wrote nothing save some fragments of '*Lady Susan*' and '*The Watsons*', neither of them of great importance. In 1809 the lessened household, composed of the mother and her two daughters only, removed to the village of Chawton, on the estate of Mrs. Austen's third son; and here, in a rustic cottage, now become a place of pilgrimage, Jane Austen again took up her pen. She rewrote '*Pride and Prejudice*', she revised '*Sense and Sensibility*', and between February 1811 and August 1816 she completed '*Mansfield Park*', '*Emma*', and '*Persuasion*'. At Chawton, as at Steventon, she had no study, and her stories were written on a little mahogany desk near a window in the family sitting-room, where she must often have been interrupted by the prototypes of her Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Bennet, Miss Bates, Mr. Collins, or Mrs. Norris. When at last she began to publish, her stories appeared in rapid succession: '*Sense and Sensibility*' in 1811; '*Pride and Prejudice*' early in 1813; '*Mansfield Park*' in 1814; '*Emma*' in 1816; '*Northanger Abbey*' and '*Persuasion*' in 1818, the year following her death. In January 1813 she wrote to her beloved elder sister Cassandra: — "I want to tell you that I have got my own darling child ('*Pride and Prejudice*') from London. We fairly set at it and read half the first volume to Miss B. She was amused, poor soul! . . . but she really does seem to admire Elizabeth. I must confess that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her* at least, I do not know." A month later she wrote: — "Upon the whole, however, I am quite vain enough, and well satisfied enough. The work is rather too light, and bright, and sparkling: it wants shade; it wants to be stretched out here and there with a long chapter of sense, if it could be had; if not, of solemn, specious nonsense, about something unconnected with the story; an essay on writing, a critique on Walter Scott, or the history of Bonaparte, or something that would form a contrast, and bring the reader with increased delight to the playfulness and epigrammatism of the general style!"

Thus she who laughed at everybody else laughed at herself, and set her critical instinct to estimate her own capacity. To Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, who had requested her to "delineate a clergyman" of earnestness, enthusiasm, and learning, she replied: — "I am quite honored by your thinking me capable of drawing such a clergyman as you gave the sketch of in your note. But I assure you I am not. The comic part of the character I might be equal to, but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary. . . . I

think I may boast myself to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress." and when the same remarkable bibliophile suggested to her, on the approach of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte with Prince Leopold, that "an historical romance, illustrative of the august House of Coburg, would just now be very interesting," she answered: — "I am fully sensible that an historical romance, founded on the House of Saxe-Coburg, might be much more to the purpose of profit or popularity than such pictures of domestic life in country villages as I deal in. But I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable to keep it up, and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure that I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter. No! I must keep to my own style, and go on in my own way: and though I may never succeed again in that, I am convinced that I shall totally fail in any other." And again she writes: "What shall I do with your 'strong, manly, vigorous sketches, full of variety and glow'? How could I possibly join them on to the little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect, after much labor?"

Miss Austen read very little. She "detested quartos." Richardson, Johnson, Crabbe, and Cowper seem to have been the only authors for whom she had an appreciation. She would sometimes say, in jest, that "if ever she married at all, she could fancy being Mrs. Crabbe!" But her bent of original composition, her amazing power of observation, her inexhaustible sense of humor, her absorbing interest in what she saw about her, were so strong that she needed no reinforcement of culture. It was no more in her power than it was in Wordsworth's to "gather a posy of other men's thoughts."

During her lifetime she had not a single literary friend. Other women novelists possessed their sponsors and devotees. Miss Ferrier was the delight of a brilliant Edinboro' coterie. Miss Edgeworth was feasted and flattered, not only in England, but on the Continent; Miss Burney counted Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Windham, Sheridan, among the admiring friends who assured her that no flight in fiction or the drama was beyond her powers. But the creator of Elizabeth Bennet, of Emma, and of Mr. Collins, never met an author of eminence, received no encouragement to write except that of her own family, heard no literary talk, and obtained in her lifetime but the slightest literary recognition. It was long after her death that Walter Scott wrote in his journal: — "Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the

sentiment is denied to me." It was still later that Macaulay made his famous estimate of her genius: — "Shakespeare has neither equal nor second; but among those who, in the point we have noticed (the delineation of character), approached nearest the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen as a woman of whom England may justly be proud. She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, commonplace, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. . . . And all this is done by touches so delicate that they elude analysis, that they defy the powers of description, and that we know them to exist only by the general effect to which they have contributed." A new generation had almost forgotten her name before the exacting Lewes wrote: — "To make our meaning precise, we would say that Fielding and Jane Austen are the greatest novelists in the English language. . . . We would rather have written '*Pride and Prejudice*', or '*Tom Jones*', than any of the *Waverley* novels. . . . The greatness of Miss Austen (her marvelous dramatic power) seems more than anything in Scott akin to Shakespeare."

The six novels which have made so great a reputation for their author relate the least sensational of histories in the least sensational way. '*Sense and Sensibility*' might be called a novel with a purpose, that purpose being to portray the dangerous haste with which sentiment degenerates into sentimentality; and because of its purpose, the story discloses a less excellent art than its fellows. '*Pride and Prejudice*' finds its motive in the crass pride of birth and place that characterize the really generous and high-minded hero, Darcy, and the fierce resentment of his claims to love and respect on the part of the clever, high-tempered, and chivalrous heroine, Elizabeth Bennet. '*Northanger Abbey*' is a laughing skit at the school of Mrs. Radcliffe; '*Persuasion*', a simple story of upper middle-class society, of which the most charming of her charming girls, Anne Elliot, is the heroine; '*Mansfield Park*', a new and fun-loving version of '*Cinderella*'; and finally '*Emma*', — the favorite with most readers, concerning which Miss Austen said, "I am going to take a heroine whom no one but myself will much like," — the history of the blunders of a bright, kind-hearted, and really clever girl, who contrives as much discomfort for her friends as stupidity or ill-nature could devise.

Numberless as are the novelist's characters, no two clergymen, no two British matrons, no two fussy spinsters, no two men of fashion, no two heavy fathers, no two smart young ladies, no two heroines, are alike. And this variety results from the absolute fidelity of each character to the law of its own development, each one growing from within and not being simply described from without. Nor are the circumstances which she permits herself to use less genuine than her people. What surrounds them is what one must expect; what happens to them is seen to be inevitable.

The low and quiet key in which her situations are pitched produces one

artistic gain which countervails its own loss of immediate intensity: the least touch of color shows strongly against that subdued background. A very slight catastrophe among those orderly scenes of peaceful life has more effect than the noisier incidents and contrived convulsions of more melodramatic novels. Thus, in 'Mansfield Park' the indulgence in private theatricals, including many rehearsals of stage love-making, among a group of young people who show no very strong principles or firmness of character, results in an elopement which breaks up a family, occasions a pitiable scandal, and spoils the career of an able and promising young man. To most novelists an incident of this sort would seem too ineffective: in her hands it strikes us as what in fact it is — a tragic misfortune and the ruin of two lives.

In a word, it is life which Miss Austen sees with unerring vision and draws with unerring touch; so that above all other writers of English fiction she seems entitled to the tribute which an Athenian critic gave to an earlier realist, —

O life! O Menander!
Which of you two is the plagiarist?

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE

From 'Pride and Prejudice'

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner, with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words: —

" May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honor of a private audience with her in the course of this morning? "

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered: — " Oh, dear. Yes; certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy — I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs." And, gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out: —

" Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no; nonsense, Lizzy. I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I *insist* upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins."

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction; and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal by incessant employment the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off; and as soon as they were gone, Mr. Collins began: —

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble: my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying — and moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued: —

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly, — which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, — that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honor of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked, too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford — between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh's footstool — that she said, 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman, for *my* sake; and for your *own*, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her!' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably ex-

cite. Thus much for my general intention in favor of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views are directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighborhood, where, I assure you, there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honored father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place,— which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now, nothing remains for me but to assure you, in the most animated language, of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents., which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honor of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favor; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second, or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one, after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *you* so. Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins, very gravely—"but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honor of seeing her again, I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what

I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her: —

"When I do myself the honor of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favorable answer than you have now given me: though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application; and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses is merely a thing of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: — It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favor; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must therefore conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honor you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew; determined, if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to

her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behavior at least could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

From 'Pride and Prejudice'

[Lydia Bennet has eloped with the worthless rake Wickham, who has no intention of marrying her.]

MRS. BENNET, to whose apartment they all repaired, after a few minutes' conversation together, received them exactly as might be expected: with tears and lamentations of regret, invectives against the villainous conduct of Wickham, and complaints of her own suffering and ill-usage;—blaming everybody but the person to whose ill-judging indulgence the errors of her daughter must be principally owing.

"If I had been able," said she, "to carry my point in going to Brighton with all my family, *this* would not have happened; but poor, dear Lydia had nobody to take care of her. Why did the Forsters ever let her go out of their sight? I am sure there was some great neglect or other on their side, for she is not the kind of girl to do such a thing, if she had been well looked after. I always thought they were very unfit to have the charge of her; but I was overruled, as I always am. Poor, dear child! And now here's Mr. Bennet gone away, and I know he will fight Wickham, wherever he meets him, and then he will be killed, and what is to become of us all? The Collinses will turn us out, before he is cold in his grave; and if you are not kind to us, brother, I do not know what we shall do."

They all exclaimed against such terrific ideas; and Mr. Gardiner, after general assurances of his affection for her and all her family, told her that he meant to be in London the very next day, and would assist Mr. Bennet in every endeavor for recovering Lydia.

"Do not give way to useless alarm," added he: "though it is right to be prepared for the worst, there is no occasion to look on it as certain. It is not quite a week since they left Brighton. In a few days more, we may gain some news of them; and till we know that they are not married, and have no design of marrying, do not let us give the matter over as lost. As soon as I get to town, I shall go to my brother, and make him come home with me, to Grace-church-street, and then we may consult together as to what is to be done."

"Oh! my dear brother," replied Mrs. Bennet, "that is exactly what I could

most wish for. And now do, when you get to town, find them out, wherever they may be; and if they are not married already, *make* them marry. And as for wedding clothes, do not let them wait for that, but tell Lydia she shall have as much money as she chooses to buy them, after they are married. And above all things, keep Mr. Bennet from fighting. Tell him what a dreadful state I am in — that I am frightened out of my wits; and have such tremblings, such flutterings, all over me, such spasms in my side, and pains in my head, and such beatings at heart, that I can get no rest by night nor by day. And tell my dear Lydia not to give any directions about her clothes till she has seen me, for she does not know which are the best warehouses. Oh! brother, how kind you are! I know you will contrive it all."

But Mr. Gardiner, though he assured her again of his earnest endeavors in the cause, could not avoid recommending moderation to her, as well in her hopes as her fears; and after talking with her in this manner till dinner was on the table, they left her to vent all her feelings on the housekeeper, who attended, in the absence of her daughters.

Though her brother and sister were persuaded that there was no real occasion for such a seclusion from the family, they did not attempt to oppose it, for they knew that she had not prudence enough to hold her tongue before the servants, while they waited at table, and judged it better that one only of the household, and the one whom they could most trust, should comprehend all her fears and solicitude on the subject.

In the dining-room they were soon joined by Mary and Kitty, who had been too busily engaged in their separate apartments to make their appearance before. One came from her books, and the other from her toilette. The faces of both, however, were tolerably calm; and no change was visible in either, except that the loss of her favorite sister, or the anger which she had herself incurred in the business, had given something more of fretfulness than usual to the accents of Kitty. As for Mary, she was mistress enough of herself to whisper to Elizabeth, with a countenance of grave reflection, soon after they were seated at table: —

"This is a most unfortunate affair; and will probably be much talked of. But we must stem the tide of malice, and pour into the wounded bosoms of each other the balm of sisterly consolation."

Then, perceiving in Elizabeth no inclination of replying, she added, "Unhappy as the event must be for Lydia, we may draw from it this useful lesson: that loss of virtue in a female is irretrievable — that one false step involves her in endless ruin — that her reputation is no less brittle than it is beautiful — and that she cannot be too much guarded in her behavior towards the undeserving of the other sex."

Elizabeth lifted up her eyes in amazement, but was too much oppressed to make any reply.

A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

From 'Pride and Prejudice'

MR. COLLINS TO MR. BENNET, ON HIS DAUGHTER'S ELOPEMENT

My Dear Sir:

I FEEL myself called upon, by our relationship and my situation in life, to condole with you on the grievous affliction you are now suffering under, of which we were yesterday informed by letter from Hertfordshire. Be assured, my dear sir, that Mrs. Collins and myself sincerely sympathize with you, and all your respectable family, in your present distress, which must be of the bitterest kind, because proceeding from a cause which no time can remove. No arguments shall be wanting, on my part, that can alleviate so severe a misfortune; or that may comfort you under a circumstance that must be of all others most afflicting to a parent's mind. The death of your daughter would have been a blessing in comparison of this. And it is the more to be lamented because there is reason to suppose, as my dear Charlotte informs me, that this licentiousness of behavior in your daughter has proceeded from a faulty degree of indulgence; though at the same time, for the consolation of yourself and Mrs. Bennet, I am inclined to think that her own disposition must be naturally bad, or she could not be guilty of such an enormity at so early an age. Howsoever that may be, you are grievously to be pitied, in which opinion I am not only joined by Mrs. Collins, but likewise by Lady Catherine and her daughter, to whom I have related the affair. They agree with me in apprehending that this false step in one daughter will be injurious to the fortunes of all the others; for who, as Lady Cathérine herself condescendingly says, will connect themselves with such a family? And this consideration leads me, moreover, to reflect with augmented satisfaction on a certain event of last November; for had it been otherwise, I must have been involved in all your sorrows and disgrace. Let me advise you, then, my dear sir, to console yourself as much as possible, to throw off your unworthy child from your affection forever, and leave her to reap the fruits of her own heinous offense.

I am, dear sir, etc., etc.

A WELL-MATCHED SISTER AND BROTHER

From 'Northanger Abbey'

MY dearest Catherine, have you settled what to wear on your head to-night? I am determined, at all events, to be dressed exactly like you. The men take notice of *that* sometimes, you know."

"But it does not signify if they do," said Catherine, very innocently.

"Signify! oh, heavens! I make it a rule never to mind what they say. They are very often amazingly impertinent, if you do not treat them with spirit, and make them keep their distance."

"Are they? Well I never observed *that*. They always behave very well to me."

"Oh! they give themselves such airs. They are the most conceited creatures in the world, and think themselves of so much importance! By the by, though I have thought of it a hundred times, I have always forgot to ask you what is your favorite complexion in a man. Do you like them best dark or fair?"

"I hardly know. I never much thought about it. Something between both, I think — brown: not fair, and not very dark."

"Very well, Catherine. That is exactly he. I have not forgot your description of Mr. Tilney: 'a brown skin, with dark eyes, and rather dark hair.' Well, my taste is different. I prefer light eyes; and as to complexion, do you know, I like a sallow better than any other. You must not betray me, if you should ever meet with one of your acquaintance answering that description."

"Betray you! What do you mean?"

"Nay, do not distress me. I believe I have said too much. Let us drop the subject."

Catherine, in some amazement, complied; and after remaining a few moments silent, was on the point of reverting to what interested her at that time rather more than anything else in the world, Laurentina's skeleton, when her friend prevented her by saying, "For Heaven's sake! let us move away from this end of the room. Do you know, there are two odious young men who have been staring at me this half-hour. They really put me quite out of countenance. Let us go and look at the arrivals. They will hardly follow us there."

Away they walked to the book; and while Isabella examined the names, it was Catherine's employment to watch the proceedings of these alarming young men.

"They are not coming this way, are they? I hope they are not so impertinent as to follow us. Pray let me know if they are coming. I am determined I will not look up."

In a few moments Catherine, with unaffected pleasure, assured her that she need not be longer uneasy, as the gentlemen had just left the Pump-room.

"And which way are they gone?" said Isabella, turning hastily round.
"One was a very good-looking young man."

"They went towards the churchyard."

"Well, I am amazingly glad I have got rid of them! And now what say you to going to Edgar's Buildings with me, and looking at my new hat? You said you should like to see it."

Catherine readily agreed. "Only," she added, "perhaps we may overtake the two young men."

"Oh! never mind that. If we make haste, we shall pass by them presently, and I am dying to show you my hat."

"But if we only wait a few minutes, there will be no danger of our seeing them at all."

"I shall not pay them any such compliment, I assure you. I have no notion of treating men with such respect. *That* is the way to spoil them."

Catherine had nothing to oppose against such reasoning; and therefore, to show the independence of Miss Thorpe, and her resolution of humbling the sex, they set off immediately, as fast as they could walk, in pursuit of the two young men.

Half a minute conducted them through the Pump-yard to the archway, opposite Union Passage; but here they were stopped. Everybody acquainted with Bath may remember the difficulties of crossing Cheap Street at this point; it is indeed a street of so impertinent a nature, so unfortunately connected with the great London and Oxford roads, and the principal inn of the city, that a day never passes in which parties of ladies, however important their business, whether in quest of pastry, millinery, or even (as in the present case) of young men, are not detained on one side or other by carriages, horsemen, or carts. This evil had been felt and lamented, at least three times a day, by Isabella since her residence in Bath: and she was now fated to feel and lament it once more; for at the very moment of coming opposite to Union Passage, and within view of the two gentlemen who were proceeding through the crowds and treading the gutters of that interesting alley, they were prevented crossing by the approach of a gig, driven along on bad pavements by a most knowing-looking coachman, with all the vehemence that could most fitly endanger the lives of himself, his companion, and his horse.

"Oh, these odious gigs!" said Isabella, looking up, "how I detest them!" But this detestation, though so just, was of short duration, for she looked again, and exclaimed, "Delightful! Mr. Morland and my brother!"

"Good Heaven! 'tis James!" was uttered at the same moment by Catherine; and on catching the young men's eyes, the horse was immediately checked with a violence which almost threw him on his haunches; and the servant having now scampered up, the gentlemen jumped out, and the equipage was delivered to his care.

Catherine, by whom this meeting was wholly unexpected, received her brother with the liveliest pleasure; and he, being of a very amiable disposition, and sincerely attached to her, gave every proof on his side of equal satisfaction, which he could have leisure to do, while the bright eyes of Miss Thorpe were incessantly challenging his notice; and to her his devoirs were speedily paid, with a mixture of joy and embarrassment which might have informed Catherine, had she been more expert in the development of other people's feelings, and less simply engrossed by her own, that her brother thought her friend quite as pretty as she could do herself.

John Thorpe, who in the mean time had been giving orders about the horse, soon joined them, and from him she directly received the amends which were her due; for while he slightly and carelessly touched the hand of Isabella, on her he bestowed a whole scrape and half a short bow. He was a stout young man, of middling height, who, with a plain face and ungraceful form, seemed fearful of being too handsome unless he wore the dress of a groom, and too much like a gentleman unless he were easy where he ought to be civil, and impudent where he might be allowed to be easy. He took out his watch: — "How long do you think we have been running in from Tetbury, Miss Morland?"

"I do not know the distance." Her brother told her that it was twenty-three miles.

"*Three-and-twenty!*" cried Thorpe; "*five-and-twenty if it is an inch.*" Morland remonstrated, pleaded the authority of roadbooks, innkeepers, and milestones: but his friend disregarded them all; he had a surer test of distance. "I know it must be *five-and-twenty*," said he, "by the time we have been doing it." "It is now half after one; we drove out of the inn-yard at Tetbury as the town-clock struck eleven; and I defy any man in England to make my horse go less than ten miles an hour in harness; that makes it exactly twenty-five."

"You have lost an hour," said Morland: "It was only ten o'clock when we came from Tetbury."

"Ten o'clock! it was eleven, upon my soul! I counted every stroke. This brother of yours would persuade me out of my senses, Miss Morland. Do but look at my horse: did you ever see an animal so made for speed in your life?" (The servant had just mounted the carriage and was driving off.) "Such true blood! Three hours and a half, indeed, coming only *three-and-twenty* miles! Look at that creature, and suppose it possible, if you can!"

"He *does* look very hot, to be sure."

"Hot! he had not turned a hair till we came to Walcot Church: but look at his forehand; look at his loins; only see how he moves: that horse *cannot* go less than ten miles an hour; tie his legs, and he will get on. What do you think of my gig, Miss Morland? A neat one, is it not? Well hung; town

built: I have not had it a month. It was built for a Christ Church man, a friend of mine, a very good sort of fellow; he ran it a few weeks, till, I believe, it was convenient to have done with it. I happened just then to be looking out for some light thing of the kind, though I had pretty well determined on a curricle too; but I chanced to meet him on Magdalen Bridge, as he was driving into Oxford, last term: 'Ah, Thorpe,' said he, 'do you happen to want such a little thing as this? It is a capital one of the kind, but I am cursed tired of it.' 'Oh! d——,' said I, 'I am your man; what do you ask?' And how much do you think he did, Miss Morland?"

"I am sure I cannot guess at all."

"Curricles-hung, you see; seat, trunk, sword-case, splashing-board, lamps, silver molding, all, you see, complete; the ironwork as good as new, or better. He asked fifty guineas: I closed with him directly, threw down the money, and the carriage was mine."

"And I am sure," said Catherine, "I know so little of such things, that I cannot judge whether it was cheap or dear."

"Neither one nor t'other; I might have got it for less, I dare say; but I hate haggling, and poor Freeman wanted cash."

"That was very good-natured of you," said Catherine, quite pleased.

"Oh! d—— it, when one has the means of doing a kind thing by a friend, I hate to be pitiful."

An inquiry now took place into the intended movements of the young ladies; and on finding whither they were going, it was decided that the gentlemen should accompany them to Edgar's Buildings, and pay their respects to Mrs. Thorpe. James and Isabella led the way; and so well satisfied was the latter with her lot, so contentedly was she endeavoring to insure a pleasant walk to him who brought the double recommendation of being her brother's friend and her friend's brother, so pure and uncoquettish were her feelings, that though they overtook and passed the two offending young men in Milsom Street, she was so far from seeking to attract their notice that she looked back at them only three times.

John Thorpe kept of course with Catherine, and after a few minutes' silence renewed the conversation about his gig:—"You will find, however, Miss Morland, it would be reckoned a cheap thing by some people, for I might have sold it for ten guineas more the next day; Jackson of Oriel bid me sixty at once; Morland was with me at the time."

"Yes," said Morland, who overheard this; "but you forgot that your horse was included."

"My horse! oh, d—— it! I would not sell my horse for a hundred. Are you fond of an open carriage, Miss Morland?"

"Yes, very: I have hardly ever an opportunity of being in one; but I am particularly fond of it."

"I am glad of it: I will drive you out in mine every day."

"Thank you," said Catherine, in some distress, from a doubt of the propriety of accepting such an offer.

"I will drive you up Lansdown Hill to-morrow."

"Thank you; but will not your horse want rest?"

"Rest! he has only come three-and-twenty miles to-day; all nonsense: nothing ruins horses so much as rest; nothing knocks them up so soon. No, no: I shall exercise mine at the average of four hours every day while I am here."

"Shall you, indeed!" said Catherine, very seriously: "that will be forty miles a day."

"Forty! ay, fifty, for what I care. Well, I will drive you up Lansdown to-morrow; mind, I am engaged."

"How delightful that will be!" cried Isabella, turning round; "my dearest Catherine, I quite envy you; but I am afraid, brother, you will not have room for a third."

"A third, indeed! no, no; I did not come to Bath to drive my sisters about: that would be a good joke, faith! Morland must take care of you."

This brought on a dialogue of civilities between the other two; but Catherine heard neither the particulars nor the result. Her companion's discourse now sunk from its hitherto animated pitch to nothing more than a short, decisive sentence of praise or condemnation on the face of every woman they met; and Catherine, after listening and agreeing as long as she could, with all the civility and deference of the youthful female mind, fearful of hazarding an opinion of its own in opposition to that of a self-assured man, especially where the beauty of her own sex is concerned, ventured at length to vary the subject by a question which had been long uppermost in her thoughts. It was, "Have you ever read '*Udolpho*,' Mr. Thorpe?"

"'*Udolpho*'! O Lord! not I: I never read novels; I have something else to do."

Catherine, humbled and ashamed, was going to apologize for her question; but he prevented her by saying, "Novels are all so full of nonsense and stuff! there has not been a tolerable decent one come out since '*Tom Jones*,' except the '*Monk*'; I read that t'other day: but as for all the others, they are the stupidest things in creation."

"I think you must like '*Udolpho*', if you were to read it: it is so very interesting."

"Not I, faith! No, if I read any, it shall be Mrs. Radcliffe's; her novels are amusing enough: they are worth reading; some fun and nature in *them*."

"'*Udolpho*' was written by Mrs. Radcliffe," said Catherine, with some hesitation, from the fear of mortifying him.

"No, sure; was it? Ay, I remember, so it was; I was thinking of that other stupid book, written by that woman they made such a fuss about; she who married the French emigrant."

"I suppose you mean 'Camilla'?"

"Yes, that's the book: such unnatural stuff! An old man playing at see-saw: I took up the first volume once, and looked it over, but I soon found it would not do; indeed, I guessed what sort of stuff it must be before I saw it; as soon as I heard she had married an emigrant, I was sure I should never be able to get through it."

"I have never read it."

"You have no loss, I assure you; it is the horridest nonsense you can imagine: there is nothing in the world in it but an old man's playing at see-saw and learning Latin; upon my soul, there is not."

This critique, the justness of which was unfortunately lost on poor Catherine, brought them to the door of Mrs. Thorpe's lodgings, and the feelings of the discerning and unprejudiced reader of 'Camilla' gave way to the feelings of the dutiful and affectionate son, as they met Mrs. Thorpe, who had described them from above, in the passage. "Ah, mother, how do you do?" said he, giving her a hearty shake of the hand; "where did you get that quiz of a hat? it makes you look like an old witch. Here is Morland and I come to stay a few days with you; so you must look out for a couple of good beds somewhere near." And this address seemed to satisfy all the fondest wishes of the mother's heart, for she received him with the most delighted and exulting affection. On his two younger sisters he then bestowed an equal portion of his fraternal tenderness, for he asked each of them how they did, and observed that they both looked very ugly.

FAMILY TRAINING

From 'Mansfield Park'

[Fanny Price, a girl of good birth belonging to a poor but too numerous family, is invited by her uncle, Sir Thomas Bertram, to his country seat at Mansfield Park. The following paragraphs describe her reception by her patronizing cousins Maria and Julia, girls about her own age who have had the advantage of a superior social position and education. Maria and Julia are encouraged in their patronizing attitude by their indulgent aunt, Mrs. Norris, who is Lady Bertram's and Mrs. Price's sister.]

AS her [Fanny Price's] appearance and spirits improved, Sir Thomas and Mrs. Norris thought with greater satisfaction of their benevolent plan; and it was pretty soon decided between them, that though far from clever, she showed a tractable disposition, and seemed likely to give them little trouble. A mean opinion of her abilities was not confined to *them*.

Fanny could read, work, and write, but she had been taught nothing more; and as her cousins found her ignorant of many things with which they had been long familiar, they thought her prodigiously stupid, and for the first two or three weeks were continually bringing some fresh report of it into the drawing-room. "Dear mamma, only think, my cousin cannot put the map of Europe together"—or "my cousin cannot tell the principal rivers in Russia"—or "she never heard of Asia Minor"—or "she does not know the difference between water-colors and crayons! How strange! Did you ever hear anything so stupid?"

"My dear," their aunt would reply, "it is very bad, but you must not expect everybody to be as quick at learning as yourself."

"But, aunt, she is really so very ignorant! Do you know, we asked her last night which way she would go to get to Ireland; and she said she should cross to the Isle of Wight. She thinks of nothing but the Isle of Wight, and she calls it *the Island*, as if there were no other island in the world. I am sure I should have been ashamed of myself, if I had not known better long before I was so old as she is. I cannot remember the time when I did not know a great deal that she has not the least notion of yet. How long ago it is, aunt, since we used to repeat the chronological order of the kings of England, with the dates of their accession, and most of the principal events of their reigns!"

"Yes," added the other; "and of the Roman emperors as low as Severus; besides a great deal of the heathen mythology, and all the metals, semi-metals, planets, and distinguished philosophers."

"Very true, indeed, my dears, but you are blessed with wonderful memories, and your poor cousin has probably none at all. There is a vast deal of difference in memories, as well as in everything else; and therefore you must make allowance for your cousin, and pity her deficiency. And remember that if you are ever so forward and clever yourselves, you should always be modest, for, much as you know already, there is a great deal more for you to learn."

"Yes, I know there is, till I am seventeen. But I must tell you another thing of Fanny, so odd and so stupid. Do you know, she says she does not want to learn either music or drawing?"

"To be sure, my dear, that is very stupid indeed, and shows a great want of genius and emulation. But, all things considered, I do not know whether it is not as well that it should be so: for though you know (owing to me) your papa and mamma are so good as to bring her up with you, it is not at all necessary that she should be as accomplished as you are; on the contrary, it is much more desirable that there should be a difference."

Such were the counsels by which Mrs. Norris assisted to form her nieces' minds; and it is not very wonderful that, with all their promising talents and early information, they should be entirely deficient in the less common acquirements of self-knowledge, generosity, and humility. In everything but disposition, they were admirably taught. Sir Thomas did not know what was

wanting, because, though a truly anxious father, he was not outwardly affectionate, and the reserve of his manner repressed all the flow of their spirits before him.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS

[Fanny, by her modest charm and constant helpfulness, becomes year after year a more valued member of the family at Mansfield Park. In the absence abroad of Sir Thomas Bertram, the young people are encouraged by visiting friends and Mrs. Norris to undertake amusements of which they knew their father would not approve. Fanny endeavors in vain to dissuade them and refuses to take any part.]

FANNY looked on and listened, not unamused to observe the selfishness which, more or less disguised, seemed to govern them all, and wondering how it would end. . . .

Three of the characters were now cast, besides Mr. Rushworth, who was always answered for by Maria as willing to do anything; when Julia, meaning, like her sister, to be Agatha, began to be scrupulous on Miss Crawford's account.

"This is not behaving well by the absent," said she. "Here are not women enough. Amelia and Agatha may do for Maria and me, but here is nothing for your sister, Mr. Crawford."

Mr. Crawford desired *that* might not be thought of; he was very sure his sister had no wish of acting but as she might be useful, and that she would not allow herself to be considered in the present case. But this was immediately opposed by Tom Bertram, who asserted the part of Amelia to be in every respect the property of Miss Crawford, if she would accept it. "It falls as naturally as necessarily to her," said he, "as Agatha does to one or other of my sisters. It can be no sacrifice on their side, for it is highly comic."

A short silence followed. Each sister looked anxious; for each felt the best claim to Agatha, and was hoping to have it pressed on her by the rest. Henry Crawford, who meanwhile had taken up the play, and with seeming carelessness was turning over the first act, soon settled the business.

"I must entreat Miss *Julia* Bertram," said he, "not to engage in the part of Agatha, or it will be the ruin of all my solemnity. You must not, indeed you must not [turning to her]. I could not stand your countenance dressed up in woe and paleness. The many laughs we have had together would infallibly come across me, and Frederick and his knapsack would be obliged to run away."

Pleasantly, courteously, it was spoken; but the manner was lost in the matter to Julia's feelings. She saw a glance at Maria, which confirmed the injury to

herself: it was a scheme, a trick; she was slighted, Maria was preferred; the smile of triumph which Maria was trying to suppress showed how well it was understood: and before Julia could command herself enough to speak, her brother gave his weight against her too, by saying, "Oh yes! Maria must be Agatha. Maria will be the best Agatha. Though Julia fancies she prefers tragedy, I would not trust her in it. There is nothing of tragedy about her. She has not the look of it. Her features are not tragic features, and she walks too quick, and speaks too quick, and would not keep her countenance. She had better do the old countrywoman — the Cottager's wife; you had, indeed, Julia. Cottager's wife is a very pretty part, I assure you. The old lady relieves the high-flown benevolence of her husband with a good deal of spirit. You shall be the Cottager's wife."

"Cottager's wife!" cried Mr. Yates. "What are you talking of? The most trivial, paltry, insignificant part; the merest commonplace; not a tolerable speech in the whole. Your sister do that! It is an insult to propose it. At Ecclesford the governess was to have done it. We all agreed that it could not be offered to anybody else. A little more justice, Mr. Manager; if you please. You do not deserve the office if you cannot appreciate the talents of your company a little better."

"Why, as to *that*, my good friends, till I and my company have really acted, there must be some guesswork; but I mean no disparagement to Julia. We cannot have two Agathas, and we must have one Cottager's wife; and I am sure I set her the example of moderation myself in being satisfied with the old Butler. If the part is trifling she will have more credit in making something of it: and if she is so desperately bent against everything humorous, let her take Cottager's speeches instead of Cottager's wife's, and so change the parts all through; *he* is solemn and pathetic enough, I am sure. It could make no difference in the play; and as for Cottager himself, when he has got his wife's speeches, *I* would undertake him with all my heart."

"With all your partiality for Cottager's wife," said Henry Crawford, "it will be impossible to make anything of it fit for your sister, and we must not suffer her good nature to be imposed on. We must not *allow* her to accept the part. She must not be left to her own complaisance. Her talents will be wanted in Amelia. Amelia is a character more difficult to be well represented than even Agatha. I consider Amelia as the most difficult character in the whole piece. It requires great powers, great nicety, to give her playfulness and simplicity without extravagance. I have seen good actresses fail in the part. Simplicity, indeed, is beyond the reach of almost every actress by profession. It requires a delicacy of feeling which they have not. It requires a gentle-woman — a Julia Bertram. You *will* undertake it, I hope?" turning to her with a look of anxious entreaty, which softened her a little; but while she hesitated what to say, her brother again interposed with Miss Crawford's better claim.

"No, no, Julia must not be Amelia. It is not at all the part for her. She would not like it. She would not do well. She is too tall and robust. Amelia should be a small, light, girlish, skipping figure. It is fit for Miss Crawford, and Miss Crawford only. She looks the part, and I am persuaded will do it admirably."

Without attending to this, Henry Crawford continued his supplication. "You must oblige us," said he, "indeed you must. When you have studied the character I am sure you will feel it suits you. Tragedy may be your choice, but it will certainly appear that comedy chooses *you*. You will have to visit me in prison with a basket of provisions; you will not refuse to visit me in prison? I think I see you coming in with your basket."

The influence of his voice was felt. Julia wavered; but was he only trying to soothe and pacify her, and make her overlook the previous affront? She distrusted him. The slight had been most determined. He was, perhaps, but at treacherous play with her. She looked suspiciously at her sister; Maria's countenance was to decide it; if she were vexed and alarmed—but Maria looked all serenity and satisfaction, and Julia well knew that on this ground Maria could not be happy but at her expense. With hasty indignation, therefore, and a tremulous voice, she said to him, "You do not seem afraid of not keeping your countenance when I come in with a basket of provisions—though one might have supposed—but it is only as Agatha that I was to be so overpowering!" She stopped, Henry Crawford looked rather foolish, and as if he did not know what to say. Tom Bertram began again:—

"Miss Crawford must be Amelia. She will be an excellent Amelia."

"Do not be afraid of *my* wanting the character," cried Julia, with angry quickness: "I am *not* to be Agatha, and I am sure I will do nothing else; and as to Amelia, it is of all parts in the world the most disgusting to me. I quite detest her. An odious little, pert, unnatural, impudent girl. I have always protested against comedy, and this is comedy in its worst form." And so saying, she walked hastily out of the room, leaving awkward feelings to more than one, but exciting small compassion in any except Fanny, who had been a quiet auditor of the whole, and who could not think of her as under the agitations of *jealousy* without great pity. . . .

The inattention of the two brothers and the aunt to Julia's discomposure, and their blindness to its true cause, must be imputed to the fullness of their own minds. They were totally preoccupied. Tom was engrossed by the concerns of his theater, and saw nothing that did not immediately relate to it. Edmund, between his theatrical and his real part—between Miss Crawford's claims and his own conduct—between love and consistency, was equally unobservant: and Mrs. Norris was too busy in contriving and directing the general little matters of the company, superintending their various dresses with economical expedients, for which nobody thanked her, and saving, with

delighted integrity, half-a-crown here and there to the absent Sir Thomas, to have leisure for watching the behavior, or guarding the happiness, of his daughters.

FRUITLESS REGRETS AND APPLES OF SODOM

[The unexpected return of Sir Thomas Bertram puts an end to the rehearsals and disperses the house party. Deserted by Henry Crawford, Maria Bertram makes an advantageous marriage with Mr. Rushworth, a neighboring landowner, but she finds him a dull and unenterprising husband and returns to her passion for Henry Crawford; his affections are in reality engaged by Fanny's simpler charm and keener intelligence, but he allows himself to be swayed by Maria Rushworth's ardent romantic temperament and they run away together. Sir Thomas is mortified by the disgrace to the family and sees for the first time the mistaken principles on which he has allowed his daughters to be brought up.]

TOO late he [Sir Thomas] became aware how unfavorable to the character of any young people must be the totally opposite treatment which Maria and Julia had been always experiencing at home, where the excessive indulgence and flattery of their aunt had been continually contrasted with his own severity. He saw how ill he had judged, in expecting to counteract what was wrong in Mrs. Norris by its reverse in himself, clearly saw that he had but increased the evil, by teaching them to repress their spirits in his presence so as to make their real disposition unknown to him, and sending them for all their indulgences to a person who had been able to attach them only by the blindness of her affection and the excess of her praise.

Here had been grievous mismanagement; but, bad as it was, he gradually grew to feel that it had not been the most direful mistake in his plan of education. Something must have been wanting *within*, or time would have worn away much of its ill effect. He feared that principle, active principle, had been wanting; that they had never been properly taught to govern their inclinations and tempers, by that sense of duty which can alone suffice. They had been instructed theoretically in their religion, but never required to bring it into daily practice. To be distinguished for elegance and accomplishments — the authorized object of their youth — could have had no useful influence that way, no moral effect on the mind. He had meant them to be good, but his cares had been directed to the understanding and manners, not the disposition; and of the necessity of self-denial and humility, he feared they had never heard from any lips that could profit them.

Bitterly did he deplore a deficiency which now he could scarcely comprehend to have been possible. Wretchedly did he feel, that with all the cost and care of an anxious and expensive education, he had brought up his daughters without their understanding their first duties, or his being acquainted with their character and temper.

The high spirit and strong passions of Mrs. Rushworth [Maria] especially were made known to him only in their sad result. She was not to be prevailed on to leave Mr. Crawford. She hoped to marry him, and they continued together till she was obliged to be convinced that such hope was vain, and till the disappointment and wretchedness arising from the conviction rendered her temper so bad, and her feelings for him so like hatred, as to make them for a while each other's punishment, and then induce a voluntary separation.

She had lived with him to be reproached as the ruin of all his happiness in Fanny, and carried away no better consolation in leaving him, than that she had divided them. What can exceed the misery of such a mind in such a situation!

Mr. Rushworth had no difficulty in procuring a divorce; and so ended a marriage contracted under such circumstances as to make any better end the effect of good luck, not to be reckoned on. She had despised him, and loved another—and he had been very much aware that it was so. The indignities of stupidity, and the disappointments of selfish passion, can excite little pity. His punishment followed his conduct, as did a deeper punishment the deeper guilt of his wife. *He* was released from the engagement, to be mortified and unhappy till some other pretty girl could attract him into matrimony again, and he might set forward on a second, and it is to be hoped more prosperous trial of the state—if duped, to be duped at least with good humor and good luck; while *she* must withdraw with infinitely stronger feelings, to a retirement and reproach which could allow no second spring of hope or character.

Where she could be placed, became a subject of most melancholy and momentous consultation. Mrs. Norris, whose attachment seemed to augment with the demerits of her niece, would have had her received at home and countenanced by them all. Sir Thomas would not hear of it; and Mrs. Norris's anger against Fanny was so much the greater, from considering *her* residence there as the motive. She persisted in placing his scruples to *her* account, though Sir Thomas very solemnly assured her that had there been no young woman in question, had there been no young person of either sex belonging to him, to be endangered by the society or hurt by the character of Mrs. Rushworth, he would never have offered so great an insult to the neighborhood as to expect it to notice her. As a daughter—he hoped a penitent one—she should be protected by him, and secured in every comfort and supported by every encouragement to do right which their relative situations admitted; but farther than *that* he would not go. Maria had destroyed her own character; and he would not, by a vain attempt to restore what never could be restored, be afford-

ing his sanction to vice, or, in seeking to lessen its disgrace, be anywise accessory to introducing such misery in another man's family as he had known himself. . . .

Henry Crawford, ruined by early independence and bad domestic example, indulged in the freaks of a cold-blooded vanity a little too long. Once it had, by an opening undesigned and unmerited, led him into the way of happiness. Could he have been satisfied with the conquest of one amiable woman's affections, could he have found sufficient exultation in overcoming the reluctance, in working himself into the esteem and tenderness of Fanny Price, there would have been every probability of success and felicity for him. His affection had already done something. Her influence over him had already given him some influence over her. Would he have deserved more, there can be no doubt that more would have been obtained; especially when that marriage had taken place, which would have given him the assistance of her conscience in subduing her first inclination, and brought them very often together. Would he have persevered, and uprightly, Fanny must have been his reward—and a reward very voluntarily bestowed—within a reasonable period from Edmund's marrying Mary. Had he done as he intended, and as he knew he ought, by going down to Everingham after his return from Portsmouth, he might have been deciding his own happy destiny. But he was pressed to stay for Mrs. Fraser's party: his staying was made of flattering consequence, and he was to meet Mrs. Rushworth there. Curiosity and vanity were both engaged, and the temptation of immediate pleasure was too strong for a mind unused to make any sacrifice to right; he resolved to defer his Norfolk journey, resolved that writing should answer the purpose of it, or that its purpose was unimportant—and stayed. He saw Mrs. Rushworth, was received by her with a coldness which ought to have been repulsive, and have established apparent indifference between them for ever: but he was mortified, he could not bear to be thrown off by the woman whose smiles had been so wholly at his command; he must exert himself to subdue so proud a display of resentment: it was anger on Fanny's account; he must get the better of it, and make Mrs. Rushworth Maria Bertram again in her treatment of himself.

In this spirit he began the attack; and by animated perseverance had soon re-established the sort of familiar intercourse—of gallantry—of flirtation—which bounded his views: but in triumphing over the discretion, which, though beginning in anger, might have saved them both, he had put himself in the power of feelings on her side more strong than he had supposed. She loved him; there was no withdrawing attentions avowedly dear to her. He was entangled by his own vanity, with as little excuse of love as possible, and without the smallest inconstancy of mind towards her cousin. To keep Fanny and the Bertrams from a knowledge of what was passing became his first object. Secrecy could not have been more desirable for Mrs. Rushworth's credit than he felt it for his own. When he returned from Richmond, he would

have been glad to see Mrs. Rushworth no more. All that followed was the result of her imprudence; and he went off with her at last because he could not help it, regretting Fanny even at the moment, but regretting her infinitely more when all the bustle of the intrigue was over, and a very few months had taught him, by the force of contrast, to place a yet higher value on the sweetness of her temper, the purity of her mind, and the excellence of her principles.

That punishment, the public punishment of disgrace, should in a just measure attend *his* share of the offense, is, we know, not one of the barriers which society gives to virtue. In this world, the penalty is less equal than could be wished; but without presuming to look forward to a juster appointment hereafter, we may fairly consider a man of sense, like Henry Crawford, to be providing for himself no small portion of vexation and regret — vexation that must rise sometimes to self-reproach, and regret to wretchedness — in having so requited hospitality, so injured family peace, so forfeited his best, most estimable, and endeared acquaintance, and so lost the woman whom he had rationally as well as passionately loved.

EDMUND BERTRAM SEES THE LIGHT

[Edmund Bertram, Sir Thomas's younger son, has believed himself in love with Mary Crawford until her frivolous behavior on the occasion of her brother's elopement with Maria Rushworth opens Edmund's eyes to her real character and lack of principle. He confides his disappointment to the patient and even eager ears of Fanny, whose constant affection for him has been aroused by his steady kindness to her since her first arrival at Mansfield Park as a little girl.]

SCARCELY had he [Edmund] done regretting Mary Crawford, and observing to Fanny how impossible it was that he should ever meet with such another woman, before it began to strike him whether a very different kind of woman might not do just as well — or a great deal better; whether Fanny herself were not growing as dear, as important to him, in all her smiles and all her ways, as Mary Crawford had ever been; and whether it might not be a possible, a hopeful undertaking to persuade her that her warm and sisterly regard for him would be foundation enough for wedded love.

I purposely abstain from dates on this occasion, that everyone may be at liberty to fix their own, aware that the cure of unconquerable passions and the transfer of unchanging attachments must vary much as to time in different people. I only entreat everybody to believe that exactly at the time

when it was quite natural that it should be so, and not a week earlier, Edmund did cease to care about Miss Crawford, and became as anxious to marry Fanny as Fanny herself could desire.

With such a regard for her, indeed, as his had long been,—a regard founded on the most endearing claims of innocence and helplessness, and completed by every recommendation of growing worth, what could be more natural than the change? Loving, guiding, protecting her, as he had been doing ever since her being ten years old, her mind in so great a degree formed by his care, and her comfort depending on his kindness, an object to him of such close and peculiar interest, dearer by all his own importance with her than anyone else at Mansfield, what was there now to add, but that he should learn to prefer soft light eyes to sparkling dark ones? And being always with her, and always talking confidentially, and his feelings exactly in that favorable state which a recent disappointment gives, those soft light eyes could not be very long in obtaining the pre-eminence.

Having once set out, and felt that he had done so, on this road to happiness, there was nothing on the side of prudence to stop him or make his progress slow,—no doubts of her deserving, no fears from opposition of taste, no need of drawing new hopes of happiness from dissimilarity of temper. Her mind, disposition, opinions, and habits wanted no half concealment, no self-deception on the present, no reliance on future improvement. Even in the midst of his late infatuation, he had acknowledged Fanny's mental superiority. What must be his sense of it now, therefore! She was, of course, only too good for him; but as nobody minds having what is too good for them, he was very steadily earnest in the pursuit of the blessing, and it was not possible that encouragement from her should be long waiting. Timid, anxious, doubting as she was, it was still impossible that such tenderness as hers should not at times hold out the strongest hope of success, though it remained for a later period to tell him the whole delightful and astonishing truth. His happiness in knowing himself to have been so long the beloved of such a heart must have been great enough to warrant any strength of language in which he could clothe it to her or to himself; it must have been a delightful happiness. But there was happiness elsewhere which no description can reach. Let no one presume to give the feelings of a young woman on receiving the assurance of that affection of which she has scarcely allowed herself to entertain a hope.

Their own inclinations ascertained, there were no difficulties behind, no drawback of poverty or parent. It was a match which Sir Thomas's wishes had even forestalled. Sick of ambitious and mercenary connections, prizing more and more the sterling good of principle and temper, and chiefly anxious to bind by the strongest securities all that remained to him of domestic felicity, he had pondered with genuine satisfaction on the more than possibility of the two young friends finding their mutual consolation in each other for all that had occurred of disappointment to either; and the joyful consent which

met Edmund's application, the high sense of having realized a great acquisition in the promise of Fanny for a daughter, formed just such a contrast with his early opinion on the subject when the poor little girl's coming had been first agitated, as time is forever producing between the plans and decisions of mortals, for their own instruction and their neighbor's entertainment.

FAMILY DOCTORS

From 'Emma'

WHILE they were thus comfortably occupied, Mr. Woodhouse was enjoying a full flow of happy regrets and tearful affection with his daughter.

"My poor, dear Isabella," said he, fondly taking her hand, and interrupting for a few moments her busy labors for some one of her five children, "how long it is, how terribly long since you were here! And how tired you must be after your journey! You must go to bed early, my dear,—and I recommend a little gruel to you before you go. You and I will have a nice basin of gruel together. My dear Emma, suppose we all have a little gruel."

Emma could not suppose any such thing, knowing as she did that both the Mr. Knightleys were as unpersuadable on that article as herself, and two basins only were ordered. After a little more discourse in praise of gruel, with some wondering at its not being taken every evening by everybody, he proceeded to say, with an air of grave reflection: —

"It was an awkward business, my dear, your spending the autumn at South End instead of coming here. I never had much opinion of the sea air."

"Mr. Wingfield most strenuously recommended it, sir, or we should not have gone. He recommended it for all the children, but particularly for the weakness in little Bella's throat,—both sea air and bathing."

"Ah, my dear, but Perry had many doubts about the sea doing her any good; and as to myself, I have been long perfectly convinced, though perhaps I never told you so before, that the sea is very rarely of use to anybody. I am sure it almost killed me once."

"Come, come," cried Emma, feeling this to be an unsafe subject, "I must beg you not to talk of the sea. It makes me envious and miserable; I who have never seen it! South End is prohibited, if you please. My dear Isabella, I have not heard you make one inquiry after Mr. Perry yet; and he never forgets you."

"Oh, good Mr. Perry, how is he, sir?"

"Why, pretty well; but not quite well. Poor Perry is bilious, and he has not time to take care of himself; he tells me he has not time to take care of him-

self—which is very sad—but he is always wanted all round the country. I suppose there is not a man in such practice anywhere. But then, there is not so clever a man anywhere."

"And Mrs. Perry and the children, how are they? Do the children grow? I have a great regard for Mr. Perry. I hope he will be calling soon. He will be so pleased to see my little ones."

"I hope he will be here tomorrow, for I have a question or two to ask him about myself of some consequence. And, my dear, whenever he comes, you had better let him look at little Bella's throat."

"Oh, my dear sir, her throat is so much better that I have hardly any uneasiness about it. Either bathing has been of the greatest service to her, or else it is to be attributed to an excellent embrocation of Mr. Wingfield's, which we have been applying at times ever since August."

"It is not very likely, my dear, that bathing should have been of use to her; and if I had known you were wanting an embrocation, I would have spoken to—"

"You seem to me to have forgotten Mrs. and Miss Bates," said Emma: "I have not heard one inquiry after them."

"Oh, the good Bateses—I am quite ashamed of myself; but you mention them in most of your letters. I hope they are quite well. Good old Mrs. Bates. I will call upon her tomorrow, and take my children. They are always so pleased to see my children. And that excellent Miss Bates!—such thorough worthy people! How are they, sir?"

"Why, pretty well, my dear, upon the whole. But poor Mrs. Bates had a bad cold about a month ago."

"How sorry I am! but colds were never so prevalent as they have been this autumn. Mr. Wingfield told me that he had never known them more general or heavy, except when it has been quite an influenza."

"That has been a good deal the case, my dear, but not to the degree you mention. Perry says that colds have been very general, but not so heavy as he has very often known them in November. Perry does not call it altogether a sickly season."

"No, I do not know that Mr. Wingfield considers it *very* sickly, except—"

"Ah, my poor, dear child, the truth is, that in London it is always a sickly season. Nobody is healthy in London, nobody can be. It is a dreadful thing to have you forced to live there;—so far off!—and the air so bad!"

"No, indeed, *we* are not at all in a bad air. Our part of London is so very superior to most others. You must not confound us with London in general, my dear sir. The neighborhood of Brunswick Square is very different from almost all the rest. We are so very airy! I should be unwilling, I own, to live in any other part of the town; there is hardly any other that I could be satisfied to have my children in: but *we* are so remarkably airy! Mr. Wingfield thinks the vicinity of Brunswick Square decidedly the most favorable as to air."

"Ah, my dear, it is not like Hartfield. You make the best of it—but after you have been a week at Hartfield, you are all of you different creatures; you do not look like the same. Now, I cannot say that I think you are any of you looking well at present."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, sir; but I assure you, excepting those little nervous headaches and palpitations which I am never entirely free from anywhere, I am quite well myself; and if the children were rather pale before they went to bed, it was only because they were a little more tired than usual from their journey and the happiness of coming. I hope you will think better of their looks tomorrow; for I assure you Mr. Wingfield told me that he did not believe he had ever sent us off, altogether, in such good case. I trust at least that you do not think Mr. Knightley looking ill," turning her eyes with affectionate anxiety toward her husband.

"Middling, my dear; I cannot compliment you. I think Mr. John Knightley very far from looking well."

"What is the matter, sir? Did you speak to me?" cried Mr. John Knightley, hearing his own name.

"I am sorry to find, my love, that my father does not think you looking well; but I hope it is only from being a little fatigued. I could have wished, however, as you know, that you had seen Mr. Wingfield before you left home."

"My dear Isabella," exclaimed he hastily, "pray do not concern yourself about my looks. Be satisfied with doctoring and coddling yourself and the children, and let me look as I choose."

"I did not thoroughly understand what you were telling your brother," cried Emma, "about your friend Mr. Graham's intending to have a bailiff from Scotland to look after his new estate. But will it answer? Will not the old prejudice be too strong?"

And she talked in this way so long and successfully that, when forced to give her attention again to her father and sister, she had nothing worse to hear than Isabella's kind inquiry after Jane Fairfax; and Jane Fairfax, though no great favorite with her in general, she was at that moment very happy to assist in praising.

"That sweet, amiable Jane Fairfax!" said Mrs. John Knightley. "It is so long since I have seen her, except now and then for a moment accidentally in town. What happiness it must be to her good old grandmother and excellent aunt when she comes to visit them! I always regret excessively, on dear Emma's account, that she cannot be more at Highbury; but now their daughter is married I suppose Colonel and Mrs. Campbell will not be able to part with her at all. She would be such a delightful companion for Emma."

Mr. Woodhouse agreed to it all, but added: —

"Our little friend Harriet Smith, however, is just such another pretty kind

of young person. You will like Harriet. Emma could not have a better companion than Harriet."

"I am most happy to hear it; but only Jane Fairfax one knows to be so very accomplished and superior, and exactly Emma's age."

This topic was discussed very happily, and others succeeded of similar moment, and passed away with similar harmony; but the evening did not close without a little return of agitation. The gruel came and supplied a great deal to be said—much praise and many comments—undoubting decision of its wholesomeness for every constitution, and pretty severe philippics upon the many houses where it was never met with tolerably; but unfortunately, among the failures which the daughter had to instance, the most recent and therefore most prominent was in her own cook at South End, a young woman hired for the time, who never had been able to understand what she meant by a basin of nice smooth gruel, thin, but not too thin. Often as she had wished for and ordered it, she had never been able to get anything tolerable. Here was a dangerous opening.

"Ah," said Mr. Woodhouse, shaking his head, and fixing his eyes on her with tender concern. The ejaculation in Emma's ear expressed, "Ah, there is no end of the sad consequences of your going to South End. It does not bear talking of." And for a little while she hoped he would not talk of it, and that a silent ruminations might suffice to restore him to the relish of his own smooth gruel. After an interval of some minutes, however, he began with—

"I shall always be very sorry that you went to the sea this autumn, instead of coming here."

"But why should you be sorry, sir? I assure you it did the children a great deal of good."

"And moreover, if you must go to the sea, it had better not have been to South End. South End is an unhealthy place. Perry was surprised to hear you had fixed upon South End."

"I know there is such an idea with many people, but indeed it is quite a mistake, sir. We all had our health perfectly well there, never found the least inconvenience from the mud, and Mr. Wingfield says it is entirely a mistake to suppose the place unhealthy; and I am sure he may be depended on, for he thoroughly understands the nature of the air, and his own brother and family have been there repeatedly."

"You should have gone to Cromer, my dear, if you went anywhere. Perry was a week at Cromer once, and he holds it to be the best of all the sea-bathing places. A fine open sea, he says, and very pure air. And by what I understand, you might have had lodgings there quite away from the sea—a quarter of a mile off—very comfortable. You should have consulted Perry."

"But my dear sir, the difference of the journey: only consider how great it would have been. A hundred miles, perhaps, instead of forty."

"Ah, my dear, as Perry says, where health is at stake, nothing else should be considered; and if one is to travel, there is not much to choose between forty miles and a hundred. Better not move at all, better stay in London altogether than travel forty miles to get into a worse air. This is just what Perry said. It seemed to him a very ill-judged measure."

Emma's attempts to stop her father had been vain; and when he had reached such a point as this, she could not wonder at her brother-in-law's breaking out.

"Mr. Perry," said he, in a voice of very strong displeasure, "would do as well to keep his opinion till it is asked for. Why does he make it any business of his to wonder at what I do? — at my taking my family to one part of the coast or another? I may be allowed, I hope, the use of my judgment as well as Mr. Perry. I want his directions no more than his drugs." He paused, and growing cooler in a moment, added, with only sarcastic dryness, "If Mr. Perry can tell me how to convey a wife and five children a distance of a hundred and thirty miles with no greater expense or inconvenience than a distance of forty, I should be as willing to prefer Cromer to South End as he could himself."

"True, true," cried Mr. Knightley, with most ready interposition, "very true. That's a consideration, indeed. But, John, as to what I was telling you of my idea of moving the path to Langham, of turning it more to the right that it may not cut through the home meadows, I cannot conceive any difficulty. I should not attempt it, if it were to be the means of inconvenience to the Highbury people, but if you call to mind exactly the present light of the path — The only way of proving it, however, will be to turn to our maps. I shall see you at the Abbey tomorrow morning, I hope, and then we will look them over, and you shall give me your opinion."

Mr. Woodhouse was rather agitated by such harsh reflections on his friend Perry, to whom he had in fact, though unconsciously, been attributing many of his own feelings and expressions; but the soothing attentions of his daughters gradually removed the present evil, and the immediate alertness of one brother, and better recollections of the other, prevented any renewal of it.

CHARLES LAMB

TO find anything new to write about Charles Lamb might tax the ingenuity of the most versatile and resourceful critic in the Old or New World. And yet experience shows that the lovers of Elia are never weary of listening for something more about him, and continue to welcome whatever crumbs of anecdote or fragments of biographical fact may have yet escaped collection. And this very circumstance shows that Lamb stands in a category of English-speaking humorists which is not large. Of whom could be said precisely the same thing, except such few as Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Johnson, Scott, — writers, that is to say, in whom the human personality is as interesting as or even more so than anything they have written? We are interested in Shakespeare's personality, indeed, because of the very little we know about him. We are interested in Goldsmith or Lamb because we know so much, and feel towards them more as personal friends than as authors.

The personality of Lamb, indeed, is so inwrought and intertwined with the very fiber of his essays and letters that it is impossible to separate criticism of the one from that of the other. His life is written in the confidential utterances of his essays; and his occasional verse embodies allusions, even more intimate and touching, to the sadder epochs and incidents of that life. The saddest of all such incidents was in the first instance recorded in the most famous of all his lyrics — the 'Old Familiar Faces'; though Lamb rightly and wisely withdrew, when the first spasm of bitter emotion was past, the stanza concerning his mother's death.

Egotism in a writer is either the most unattractive of qualities or the most engaging. We either rejoice in it or resent it. There is hardly a third course possible. We resent it when it is a mere "trap for admiration," or a palpable desire to establish the writer's importance. We welcome it when the heart is pure, when there is the requisite genius and individuality to make it precious. But the writer who indulges in perpetual confidences as to self must be like Cæsar's wife, "beyond suspicion": the faintest tinge of self-consciousness is fatal to the charm of self-disclosure. Charles Lamb possesses this charm; and hence his extraordinary popularity with thousands even of those whose acquaintance with his favorite authors would not of itself suffice to make them appreciate his multifarious allusiveness. Lamb was a man of widest reading; and in directions in which the ordinary reader even now, after a hundred years or so, is little versed. But thus far back, it is not too much to say that the very names of the old English writers on whom Lamb's love of poetry had been chiefly fed, were unknown to the bulk of the magazine readers whom in his

essays he first addressed. It was not therefore to exhibit his reading or his antiquarian research, that he interlarded his discourse with the words of Massinger or Marlowe, Marvell or Sidney, Fuller or Sir Thomas Browne. He did not even, for the most part, introduce his quotations with any names attached. He cited them usually without even inverted commas. He had himself roamed at will in gardens and orchards of exquisite beauty and flavor, and could not help pouring what he had gathered at the feet of his readers. And his instinct did not fail him in taking this course. It was a curiously bold step, that of daring, when invited to contribute essays to the London Magazine, to depart from the familiar didactic or allegorical type which had been set by the Spectator or Rambler, and trust to the perennial attraction of the humblest human experiences. The 'South Sea House' was not an alluring title for the first essay he contributed. The 'South Sea Bubble' might have been; but all that remained of the once famous speculation was a building and a staff of clerks. But yet every dingiest and most old-fashioned institution in which men go to and fro about their business has its human side; and wherever there were men, or the traditions of men, Lamb could make their companionship full of charm. And how exquisite a thing did he make out of the memories of that old building where only two years of his own boyish life were spent: —

"This was once a house of trade, a center of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here, the quick pulse of gain; and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces, — deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, doorkeepers — directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt leather coverings, supporting many silver inkstands long since dry — "

"There are many echoes," Goethe said, "but few voices." It is the "voices" in literature that become classics. The echoes have their short life and then die away. Lamb is one of such voices; and thus he has lived, and will live. It was not a voice that protested or proclaimed much, — and certainly never from the housetops, — but it was his own. "Compounded of many simples," like the melancholy of Jaques in the forest, Lamb's humor was altogether free from the self-assertion or the discontent of the exiled philosopher of Arden. His sweet acquiescence in the burdens and sorrows of his life was rather that of the laughing philosopher Touchstone, whom Shakespeare has pitted against the more specious moralist. He would have pleaded that if the manner he had adopted was strange or ill-favored, it was at least "his own."

It is remarkable that Lamb's most universally popular essay, that on 'Roast Pig,' is by no means one of his most characteristic. It is not too much to say that many inferior humorists could have made a success almost as great out of

the same material. For in this case Lamb had a really humorous notion put into his head. Given the accidental discovery of the gastronomic value of cooked meat, the humorous possibilities are at once perceptible. It is where the raw material of the essay is nothing and the treatment everything that the real individuality of Lamb stands forth. It is in such essays as the 'Praise of Chimney-Sweepers,' or 'Mrs. Battle on Whist,' or the 'Recollections of an old Manor-House in Hertfordshire,' that we are to look for what gives Lamb his unique place in literature and in the hearts of those who love him.

There is food, however, for many tastes in Charles Lamb. There is the infinite pathos of such a revelation as that in 'Dream Children,' which for delicate beauty and tenderness has no rival in English literature; there is the consummate observation and criticism of human character in 'Imperfect Sympathies'; there is the perfection of narrative art in such an anecdote as that told in 'Barbara S.'; there is the supreme esthetic quality, as where he descants on the superiority of Shakespeare to any of his contemporaries, or where he compels our admiration for the moral value of such a satirist as Hogarth. We are always discovering some new faculty in Lamb, and passing from one to another with astonishing suddenness, — from the poet to the humorist, from the moral teacher to the esthetic critic; and all the while the manner is often so like that of the gossip and jester that the reader would undervalue it as very "easy writing," did we not know by Lamb's own confessions that his most lucid and apparently facile confidences were often "wrung from him with slow pain." So certain is it always that "easy writing" makes "hard reading," and that the most seeming-casual of essays, if it is to live, must have something in it of the life-blood of the writer.

And beyond all question it is the personal experiences of Lamb that generate the supreme quality of all he wrote. It is the beauty of his character — its charity and tenderness, its capacity for lifelong sacrifice and devotion, fruits of the discipline it had undergone — that constitutes the soil which nourished even the lightest flowers and graces of his style. Lamb had contemporaries and rivals in his own walk, each with rare and attractive gifts of his own, — Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt. We owe much to both of these. Each was endowed with critical faculties of the highest order. Each in his own line has done memorable service in establishing the true canons of literary criticism. Each wrote a style of his own, as perfect for its purpose as can be conceived. Yet neither of these is loved, and lives in men's hearts, like Charles Lamb. The amiability of Leigh Hunt is too merely amiable: it has not its roots in the deep and strengthening earth of human discipline. Hazlitt was altogether wanting in the quality. He showed "light," but without "sweetness": without the latter grace no writer can make himself dear to his readers.

Moreover, no writer has ever attained this most enviable distinction except when his own life has been told in minutest detail, either by himself or others. Lamb's writings are in the main personal confidences; and in addition we pos-

sess his letters,—the most complete as well as the most fascinating disclosure of a personality in our literature,—as well as having the testimony of "troops of friends." There is something that wins and touches us all in the frank disclosure of a private history. What would Goldsmith have been to us but for Washington Irving and John Forster; or Johnson without Boswell; or Scott without Lockhart, and the frank and deeply pathetic admissions of his own Journal? The sorrows and the struggles of these widely different men draw us to them. Our delight in all that they have written for us is heightened and sanctified by our pity for the individual man. And this is the reward of the true men, who live out their real selves before us, and therefore are a joy forever; while the men who only *pose*, live their brief hour on the stage and then cease to be!

ALFRED AINGER

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE — Charles Lamb (1775–1834) was born in the very heart of London, and was educated there as a "blue coat" boy at Christ's Hospital along with Coleridge; he spent most of his life in the city as a clerk in the service of the East India Company. His occasional excursions into the neighboring county of Hertfordshire are commemorated in the 'Mackery End' and other essays. There he met the "fair Alice" of 'Dream Children,' but this youthful passion of his led to one of those mental breakdowns to which he and his sister Mary (the Bridget Elia of the Essays) were subject. In a sudden fit of insanity Mary Lamb caused her mother's death, and Charles devoted the rest of his life to his sister's care. His first literary success was the 'Tales from Shakespeare' they wrote together; in the 'Essays of Elia,' which he contributed to the London Magazine (1820–25), he established a reputation as an essayist which grows rather than weakens with the lapse of time. The personal charm and whimsical humor, combined with delicate pathos, with which Lamb invested the essay, have often been attempted since his time in this form of literary composition, but there is only one Charles Lamb and no later writer has succeeded in reproducing the divine grace of the original Elia.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

January 1798

IHAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies —
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women:
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her —
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood:
 Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother!
 Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

For some they have died, and some they have left me,
 And some are taken from me; all are departed:
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

A CHAPTER ON EARS

IHAVE no ear. — Mistake me not, reader, — nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me. — I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets — those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, or done anything to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement, which contrained him to draw upon assurance — to feel "quite unabashed," and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, is it within the compass of my destiny, that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean — *for music.* — To say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet

sounds, would be a foul self-libel. — "*Water parted from the sea*" never fails to move it strangely. So does "*In infancy*." But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman — the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation — the sweetest — why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S —, once the blooming Fanny Weatheral of the Temple — who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment, which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite, for Alice W——n.

I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising "*God save the King*" all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspicion that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For, thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.'s piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlor, — on his return he was pleased to say, "*he thought it could not be the maid!*" On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on *Jenny*. But a grace snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being, — technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts, — had swayed the keys to a mood which *Jenny*, with all her (less-cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend's penetration, and not with any view of disparaging *Jenny*.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough bass I contrive to guess at from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of *that* which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to *say* I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol, Fa, Mi, Re*, is as conjuring as *Baralipiton*.

It is hard to stand alone — in an age like this, — (constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut) — to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions. — Yet, rather than break the candid current of my confessions. I must avow to you, that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes, while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive — mine at least will — spite of its inaptitude, to thrid the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds, which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest common-life sounds; — and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immovable, or affecting some faint emotion, — till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold theater in Hades, where some of the *forms* of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the *enjoyment*; or like that

party in a parlor,
All silent, and all DAMNED!

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. — Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a-dying, to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermittent effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime — these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music*.

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable: — afterwards followeth the languor, and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos; or, like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth music make her first insinuating approaches: — "Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject, which shall effect him most, *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*. A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting

an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done.—So delightsome these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them — winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humors, until at last the SCENE TURNS UPON A SUDDEN, and they being now habituated to such meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else: continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds; which now, by no means, no labor, no persuasions, they can avoid, they cannot be rid of, they cannot resist."

Something like this "SCENE-TURNING" I have experienced at the evening parties, at the house of my good Catholic friend *Nov*—; who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.¹

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side aisles of the dim abbey, some five-and-thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension — (whether it be *that*, in which the psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings — or *that other* which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind) — a holy calm pervadeth me. — I am for the time

rapt above earth,
And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive — impatient to overcome her "earthly" with his "heavenly," — still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted *German* ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant Tritons *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps, — I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end; — clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me — priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me — the genius of *his* religion hath me

¹ I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below. — *Dr. Watts.*

in her toils — a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous — he is Pope, — and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too, — tri-coroneted like himself! — I am converted, and yet a Protestant; — at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies center in my person: I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus — Gog and Magog — what not? — till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had oc-

curred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

" You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say? "

" O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, " Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste, — O Lord," — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors

would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the districts. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis* [world of eatables], I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum* [prince of dainties].

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig and pork — those

hobbydehoys — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty — with no original speck of the *amor immunditiae*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble — the mild forerunner, or *praeludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled — but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called — the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance — with the adhesive oleaginous — O call it not fat — but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat — fat cropped in the bud — taken in the shoot — in the first innocence — the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna — or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing — it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars —

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! — wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal — wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation — from these sins he is happily snatched away —

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care —

his memory is odoriferous — no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon — no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages — he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure — and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of saps. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause — too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her — like lovers' kisses, she biteth — she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish — but she stoppeth at the palate — she meddleth not with the appetite — and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite, than

he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is — good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barndoors chickens (those "tame villatic fowl,") capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate — It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of — the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I — I myself, and not another — would eat her nice cake — and what should I say to her the next time I saw her — how naughty I was to part with her pretty present — and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last — and I blamed my impudent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto —

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling — a flower.

IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in anything. Those natural repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch. — 'RELIGIO MEDICI.'

THAT the author of the 'Religio Medici,' mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences, in whose categories of being the possible took the upper hand of the actual, should have overlooked the impertinent individualities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at, that in the genus of animals he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all. For myself, — earth-bound and fettered to the scene of my activities,

Standing on earth, not rapt above the sky, —

I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or per-

sons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or when once it becomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices — made up of likings and dislikings — the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies. In a certain sense, I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species. I can feel for all indifferently, but I cannot feel towards all equally. The more purely English word that expresses sympathy will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account cannot be my mate or *fellow*. I cannot *like* all people alike.

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me — and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them — a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure, and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath, but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely.

The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth — if indeed they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clockwork. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never

witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian — you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox — he has no doubts. Is he an infidel — he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no borderland with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him, for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. "A healthy book!" said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to 'John Bunle,' — "Did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body; but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book."

Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. —. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked *my beauty* (a foolish name it goes by among my friends); when he very gravely assured me that "he had considerable respect for my character and talents" (so he was pleased to say), "but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions." The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him. Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth (as if like virtue it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected, and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way), that I wished it were the father instead of the son; when four of them started up at once to inform me that "that was impossible, because he was dead." An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive. Swift has hit off this part of their character — namely, their love of truth — in his biting way, but with an illiberality that necessarily confines the passage to the margin. The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire one another. In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen

by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your "imperfect acquaintance with many of the words he uses"; and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him. Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollett they have neither forgotten nor forgiven for his delineation of Rory and his companion upon their first introduction to our metropolis. Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume's History compared with *his* Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued 'Humphrey Clinker'?

I have, in the abstract, no disrespect for Jews. They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage. They date beyond the Pyramids. But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the nerves to enter their synagogues. Old prejudices cling about me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lincoln. Centuries of injury, contempt, and hate on the one side, of cloaked revenge, dissimulation, and hate on the other, between our and their fathers, must and ought to affect the blood of the children. I cannot believe it can run clear and kindly yet; or that a few fine words, such as "candor," "liberality," "the light of a nineteenth century," can close up the breaches of so deadly a disunion. A Hebrew is nowhere congenial to me. He is least distasteful on 'Change; for the mercantile spirit levels all distinctions, as all are beauties in the dark. I boldly confess that I do not relish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable. The reciprocal endearments have, to me, something hypocritical and unnatural in them. I do not like to see the Church and Synagogue kissing and congeeing in awkward postures of an affected civility. If *they* are converted, why do they not come over to us altogether? Why keep up a form of separation when the life of it is fled? If they can sit with us at table, why do they keck at our cookery? I do not understand these half convertites. Jews Christianizing — Christians Judaizing — puzzle me. I like fish or flesh. A moderate Jew is a more confounding piece of anomaly than a wet Quaker. The spirit of the synagogue is essentially *separative*. Braham would have been more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers. There is a fine scorn in his face, which nature meant to be of Christians. The Hebrew spirit is strong in him, in spite of his proselytism. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out when he sings, "The Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea!" The auditors for the moment are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our necks in triumph. There is no mistaking him. Braham has a strong expression of sense in his countenance, and it is confirmed by his singing. The foundation of his vocal excellence is sense. He sings with understanding, as Kemble delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments and give an appropriate character to each prohibition. His nation in general have not oversensible countenances, — how

should they? — but you seldom see a silly expression among them. Gain and the pursuit of gain sharpen a man's visage. I never heard of an idiot being born among them. Some admire the Jewish female physiognomy. I admire it — but with trembling. Jael had those full dark inscrutable eyes.

In the negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces — or rather masks — that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what Fuller beautifully calls these "images of God cut in ebony." But I should not like to associate with them, to share my meals and my good-nights with them — because they are black.

I love Quaker ways and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight or quiet voice of a Quaker acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) "to live with them." I am all over sophisticated with humors, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theaters, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whimwhams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the salads which (according to Evelyn) Eve dressed for the angel, my gusto too excited

To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves. They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth: the one applicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth bound upon the conscience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affirmations of the shop and the market-place a latitude is expected and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, "You do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath." Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency, short of falsehood, creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic truth is tolerated, where clergy-truth — oath-truth — by the nature of the circumstances is not required. A Quaker knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received, upon the most sacred occasions, without any fur-

ther test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topics of life. He looks to them naturally with more severity. You can have of him no more than his word. He knows if he is caught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows that his syllables are weighed; and how far a consciousness of this particular watchfulness exerted against a person has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a diverting of the question by honest means, might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example than is proper to be adduced upon this occasion. The admirable presence of mind which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies might be traced to this imposed self-watchfulness, if it did not seem rather an humble and secular scion of that old stock of religious constancy which never bent or faltered in the primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or accuser, under trials and racking examinations. "You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of those upright Justicers to Penn, who had been putting law cases with a puzzling subtlety. "Thereafter as the answers may be," retorted the Quaker.

The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances. I was traveling in a stagecoach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straitest nonconformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money and formally tendered it,—so much for tea; I, in humble imitation, tendering mine for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room; the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible; and now, my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence by inquiring of his next neighbor, "Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?"

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

ACLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber: who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary who has slipped a wrong card to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them as I do, from her heart and soul; and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took and gave no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight, cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sate bolt upright, and neither showed you her cards nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side — their superstitions; and I have heard her declare under the rose that hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life — and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it — saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play, or snuff a candle in the middle of a game, or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced or connived at miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmixed distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand, and who in his excess of candor declared that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do, — and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards over a book.

Pope was her favorite author; his 'Rape of the Lock' her favorite work. She once did me the favor to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem, and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustration were apposite and poignant, and I had the pleasure of sending the

substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners — a thing which the constancy of whist abhors; the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of spadille — absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter gave him no proper power above his brother nobility of the aces; the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; above all, the overpowering attractions of a *sans prendre voie*, to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching in the contingencies of whist; — all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game; that was her word. It was a long meal; not like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might coextend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian States depicted by Machiavel: perpetually changing postures and connections; bitter foes today, sugared darlings tomorrow; kissing and scratching in a breath; — but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage — nothing superfluous. No *flushes*, — that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up: that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality; pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five-pound stake) because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring "Two for his heels." There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms, — such as pique, repique, the capot: they savored (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate or square. She would argue thus: Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves it is too close a fight; with spectators

it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play. Three are still worse: a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradrille. But in square games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every species; though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theater to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold — or even an interested — bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathizes in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favorite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue — and here again admire the subtlety of her conclusion — chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself, or before spectators, where no stake was depending? Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number, and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively without a prize? Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of overreaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit — his memory or combination-faculty, rather — against another's; like a mock engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance, the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the center, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of castles and knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head contests can in no instance

ally with the fancy. They reject form and color. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other: that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards; that cards are a temporary illusion,—in truth, a mere drama—for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet during the illusion we *are* as mighty concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream fighting: much ado, great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life which men play without esteeming them to be such.

With great deference to the old lady's judgment in these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Elia.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a toothache or a sprained ankle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*.

I grant it is not the highest style of man; I deprecate the *manes* of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologize.

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to come in as something admissible. I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her)—(dare I tell thee how foolish I am?)—I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play; I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over; and as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

MACKERY END IN HERTFORDSHIRE

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory.

We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash

king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits — yet so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings — as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood, than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story — well, ill, or indifferently told — so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction — and almost in real life — have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humors and opinions — heads with some diverting twist in them — the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more clever." I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the 'Religio Medici'; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favorite of mine, of the last century but one — the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, — but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brained, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers — leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this — that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport — which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the pur-

pose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents, and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire: a farmhouse,— delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End — kindred or strange folk — we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farmhouse, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, we had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought

I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that*, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the "heart of June," and I could say with the poet,

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation!

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again — some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections — and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the woodhouse, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown) — with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house — and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all — more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollect ed in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our christian names. So christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget, and her — it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace — or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally — we, and our friend that was with us, — I had almost forgotten him — but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far-distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipaion of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native

wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also — how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own — and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there, — old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,— when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge — as I have been her care in foolish manhood since — in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERY

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditional great-uncle or grandame whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene — so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country — of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the 'Children in the Wood.' Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put on one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding.

Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the

great house in a sort while she lived,— which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey and stick them up in Lady C——'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed."

And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay! and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands.

Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was, and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer (here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave it desisted) — the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease called a cancer came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house, and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, — though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she, — and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous.

Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren: having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels with the gilding almost rubbed out; sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me; and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy looking yew-trees or the firs, and picking up the red berries and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at, or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me, or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth, or in watching the dace that darted

to and fro in the fish-pond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.

Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us, and instead of moping about in solitary corners like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the country in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out, — and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries; and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy, — for he was a good bit older than me, — many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother.

Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness and difficulty and denial meant in maidens: when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright

hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which without speech strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: — “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name.” And immediately awakening, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side; but John L—— (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

GEORGE CANNING

THIS famous British statesman became a friend of Pitt in 1793, entered the House of Commons in 1794, was made Under-Secretary of State in 1796, was Treasurer of the Navy from 1804 to 1806, Minister for Foreign Affairs from 1807 till 1809, Ambassador to Lisbon from 1814 to 1816, again at the head of foreign affairs in 1822, and was made Premier in 1827, dying under the labor of forming his Cabinet.

Soon after his birth in London, April 11, 1770, his disinherited father died in poverty, and his mother became an unsuccessful actress. An Irish actor, Moody, took young Canning to his uncle, Stratford Canning, in London, who adopted him and sent him to Eton, where he distinguished himself for his wit and literary talent. With his friends John and Robert Smith, John Hookham Frere, and Charles Ellis, he published a school magazine called *The Microcosm*, which attracted so much attention that Knight the publisher paid Canning £50 for the copyright. It was modeled on the *Spectator*, ridiculed modes and customs, and was a unique specimen of juvenile essay-writing. A fifth edition of the *Microcosm* was published in 1825. Subsequently Canning studied at Oxford. He died August 8, 1827, at Chiswick (the residence of the Duke of Devonshire), in the same room and at the same age as Fox, and under similar circumstances; and he was buried in Westminster Abbey by the side of William Pitt.

It was not until 1798 that he obtained his great reputation as an orator. Everyone agrees that his literary eloquence, wit, beauty of imagery, taste, and clearness of reasoning, were extraordinary. Byron calls him "a genius — almost a universal one; an orator, a wit, a poet, and a statesman." Lord Dalling speaks of "the singularly mellifluous and sonorous voice, the classical language, — now pointed with epigram, now elevated into poetry, now burning with passion, now rich with humor, — which curbed into still attention a willing and long-broken audience." His dominant interest was literature and this helped him to the political field, although it may have sometimes overshadowed his statesmanship. Bell says of him: —

"Canning's passion for literature entered into all his pursuits. It colored his whole life. Every moment of leisure was given up to books. He and Pitt were passionately fond of the classics, and we find them together of an evening after a dinner at Pitt's, poring over some old Grecian in a corner of the drawing-room while the rest of the company are dispersed in conversation. . . . In English writings his judgment was pure and strict; and no man was a more perfect master of all the varieties of composition. He was the first English

Minister who banished the French language from our diplomatic correspondence and indicated before Europe the copiousness and dignity of our native tongue."

This is not the place to discuss Canning's foreign policy, but reference may be made to his recognition of the independence of the Spanish American Colonies and his opposition to interference by the Holy Alliance, with which the declaration known as the Monroe Doctrine, made by the President of the United States in December 1823, has been associated by historians. Speaking of his own action two years later in the House of Commons, Canning used the famous phrases, "if France had Spain, it should not be Spain *with the Indies*. I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old."

Another and very different incident with which Canning's name is unforgettably associated is that of "the rhyming despatch." As the precise details of this curious intrusion of humor into diplomatic communications have been only recently made clear, it seems worth while to relate what actually took place. On January 26, 1826, Canning as Foreign Minister and Huskisson as President of the Board of Trade made a reciprocal arrangement with the French Government as to the duties to be levied on ships and goods, — noteworthy as a prelude to the adoption of a free trade policy. On January 27, Canning sent to Sir Charles Bagot, British Ambassador at The Hague, an official letter authorizing him to communicate this intelligence to the Netherlands Government. The Dutch had not responded to the British overtures, and the British retaliated by imposing an additional duty of 20 per cent upon Netherlands vessels and merchandise; this also was communicated to Bagot in an official letter from Canning dated January 31. On the evening of the same day Canning sent a cipher despatch to Bagot, which put the latter into some perturbation, as he could not decipher it for lack of the necessary code. Secretly and hurriedly he wrote to London for the code, which was duly forwarded on February 7, and arrived at The Hague at eleven o'clock at night. After "an hour of most indescribable anxiety" the Minister and Secretary made out the following: —

Decipher. Separate.
secret and confidential

Foreign Office
January 31, 1826

Sir.

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much.
The French are with equal advantage content,
So clap on Dutch bottom just 20 per cent.

(Chorus) — Twenty per cent, twenty per cent.

(Chorus of English Custom House officers and French Douaniers)

(English) — We clap on Dutch bottom just twenty per cent.

(French) — Vous frapperez Falck avec twenty per cent.

I have no other commands from His Majesty to convey to your Excellency today.

I am, with great truth and respect, Sir,
Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant

GEORGE CANNING

His Excellency the Rt. Honble.
Sir Charles Bagot, K.B.

Bagot had had the official notification a week before, and recognized the cipher despatch as merely one of Canning's jokes—but it is a joke that has gone down to history.

In literature Canning takes his place from his association with the Anti-Jacobin, a newspaper established in 1797 under the secret auspices of Pitt as a literary organ to express the policy of the administration,—similar to the Rolliad, the Whig paper published a few years before this date; but more especially to oppose revolutionary sentiment and ridicule the persons who sympathized with it. The house of Wright, its publisher in Piccadilly, soon became the resort of the friends of the Ministry and the staff, which included William Gifford, the editor,—author of the '*Baviad*' and '*Mæviad*',—John Hookham Frere, George Ellis, Canning, Jenkinson (afterward Earl of Liverpool), Lord Clare, Lord Mornington (afterward Lord Wellesley), Lord Morpeth (afterward Earl of Carlisle), and William Pitt, who contributed papers on finance.

The Anti-Jacobin lived through thirty-six weekly numbers; its essays and poetry have now little significance except for those who can imagine the stormy political atmosphere of the Reign of Terror, which threatened to extend its rule over the whole of Europe. Hence the torrents of abuse and the violent attacks upon anyone tainted with the slightest suspicion of sympathy with revolutionary doctrines.

The greater number of poems in the Anti-Jacobin are parodies, but not exclusively political ones. The '*Loves of the Triangles*' is a parody on Dr. Erasmus Darwin's '*Loves of the Plants*', and contains an amusing contest between Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis for the love of the Phoenician Cone; the '*Progress of Man*' is a parody of Payne Knight's '*Progress of Civil Society*'; the '*Inscription for the Cell of Mrs. Brownrigg*' a parody of Southey; and '*The Rovers*' is a burlesque on the German dramas then in fashion. This was written by Canning, Ellis, Frere, and Gifford, and the play was given at Covent Garden in 1811 with great success, especially the song of the captive Rogero, the last stanza of which is said to have been contributed by Pitt. '*The Needy Knife-Grinder*', also quoted below, a parody of Southey's '*Sapphics*', is by Canning and Frere.

ROGERO'S SOLILOQUY

From 'The Rovers; or the Double Arrangement'

ACT I

The scene is a subterranean vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, with coffins, 'scutcheons, death's-heads, and cross-bones; toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage.—Rogero appears, in chains, in a suit of rusty armor, with his beard grown, and a cap of a grotesque form upon his head; beside him a crock, or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the caverns.—Rogero rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.

ROGERO—Eleven years! it is now eleven years since I was first im-
mured in this living sepulcher—the cruelty of a Minister—the
 perfidy of a Monk—yes, Matilda! for thy sake—alive amidst the
 dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my
 fellow-men. Soft! what have we here! [*Stumbles over a bundle of sticks.*] This
 cavern is so dark that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh,
 the register of my captivity! Let me see; how stands the account? [*Takes up
 the sticks and turns them over with a melancholy air; then stands silent for a
 few minutes as if absorbed in calculation.*] Eleven years and fifteen days!—
 Hah! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on
 my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of Matilda. It was a
 summer evening; her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine as I prest it to
 my bosom. Some demon whispered me that I should never see her more. I
 stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away forever. The
 tears were petrified under my eyelids. My heart was crystallized with agony.
 Anon I looked along the road. The diligence seemed to diminish every instant;
 I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it.
 My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels. A long
 trail of glory followed after her and mingled with the dust—it was the emanation
 of Divinity, luminous with love and beauty, like the splendor of the setting
 sun; but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk forever. Yes, here in the
 depths of an eternal dungeon, in the nursing-cradle of hell, the suburbs of
 perdition, in a nest of demons, where despair in vain sits brooding over the
 putrid eggs of hope; where agony woos the embrace of death; where patience,
 beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities. Yet
 even *here*, to behold her, to embrace her! Yes, Matilda, whether in this dark
 abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more loath-
 some reptiles of a court, would be indifferent to me; angels would shower down

their hymns of gratulation upon our heads, while fiends would envy the eternity of suffering love—Soft; what air was that? it seemed a sound of more than human warblings. Again [*listens attentively for some minutes*]. Only the wind; it is well, however; it reminds me of that melancholy air which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. [*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra*]—

[*Air, 'Lanterna Magica.'*]

SONG

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true
 Who studied with me at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds*]—

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in!—
 Alas! Matilda then was true!
 At least I thought so at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
 Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
 Ye bore Matilda from my view;
 Forlorn I languished at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
 This blood my veins is clotting in!
 My years are many—they were few
 When first I entered at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
 Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
 tor, law professor at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!
 That kings and priests are plotting in
 Here doomed to starve on water gru—
 el, never shall I see the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

[During the last stanza Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.]

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
 Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order—
 Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
 So have your breeches!

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
 Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, "Knives and
 Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
 Was it some squire? or parson of the parish?
 Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
 Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
 Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
 All in a lawsuit?

Have you not read the 'Rights of Man,' by Tom Paine?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER

Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

SYDNEY SMITH

SYDNEY SMITH'S reputation as an English wit is solid,—if that word can be applied to so volatile a quality. But wit that endures generally implies other characteristics behind it; and Sydney Smith is no exception. He was a man of great intellect; an advanced thinker on politics, philosophy, and religion, and one of the most potent and salutary influences of his day in England. His brilliant social traits should not obscure this fact. Naturally, however, it is the sparkling jest that is easiest remembered. He had the art, as had few men of his time, of saying a deep or pregnant thing in a light way.

He was the son of an English country gentleman of marked eccentricity of character, and was born at Woodford, Essex, in 1771. He went to Winchester school; then to Oxford, where he won a fellowship. His subsequent career was that of a talented and ambitious cleric in the Church of England. In 1794 he became curate of a remote parish on Salisbury Plains; and in 1798 went to Edinburgh, where he officiated for three years at an Episcopal chapel. It was during this Edinburgh residence that he formed the intimacy with Brougham, Jeffrey, and other clever young literary men, which resulted in 1802 in the foundation of the Edinburgh Review, with Sydney Smith as chief editor. He contributed seven articles to the first number, and kept up his connection with the magazine as a contributor for a quarter of a century. The position taken by this famous review was largely due to the impress given to it by Sydney Smith. From Edinburgh he went to London, and was a popular preacher there until 1806; he held two Yorkshire livings and proved a faithful, hard-working country parson. In 1828 he received the appointment of canon of Bristol, from which he was transferred to London, as resident canon of St. Paul's, living in the capital for the rest of his days, and dying there in 1845. It has always been believed that had he not been throughout a consistent and sturdy Whig, and hence on the unpopular side, he would have died a bishop. For a dozen years or more, in London, he was not only an intellectual force but a social light, famous for his good-fellowship, a welcome guest in great drawing-rooms. His fund of animal spirits was unfailing. The conjunction of such intellectual powers with social gifts and graces is rare indeed. Yet physically, he was bulky and ungraceful, his face heavy and plain; and he was by no means a ladies' man in the usual sense of that term.

Sydney Smith's published writings embraced pamphlets, lectures, sermons and essays on political and social themes. The memoir by his daughter, Lady Holland, gives an idea of his trenchant table talk; Macaulay described him as

the greatest master of ridicule in England since Swift; Sir Henry Holland, as "the most remarkable man of his time for a sound and vigorous understanding and great reasoning powers."

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

AGREAT deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women; as if women were more quick, and men more judicious,—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none surely which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one-half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning, in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon. . . .

There is in either sex a strong and permanent disposition to appear agreeable to the other; and this is the fair answer to those who are fond of supposing that a higher degree of knowledge would make women rather the rivals than the companions of men. Presupposing such a desire to please, it seems much more probable that a common pursuit should be a fresh source of interest than a cause of contention. Indeed, to suppose that any mode of education can create a general jealousy and rivalry between the sexes, is so very ridiculous that it requires only to be stated in order to be refuted. The same desire of pleasing secures all that delicacy and reserve which are of such inestimable value to women. We are quite astonished, in hearing men converse on such subjects, to find them attributing such beautiful effects to ignorance. It would appear, from the tenor of such objections, that ignorance had been the great civilizer of the world. Women are delicate and refined, only because they are ignorant; they manage their household, only because they are ignorant; they attend to their children, only because they know no better. Now, we must really confess we have all our lives been so ignorant as not to know the value of ignorance. We have always attributed the modesty and the refined manners of women to their being well taught in moral and religious duty; to the hazardous situation in which they are placed; to that perpetual vigilance which

it is their duty to exercise over thought, word, and action; and to that cultivation of the mild virtues, which those who cultivate the stern and magnanimous virtues expect at their hands. After all, let it be remembered we are not saying there are no objections to the diffusion of knowledge among the female sex,—we would not hazard such a proposition respecting anything; but we are saying that upon the whole, it is the best method of employing time, and that there are fewer objections to it than to any other method. There are perhaps fifty thousand females in Great Britain who are exempted by circumstances from all necessary labor: but every human being must do something with their existence; and the pursuit of knowledge is, upon the whole, the most innocent, the most dignified, and the most useful method of filling up that idleness of which there is always so large a portion in nations far advanced in civilization. Let any man reflect, too, upon the solitary situation in which women are placed; the ill treatment to which they are sometimes exposed, and which they must endure in silence and without the power of complaining: and he must feel convinced that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased in proportion as education has given to her the habit and the means of drawing her resources from herself.

There are a few common phrases in circulation respecting the duties of women, to which we wish to pay some degree of attention, because they are rather inimical to those opinions which we have advanced on this subject. Indeed, independently of this, there is nothing which requires more vigilance than the current phrases of the day; of which there are always some resorted to in every dispute, and from the sovereign authority of which it is often vain to make any appeal. "The true theater for a woman is the sick-chamber;" "Nothing so honorable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all." These two phrases, the delight of *Noodledom*, are grown into commonplaces upon the subject; and are not unfrequently employed to extinguish that love of knowledge in women which, in our humble opinion, it is of so much importance to cherish. Nothing, certainly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent affections; but time cannot be filled up, and life employed, with high and impassioned virtues. Some of these feelings are of rare occurrence, all of short duration, or nature would sink under them. A scene of distress and anguish is an occasion where the finest qualities of the female mind may be displayed; but it is a monstrous exaggeration to tell women that they are born only for scenes of distress and anguish. Nurse father, mother, sister, and brother, if they want it: it would be a violation of the plainest duties to neglect them. But when we are talking of the common occupations of life, do not let us mistake the accidents for the occupations; when we are arguing how the twenty-three hours of the day are to be filled up, it is idle to tell us of those feelings and agitations above the level of common existence, which may employ the remaining hour. Compassion, and every other virtue, are the great objects we all ought to have in view; but no man (and no woman) can fill up

the twenty-four hours by acts of virtue. But one is a lawyer, and the other a plowman, and the third a merchant; and then, acts of goodness, and intervals of compassion and fine feeling, are scattered up and down the common occupations of life. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, and what are they to do in the interval? This is the only question we have been putting all along, and is all that can be meant by literary education. . . .

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation; and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge: not that we should meet together to talk of alkalies and angles, or to add to our stock of history and philology — though a little of these things is no bad ingredient in conversation; but let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigor, fancy, words, images, and illustrations; it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be wanted, upon which the talents of an educated man have been exercised; but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really, nothing can be further from our intention than to say anything rude and unpleasant; but we must be excused for observing that it is not now a very common thing to be interested by the variety and extent of female knowledge, but it is a very common thing to lament that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength.

The pursuit of knowledge is the most innocent and interesting occupation which can be given to the female sex; nor can there be a better method of checking a spirit of dissipation than by diffusing a taste for literature. The true way to attack vice is by setting up something else against it. Give to women, in early youth, something to acquire, of sufficient interest and importance to command the application of their mature faculties, and to excite their perseverance in future life; teach them that happiness is to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the gratification of vanity; and you will raise up a much more formidable barrier against dissipation than a host of invectives and exhortations can supply.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate man gets drunk with very bad wine, not to gratify his palate but to forget his cares: he does not set any value on what he receives, but on account of what it excludes; it keeps out something worse than itself. Now, though it were denied that the acquisition of serious knowledge is of itself important to a woman, still it prevents a taste for silly and pernicious works of imagination; it keeps away the horrid trash of novels; and in lieu of that eagerness for emotion and adventure which books of that sort inspire, promotes a calm and steady temperament of mind.

A man who deserves such a piece of good fortune, may generally find an excellent companion for all vicissitudes of his life; but it is not so easy to find a companion for his understanding, who has similar pursuits with himself, or who can comprehend the pleasure he derives from them. We really can see no reason why it should not be otherwise; nor comprehend how the pleasures of domestic life can be promoted by diminishing the number of subjects in which persons who are to spend their lives together take a common interest.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years: they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart; if they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained. But women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard everything upon one cast of the die: when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill,—they are flowers destined to perish: but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.

There is no connection between the ignorance in which women are kept, and the preservation of moral and religious principle; and yet certainly there is, in the minds of some timid and respectable persons, a vague, indefinite dread of knowledge, as if it were capable of producing these effects. It might almost be supposed, from the dread which the propagation of knowledge has excited, that there was some great secret which was to be kept in impenetrable obscurity; that all moral rules were a species of delusion and imposture, the detection of which, by the improvement of the understanding, would be attended with the most fatal consequences to all, and particularly to women. If we could possibly understand what these great secrets were, we might perhaps be disposed to concur in their preservation; but believing that all the salutary rules which are imposed on women are the result of true wisdom, and productive of the greatest happiness, we cannot understand how they are to become less sensible of this truth in proportion as their power of discovering truth in general is increased, and the habit of viewing questions with accuracy and comprehension established by education. There are men, indeed, who are always exclaiming against every species of power, because it is connected with danger: their dread of abuses is so much stronger than their admiration of uses, that they would cheerfully give up the use of fire, gunpowder, and printing, to be freed from robbers, incendiaries, and libels. It is true that every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the

strength of virtue. It is in itself only power; and its value depends on its application. But trust to the natural love of good where there is no temptation to be bad,—it operates nowhere more forcibly than in education. No man, whether he be tutor, guardian, or friend, ever contents himself with infusing the mere ability to acquire; but giving the power, he gives it with a taste for the wise and rational exercise of that power: so that an educated person is not only one with stronger and better faculties than others, but with a more useful propensity, a disposition better cultivated, and associations of a higher and more important class.

In short, and to recapitulate the main points upon which we have insisted: Why the disproportion in knowledge between the two sexes should be so great, when the inequality in natural talents is so small; or why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles, when nature has made it capable of better and higher things,—we profess ourselves not able to understand. The affectation charged upon female knowledge is best cured by making that knowledge more general; and the economy devolved upon women is best secured by the ruin, disgrace, and inconvenience which proceed from neglecting it. For the care of children, nature has made a direct and powerful provision; and the gentleness and elegance of women is the natural consequence of that desire to please which is productive of the greatest part of civilization and refinement, and which rests upon a foundation too deep to be shaken by any such modifications in education as we have proposed. If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying beyond measure the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions which always come from the mother, and which in a great majority of instances are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of man. If women knew more, men must learn more; for ignorance would then be shameful, and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favors public morals: it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and the best; and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of everything and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge,—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men.

WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS

OUR Wise Ancestors"—"The Wisdom of our Ancestors"—"The Wisdom of Ages"—"Venerable Antiquity"—"Wisdom of Old Times."—This mischievous and absurd fallacy springs from the grossest perversion of the meaning of words. Experience is certainly the mother of wisdom, and the old have of course a greater experience than the young; but the question is, Who are the old? and who are the young? Of *individuals* living at the same period, the oldest has of course the greatest experience; but among *generations* of men, the reverse of this is true. Those who come first (our ancestors) are the young people, and have the least experience. We have added to their experience the experience of many centuries; and therefore, as far as experience goes, are wiser and more capable of forming an opinion than they were. The real feeling should be, *not*, Can we be so presumptuous as to put our opinions in opposition to those of our ancestors? but, Can such young, ignorant, inexperienced persons as our ancestors necessarily were, be expected to have understood a subject as well as those who have seen so much more, lived so much longer, and enjoyed the experience of so many centuries? All this cant, then, about our ancestors, is merely an abuse of words, by transferring phrases true of contemporary men to succeeding ages. Whereas (as we have before observed) of living men the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the most experience; of generations the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the least experience. Our ancestors, up to the Conquest, were children in arms; chubby boys in the time of Edward the First; striplings under Elizabeth; men in the reign of Queen Anne: and *we* only are the white-bearded, silver-headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience which human life can supply. We are not disputing with our ancestors the palm of talent, in which they may or may not be our superiors; but the palm of experience, in which it is utterly impossible they can be our superiors. And yet, whenever the Chancellor comes forward to protect some abuse, or to oppose some plan which has the increase of human happiness for its object, his first appeal is always to the wisdom of our ancestors; and he himself, and many noble lords who vote with him, are to this hour persuaded that all alterations and amendments on their devices are an unblushing controversy between youthful temerity and mature experience! and so in truth they are; only that much-loved magistrate mistakes the young for the old and the old for the young, and is guilty of that very sin against experience which he attributes to the lovers of innovation.

We cannot, of course, be supposed to maintain that our ancestors wanted wisdom, or that they were necessarily mistaken in their institutions, because their means of information were more limited than ours. But we do confidently

maintain, that when we find it expedient to change anything which our ancestors have enacted, we are the experienced persons, and not they. The quantity of talent is always varying in any great nation. To say that we are more or less able than our ancestors, is an assertion that requires to be explained. All the able men of all ages, who have ever lived in England, probably possessed, if taken altogether, more intellect than all the able men now in England can boast of. But if authority must be resorted to rather than reason, the question is, What was the wisdom of that single age which enacted the law, compared with the wisdom of the age which proposes to alter it? What are the eminent men of one and the other period? If you say that our ancestors were wiser than us, mention your date and year. If the splendor of names is equal, are the circumstances the same? If the circumstances are the same, we have a superiority of experience, of which the difference between the two periods is the measure.

It is necessary to insist upon this; for upon sacks of wool, and on benches forensic, sit grave men, and agricolous persons in the Commons, crying out, "Ancestors, Ancestors! *hodie non!* [not today] Saxons, Danes, save us! Fiddlefrig, help us! Howel, Ethelwolf, protect us!" Any cover for nonsense—any veil for trash—any pretext for repelling the innovations of conscience and of duty!

DOGS

NO, I don't like dogs: I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog Spot. I proposed, "Out, damned Spot!" but she did not think it sentimental enough. You remember the story of the French marquise, who, when her pet lap-dog bit a piece out of her footman's leg, exclaimed, "Ah, poor little beast! I hope it won't make him sick." I called one day on Mrs. —, and her lap-dog flew at my leg and bit it. After pitying her dog, like the French marquise, she did all she could to comfort me by assuring me the dog was a Dissenter, and hated the Church, and was brought up in a Tory family. But whether the bite came from madness or Dissent, I knew myself too well to neglect it; and went on the instant to a surgeon and had it cut out, making a mem. on the way to enter that house no more.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

PERHAPS there is no English author save Gray to whom the epithet "classical" is oftener applied than to Landor. This is not merely a tribute to his mastery of Latin equally with English verse. Even his imaginary correspondence of Pericles and Aspasia is no mere marvel of learning, no mosaic of remembered details; but rather a great free-hand ideal picture, conforming only to the larger frame of historic fact. Nearly all his work is equally creative, and has a peculiarly *detached* effect, independent of all else whether in reality or fiction, like the best of Hawthorne's imaginings. This unlimited fountain of original though not sustained creativeness is the greatest proof of Landor's genius. Next to it is a style, in all his prose and the best of his verse, so polished, graceful, indeed faultless, that we may at first fail to perceive beneath it the pulse of life, the heat of conscious effort, which is after all essential to the highest enjoyment. This very fact, however, marks the most striking contrast between Landor's art and his outward life. That contrast will to some extent vanish on closer scrutiny of both.

Rarely indeed has a man been born and bred with fairer prospects, lived in more constant turmoil, known greater depths of self-inflicted unhappiness, or spent his last earthly days more utterly forlorn, than Landor. "I never did a single wise thing in the whole course of my existence," said he near the end of his long life. Too sweeping though this is, we are tempted to cry Amen! It is really incredible that a man endowed with so many virtues, and of such wondrous intellect, should have failed so utterly, and one may say so invariably, to adjust himself to the necessary relations with his fellow-mortals. Yet it is equally certain that he never did a single cowardly, cruel, or coldly selfish thing. His life, however, long as it was, seems like the unbroken activity of a volcano.

Landor was born in 1775, the eldest son of a prosperous physician at Warwick. By entail he was assured heir, through his mother, of estates in Warwickshire worth nearly £80,000. Sent to Rugby at the age of ten, he immediately distinguished himself by the quality of his Latin verses. Indeed, his biographer, Sidney Colvin, calls him "the one known instance in which the traditional classical education took full effect." Landor by lifelong impulse poured forth creative verse quite as rapidly and forcibly, though not quite so faultlessly, in Latin as in English. For satire especially he seems to have preferred the strength of the deathless Roman speech. Much of his English poetry is a reluctant translation from his own classic originals.

When his master gave the school a half-holiday "for Landor's Latin

verses," the boy complained fiercely that his poorest performance was selected for the honor. This belief was expressed in an abusive addition to the copy of verse itself! Similar outbreaks of his Muse finally led to his enforced withdrawal from the school. There, as afterward at college, he always refused to compete for prizes: valuing his own performances too highly to let them be measured at all against rivals' work.

He entered Oxford at eighteen, and was known during his one year there as "the mad Jacobin," in a time when the French Revolution had frightened even the students of England away from radicalism. His departure in disgrace from Oxford was brought about by a lawless prank. Aggrieved that a Tory neighbor dared entertain socially the same night as himself, he riddled his shutters with a shotgun. His arrival home was signalized by a violent quarrel, at the end of which he left his father's house "forever."

Until his thirtieth year he had a small allowance, lived partly in a remote corner of Wales and partly at Bath, read hard chiefly in the classics and English poets, and tried his own wings. Love was not one of his chief teachers, though the lady whose name, Jane, is glorified as "Ianthe," had a lasting influence over him. Resenting Byron's adoption of this beloved title, he declares he

planted in a fresh parterre
Ianthe; it was blooming when a youth
Leapt o'er the hedge, and snatching at the stem,
Broke off the label from my favorite flower,
And stuck it on a sorrier of his own.

Rose Aylmer,—the short-lived daughter of Lord Aylmer,—whose beautiful name has been immortalized in a lyric brief as Catullus and "sad as tear-drops of Simonides," was Landor's neighbor and friend in Wales. She lent him a book containing the sorry "Arabian" tale which suggested his first important poem. 'Gebir' is a romantic and tragical epic. Into less than two thousand lines of blank verse is packed action enough for an Iliad. It is very hard to follow the plot, and the close-knit blank verse is rather too regular. Still it is a great creative work; chaotic and aimless ethically, but in detail often masterly. It had no readers then save Southey, and few at any time since. Landor said loftily that he would have been encouraged to write more if even foolish men had read it, since "there is something of summer even in the hum of insects."

In the same year (1798) appeared the famous 'Lyrical Ballads,' beginning with Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' and ending with Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey.' Either of these has still a thousand readers to 'Gebir's' one. Which was really the weightiest portent of the new day may well be questioned. Landor never sought, and probably never seriously hoped for, wide popularity, even in the future. "I shall dine late," he says; "but the dining-room will be

well lighted, the guests few and select." This fantastic epic by a youth of twenty-three already justified those haughty words; and all the brother poets just mentioned, with a goodly number besides, have testified to its influence upon them. Byron indeed—and others—attempted to appropriate such gems as the verses on the sea-shell: —

Shake one and it awakens; then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

The year 1808 was like an epitome of Landor's whole life. The wealth recently inherited from his father (the estates being released from entail by special act of Parliament) was all absorbed by a magnificent estate some eight miles in extent, in Monmouthshire. His plans—to build up the ruined abbey of Llanthony which gave the place its name, to erect for himself a goodly mansion, to reclaim the land and reform the peasantry—were all broken in upon by a sudden expedition to Spain, where Landor went campaigning against Napoleon with a regiment equipped at his own expense. Presently the volunteers had all melted away; and their generous patron, having quarreled with his hosts, his allies, and his superior officers, recrossed the Channel, to resume his denunciation of all in political office and his strife with everyone within five leagues of his estate.

The chief fruit of his Spanish tour was the tragedy 'Count Julian.' Like his other plays, it is quite unsuited to the stage. The hero, who turns against his king to avenge his daughter, is a careful psychological study. The drama, however, like all Landor's longer works, is read and remembered, if at all, rather for details, for picked passages, than for its general effect. Lowell's remark is an acute one—that Landor is hardly a great thinker, though he has certainly uttered adequately great thoughts. He lacks the longer, the lasting inspiration, that merges all the exquisite detail of an 'Othello' or of a 'Prometheus' in the resistless sweep of the master's design. When he is for the moment indeed inspired, his perfect command of style, of utterance, carries him to a height where he has absolutely no masters.

Landor's marriage was perhaps his gravest mistake. He fell in love with a stranger's pretty face, and instantly avowed his choice. He married a few weeks later, in 1811. The bride was sixteen years younger than he; and not content with quarrels of his creating, seems to have started them forever after, at will, by taunting him of his age! Whether any woman could have guided this stormy nature through life may be doubted.

By 1814 he had sunk £70,000 in his estate, and fled from England to escape his creditors. Llanthony passed into his mother's wise control. She was able to meet all demands, make provision for the support of Landor's family, and

transmit the estate much improved to his posterity. Even upon his southward flight he parted in anger with his wife at Jersey, and hurried to France alone in an oyster-boat. But the "irrevocable" breach was closed within a year.

During the next two decades Landor lived almost wholly in Italy, chiefly in Florence and Fiesole. This is the happiest period of his career, and probably his warmest admirers wish it had been the last. The works also on which his fame rests most secure are the fruit of this epoch. The 'Imaginary Conversations' cover an astonishingly wide range in ancient and modern life. Though an untiring reader, Landor had not by any means an encyclopedic memory in matters historical or biographical. He owned at any one time few books; for though he bought many, he gave them away no less eagerly. His dramatic scenes are not in the least mosaics pieced together from "authorities" or "sources." On the contrary, he chose by deliberate preference events which *might* have occurred, but were quite unrecorded: and he austereley refused to lay upon his interlocutors' lips any single sentiment or thought save what he believed to be original with himself!

The elemental impulses of Landor's nature were generous, and not ignoble. He had thirteen pitched battles as a schoolboy, and won eleven; but they were all against older boys, and probably waged to put down bullying. He once threw his cook out of the kitchen window; but put his head out instantly thereafter, exclaiming ruefully, "My God! I forgot the violets!" Not only toward flowers but toward all animals he was humane to the point of eccentricity. He would not shoot any living creature, nor even hook a fish. Profuse as he was in unwise giving, unable to resist playing the generous patron whether himself penniless or prosperous, his own needs were of the simplest. Even his fiercest quarrels were rarely in behalf of his own rights; and many of the most threatening outbreaks vanished in peals of uproarious and most infectious laughter, whenever his sense of humor could be touched before his stubborn pride was too firmly set.

Of course, Landor's life in Italy was by no means a monotonously peaceful one. He had to flee from more than one resting-place "for speaking ill of authorities," preferably in scurrilous Latin verse. The current Italian remark quoted about him is perhaps too delicious to be merely true: "Tutti gli Inglesi sono pazzi, ma questo poi!" [All the English are crazy, but oh — this one!] Had he died at sixty, in the bosom of his family, in his lovely Fiesolan villa, he would have left not only the 'Conversations,' but the 'Examination of Shakespeare,' the 'Pentameron,' and even the greater part of his masterpiece, 'Pericles and Aspasia.'

It is generally said that the heat and turmoil of Landor's outward life are absent from his literary creations. In some degree this is certainly true. His workmanship — above all, the finished detail in word and phrase — gives a certain sculpturesque calm and coolness to his work. Nevertheless, his fierce

hatred of tyranny and of brutal selfishness, his tender sympathy with helpless innocence, may be felt throbbing beneath every word of such scenes as Henry VIII's last interview with Anne Boleyn. There is no purer patriot than the dying Marcellus, who gives his generous foeman Hannibal a new conception of Roman character. The sweetness of human destiny is wonderfully touched in the words of Thetis, herself an immortal, when her husband grieves that he grows old: "There is a loveliness which youth may be without, and which the gods want. To the voice of compassion not a shell in all the ocean is attuned; and no tear ever dropped upon Olympus."

The happiest subject and the most perfect execution, however, must be sought in '*Pericles and Aspasia*' While largely true to the outlines as we know them from Thucydides and others, this is still a creative romance, depicting adequately a noble attachment which ended only with life.

It is with the greater reluctance, therefore, that we recall how, in the very days when this supreme and happy masterpiece was approaching completion, the sixty-year-old Landor deserted his wife and children in Fiesole, and after a few months' leisurely sojourn in other parts of Italy, passed on with little evidence of regret to England. The quarrel was in its origin almost trivial. Mrs. Landor, we are told, had indulged once too often in the lifelong habit of criticizing her husband in the children's presence! He indulged, we believe, in no abusive Latin verses on this occasion. He promptly stripped himself of nearly his entire income, leaving the deserted family in comparative affluence; but all the well-meant intercession of friends proved vain. He established a modest home in England. Some staunch friends remained to him. His literary career was by no means ended; indeed, his fame grew in the next decade.

Twenty-three years later, quite penniless, fleeing from the disastrous results of an ignoble libel, the incorrigible octogenarian schoolboy arrived, wild-eyed and combative as ever, at his own gate! After repeated quarrels had made his longer stay there impossible, Browning took the old lion under his protection. Prosperous brothers in England provided a modest pension. In these days Swinburne made a pilgrimage to Italy expressly to see his revered master; and among the most faithful to the end, Kate Field has an honored place.

The mistakes and sins of Landor's career seem unpardonable. Yet a thousand incidents prove him the tenderest, the most self-sacrificing—we had nearly said the most heroic—of men. His life was not, we incline to believe, even unhappy upon the whole. Certainly it was most fruitful. A sort of demonic good fortune, indeed, seemed to attend him and his. Even his great Welsh estate was not actually ruined, after all, by his early extravagance. His family was not disgraced, nor plunged into poverty, by his desertion twenty years later.

As for his literary creations, his proudly modest prediction seems more than fulfilled. He himself saw the scattered children of his genius gathered

up in two tall octavos in 1846. The fuller library edition, published after his death in 1864, and the exhaustive biography, we owe to Landor's faithful friend John Forster. Sidney Colvin has an admirable biography in the 'English Men of Letters' series.

Landor is not one of those single-throated purely lyric natures, like Heine or Burns, whose every utterance comes straight from the singer's own heart. He could enjoy the full development of both sides in an argument. He could realize vividly, and even tolerate patiently, characters with which he was in very imperfect sympathy. In this he reminds us of Browning, or that ancient author whom he signally failed to appreciate, Plato. His sense of poetic limitation would never have permitted so merciless a creation as 'The Ring and the Book.' With a tithe of Browning's or Plato's ethical purpose and staying power, he might have created a really great drama. He has left us, perhaps, nothing which can be set among the *indispensable* masterpieces of humanity. Yet he may always remain, as painters say of Andrea del Sarto, an all-but faultless master of technique, and so, indispensable among the models for his fellow craftsmen.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

IMAGINARY CORRESPONDENCE OF PERICLES AND ASPASIA

ASPASIA TO PERICLES

I APPREHEND, O Pericles, not only that I may become an object of jealousy and hatred to the Athenians by the notice you have taken of me, but that you yourself—which affects me greatly more—may cease to retain the whole of their respect and veneration.

Whether, to acquire a great authority over the people, some things are not necessary to be done on which Virtue and Wisdom are at variance, it becomes not me to argue or consider; but let me suggest the inquiry to you, whether he who is desirous of supremacy should devote the larger portion of his time to one person.

Three affections of the soul predominate: Love, Religion, and Power. The first two are often united; the other stands widely apart from them, and neither is admitted nor seeks admittance to their society. I wonder then how you can love so truly and tenderly. Ought I not rather to say I did wonder? Was Pisistratus affectionate? Do not be angry. It is certainly the first time a friend has ever ventured to discover a resemblance, although you are habituated to it from your opponents. In these you forgive it: do you in me?

PERICLES TO ASPASIA

Pisistratus was affectionate; the rest of his character you know as well as I do. You know that he was eloquent, that he was humane, that he was contemplative, that he was learned; that he not only was profuse to men of genius, but cordial, and that it was only with such men he was familiar and intimate. You know that he was the greatest, the wisest, the most virtuous, excepting Solon and Lycurgus, that ever ruled any portion of the human race. Is it not happy and glorious for mortals, when instead of being led by the ears under the clumsy and violent hand of vulgar and clamorous adventurers, a Pisistratus leaves the volumes of Homer and the conversation of Solon for them?

We may be introduced to Power by Humanity, and at first may love her less for her own sake than for Humanity's; but by degrees we become so accustomed to her as to be quite uneasy without her.

Religion and Power, like the Caryatides in sculpture, never face one another; they sometimes look the same way, but oftener stand back to back.

We will argue about them one at a time, and about the other in the triad too: let me have the choice.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES

We must talk over again the subject of your letter; no, not talk, but write about it.

I think, Pericles, you who are so sincere with me are never quite sincere with others. You have contracted this bad habitude from your custom of addressing the people. But among friends and philosophers, would it not be better to speak exactly as we think, whether ingeniously or not? Ingenious things, I am afraid, are never perfectly true: however, I would not exclude them, the difference being wide between perfect truth and violated truth; I would not even leave them in a minority; I would hear and say as many as may be, letting them pass current for what they are worth. Anaxagoras rightly remarked that Love always makes us better, Religion sometimes, Power never.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES

Never tell me, O my Pericles, that you are suddenly changed in appearance. May every change of your figure and countenance be gradual, so that I shall not perceive it; but if you really are altered to such a degree as you describe, I must transfer my affection — from the first Pericles to the second. Are you jealous? If you are, it is I who am to be pitied, whose heart is destined to fly from the one to the other incessantly. In the end it will rest, it shall, it must, on the nearest. I would write a longer letter; but it is a sad and wear-

some thing to aim at playfulness where the hand is palsied by affliction. Be well; and all is well: be happy; and Athens rises up again, alert and blooming and vigorous, from between war and pestilence. Love me; for love cures all but love. How can we fear to die, how can we die, while we cling or are clung to by the beloved?

PERICLES TO ASPASIA

The pestilence has taken from me both my sons. You, who were ever so kind and affectionate to them, will receive a tardy recompense in hearing that the least gentle and the least grateful did acknowledge it.

I mourn for Paralos because he loved me; for Xanthippos because he loved me not.

Preserve with all your maternal care our little Pericles. I cannot be fonder of him than I have always been; I can only fear more for him.

Is he not with my Aspasia? What fears then are so irrational as mine? But oh! I am living in a widowed house, a house of desolation; I am living in a city of tombs and torches, and the last I saw before me were for my children.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA

It is right and orderly, that he who has partaken so largely in the prosperity of the Athenians should close the procession of their calamities. The fever that has depopulated our city returned upon me last night, and Hippocrates and Acron tell me that my end is near.

When we agreed, O Aspasia, in the beginning of our loves, to communicate our thoughts by writing, even while we were both in Athens, and when we had many reasons for it, we little foresaw the more powerful one that has rendered it necessary of late. We never can meet again: the laws forbid it, and love itself enforces them. Let wisdom be heard by you as imperturbably, and affection as authoritatively, as ever; and remember that the sorrow of Pericles can arise but from the bosom of Aspasia. There is only one word of tenderness we could say, which we have not said oftentimes before; and there is no consolation in it. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.

Reviewing the course of my life, it appears to me at one moment as if we met but yesterday; at another as if centuries had passed within it, — for within it have existed the greater part of those who, since the origin of the world, have been the luminaries of the human race. Damon called me from my music to look at Aristides on his way to exile; and my father pressed the wrist by which he was leading me along, and whispered in my ear: "Walk quickly by; glance cautiously; it is there Miltiades is in prison."

In my boyhood Pindar took me up in his arms, when he brought to our house the dirge he had composed for the funeral of my grandfather; in my adolescence I offered the rites of hospitality to Empedocles; not long after-

ward I embraced the neck of Æschylus, about to abandon his country. With Sophocles I have argued on eloquence; with Euripides on polity and ethics; I have discoursed, as became an inquirer, with Protagoras and Democritus, with Anaxagoras and Meton. From Herodotus I have listened to the most instructive history, conveyed in a language the most copious and the most harmonious;—a man worthy to carry away the collected suffrages of universal Greece; a man worthy to throw open the temples of Egypt, and to celebrate the exploits of Cyrus. And from Thucydides, who alone can succeed to him, how recently did my Aspasia hear with me the energetic praises of his just supremacy!

As if the festival of life were incomplete, and wanted one great ornament to crown it, Phidias placed before us, in ivory and gold, the tutelary Deity of this land, and the Zeus of Homer and Olympus.

To have lived with such men, to have enjoyed their familiarity and esteem, overpays all labors and anxieties. I were unworthy of the friendships I have commemorated, were I forgetful of the latest. Sacred it ought to be, formed as it was under the portico of Death,—my friendship with the most sagacious, the most scientific, the most beneficent of philosophers, Acron and Hippocrates. If mortal could war against Pestilence and Destiny, they had been victorious. I leave them in the field: unfortunate he who finds them among the fallen!

And now, at the close of my day, when every light is dim and every guest departed, let me own that these wane before me: remembering as I do, in the pride and fullness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory, and Aspasia her happiness, to me.

Have I been a faithful guardian? do I resign them to the custody of the gods undiminished and unimpaired? Welcome then, welcome, my last hour! After enjoying for so great a number of years, in my public and my private life, what I believe has never been the lot of any other, I now extend my hand to the urn, and take without reluctance or hesitation what is the lot of all.

ROSE AYLMER

AH, what avails the sceptered race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

FAREWELL TO ITALY

LEAVE thee, beauteous Italy! no more
 From the high terraces, at even-tide,
 To look supine into thy depths of sky,
 Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
 Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
 Bordering the channel of the Milky Way.
 Fiesole and Val d'Arno must be dreams
 Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
 Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
 I did believe (what have I not believed?)
 Weary with age, but unopprest by pain,
 To close in thy soft clime my quiet day,
 And rest my bones in the mimosa's shade.
 Hope! Hope! few ever cherisht thee so little;
 Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;
 But thou didst promise this, and all was well.

ART CRITICISM

FIRST bring me Raffael, who alone hath seen
 In all her purity heaven's virgin queen,
 Alone hath felt true beauty; bring me then
 Titian, ennobler of the noblest men;
 And next the sweet Correggio, nor chastise
 His little Cupids for those wicked eyes.
 I want not Rubens's pink puffy bloom,
 Nor Rembrandt's glimmer in a dusty room.
 With those, and Poussin's nymph-frequented woods,
 His templed heights and long-drawn solitudes,
 I am content, yet fain would look abroad
 On one warm sunset of Ausonian Claude.

FAREWELL

LSTROVE with none, for none was worth my strife;
 Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life,—
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

IT is one of the ironies of literary fame that a poet so acclaimed in his own generation as Campbell should be remembered now only for a few popular lyrics. Born in 1777, of a good Scottish family, he went before he was in his teens to Glasgow University, and was barely twenty-one when he took the public by storm with a long poem 'The Pleasures of Hope.' Scott gave the young poet a complimentary dinner, and the profits of the early editions encouraged Campbell to go to study in Germany. He was in Ratisbon when the French captured it, and from the roof of the Scottish Benedictine Convent saw the battle of Hohenlinden, which he celebrated in a poem once familiar to every schoolboy. About this time too he wrote 'The Exile of Erin' and 'Ye Mariners of England.' On his return to England Campbell found himself a recognized figure in the literary world, the friend of Scott, of Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and Telford, the great engineer of this period; the Princess of Wales and Lord Minto were his hosts and patrons, and he corresponded with Madame de Staël. The Government gave him a pension of £200 a year. In 1809 he published 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' which had been completed the year before. It was hailed with delight in Edinburgh and with no less favor in London, and came to a second edition in the spring of 1810. But like most of Campbell's more pretentious poetry, it has failed to keep its place in the world's favor. The scene of the poem is laid in an impossible Pennsylvania where the bison and the beaver, the crocodile, the condor, and the flamingo, live in happy neighborhood in groves of magnolia and olive; while the red Indian launches his pirogue upon the Michigan to hunt the bison, while blissful shepherd swains trip with maidens to the timbrel, and blue-eyed Germans change their swords to pruning-hooks, Andalusians dance the saraband, poor Caledonians drown their homesick cares in transatlantic whisky, and Englishmen plant fair Freedom's tree! The story is as unreal as the landscape, and it is told in a style as artificial as that of Pope, to whom indeed the younger poet was injudiciously compared.

Campbell was thrice elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, took an active part in the foundation of the University of London, and during his later life was almost wholly engrossed by his interest in the cause of Poland — a cause that from his youth had lain near his heart. In June 1844 he died, and in July he was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner. About his grave stood the Duke of Argyle,—the head of his clan,—Sir Robert Peel, Brougham, Lockhart, Macaulay, D'Israeli, Horace Smith, Croly and Thackeray, with many others, and when the words "dust to dust" were pronounced, Colonel Szirma, a distinguished Pole, scattered over the coffin a handful of earth from the grave of Kosciuszko at Cracow.

THE FALL OF POLAND

From the 'Pleasures of Hope'

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid—
O Heaven! he cried,—my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the grave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains.
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live! with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye and curbed her high career;
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultous Murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;

The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
 Hark, as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
 Earth shook — red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
 Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
 That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
 Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
 Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
 Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
 Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
 And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
 Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van;
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own;
 Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
 The patriot Tell, the Bruce of Bannockburn!

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England!
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave! —
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave:
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE EXILE OF ERIN

THREE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh*.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of *Erin go bragh!*

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
 O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wildwood?
 Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
 Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?
 Tears, like the raindrop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
 Land of my forefathers! *Erin go bragh!*
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
 Erin mavournin — *Erin go bragh!*

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

OUR bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
 'Twas Autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part:
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us, — rest; thou art weary and worn!"
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay: —
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

ACHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry;
 So though the waves are raging white,
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armèd men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
 "Though tempests round us gather,
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing:
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover:
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing: —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

THE life of William Hazlitt, apart from his matrimonial infelicities, was uneventful. He was born April 10, 1778, at Maidstone, England, where his father was a Unitarian minister; a learned and a kindly man, he spent sixty years of his life in petty squabbles over disputed texts of Scripture and in pleading the cause of civil and religious liberty. "What dreams of philosophy and poetry," says his son, "were stifled in the dreary tomes over which he sacrificed fancy and imagination! For ease, half-play on words, and a supine monkish pleasantry," he says of his letters, "I have never seen his equal."

The boy was intended by his father for the Unitarian ministry; but though he went to a denominational college, he disliked the idea of preaching. He was about twenty when he heard the memorable sermon of Coleridge which was said to have fixed his career. Coleridge was visiting a neighboring minister, and Hazlitt walked twelve miles through the mud before daylight to hear him. The sermon set him to thinking, not of theology but of metaphysics. He gave up his studies, and having some talent for painting, devoted himself from this time forth to his two passions, art and metaphysics. And although he was destined to succeed in neither, yet to his knowledge of both he owed his pre-eminence in the career which he entered only by accident. "Nowhere," says one of his critics, "is abstract thought so picturesquely bodied forth by concrete illustration."

At the end of seven years, having come to the conclusion that he could not be a Titian, he published his first book, 'An Essay on the Principles of Human Action'; a book as dry as his favorite biscuit. Thenceforth, he wrote on any subject for any employer. From the first he seems to have been fairly paid, and to have gained a hearing. He was at least sufficiently interesting to provoke the implacable hostility of Blackwood and the Quarterly. For eighteen years he was a regular contributor to the Edinburgh Review, the London Magazine, and the New Monthly, while various daily and weekly papers constantly employed him.

Hazlitt, like many persons of limited affections, had a capacity for sudden passions; but finally, after many love affairs, he married at the age of thirty a Miss Stoddard, with whom he lived for fourteen unhappy years. He then met the now almost legendary Sarah Walker, the daughter of a lodging-house keeper, for whom he resolved to leave his wife. As Mrs. Hazlitt was relieved to be rid of him, they easily obtained a Scotch divorce. When, however, the mature lover was free, Miss Walker had discreetly disappeared. Three

months afterwards Hazlitt married a Mrs. Bridgewater, who took him on a Continental tour, but left him within the twelvemonth. Thackeray describes the journey abroad as that of "a penniless student tramping on foot, and not made after the regular fashion of the critics of the day, by the side of a young nobleman in a post-chaise"; but the fact is that the bride of this second matrimonial venture paid the bills. Hazlitt's other visit to the Continent was amply provided for by a commission to copy pictures in the Louvre. He lived only five years after separating from his second wife. Pecuniary difficulties and the failure of his publishers hastened his death, which occurred in London, September 18, 1830. Only his son and his beloved friend Charles Lamb were with him when he died.

The father of Coventry Patmore gives an interesting picture of Hazlitt at thirty-five: "A pale anatomy of a man, sitting uneasily on half a chair, his anxious, highly intellectual face looking upon vacancy,—emaciate, unstrung, inanimate." But "the poor creature," as he used to call himself, was the launcher forth of the winged word that could shake the hearts of princes and potentates. The most unscrupulous biographer would hardly have dared to reveal Hazlitt, the most reserved of men, as he reveals himself to the reader. Every essay is autobiographical, and reflects his likes and dislikes. In that strange book '*Liber Amoris, or The New Pygmalion*', he invites the horrified British public to listen to his transports concerning the lodging-house keeper's daughter. He abuses the Duke of Wellington, idol of that public, as he abuses whoever may chance to disagree with him on personal or impersonal subjects. The brilliant iconoclast must have been the most uncomfortable of men to live with. No wonder that Lamb used to sigh, pathetically, "I wish he would not quarrel with everybody." For he fell out with the amiable Leigh Hunt, with the idol of his youth, Coleridge, whose poetry he began at once to undervalue, and with Wordsworth and Southey, because they took a moderate view of the French Revolution. He rated Shelley absurdly low for no better reason than that he was a gentleman, and loaded Scott with bad names because he accepted a baronetcy. De Quincey declared that "With Hazlitt, whatever is, is wrong," and quotes an admirer of the critic who professed to shudder whenever his hand went to his breast pocket, lest he should draw out a dagger. What his politics were, except to worship the genius of the French Revolution and abhor a something which he called "the hag of legitimacy," no one knew. His heroes were the first Napoleon and Rousseau.

Hazlitt says, with his usual indifference, that when he began to write he left off reading. Much as he admired '*Waverley*' and the other "Scotch novels," as they were called, he never got through more than half of any one, although it was his business to review them. He gave a series of lectures on the Elizabethan dramatists, and afterwards casually mentioned to Lamb that he had read only about a quarter of Beaumont and Fletcher. And though he prided himself on his metaphysics, he knew none of the metaphysicians but the French

and English philosophers of the eighteenth century. Platonists tell us that he went to Taylor the Platonist for his ideas. He pretended to care for no new book, and declared that he neither corrected his own proof sheets nor read his work in print. Of the Introduction to the 'Lectures on Elizabethan Literature' Saintsbury says, "Almost all the faults to be found in it are due not to prejudice, or error of judgment, but to occasional deficiency of information."

A bundle of inconsistencies, he had a sort of inexplicable constancy, holding the same ideas at the end of his life that he had at its beginning. While his egotism was as stupendous as that of Rousseau or Napoleon, he seemed to possess a double consciousness: with one breath he blesses and curses. What he says of Burke sounds like the ravings of a madman; yet he places Burke in his proper place as the greatest of English political writers. He hacks and hews the Lake School, while he discloses their choicest beauties. "Were the author of 'Waverley' to come into the room, I would kiss the hem of his garment," he said; but Scott the man is to him "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

Yet Hazlitt had something which is better than the ability to criticize fairly, to be consistent or learned, or to exercise the cardinal virtues. He was an artist, and whatever he wrote is literature. His choice of subject is of small importance if the reader is armed against his prejudices. Some biographers rank him highest as a critic, others as an essayist; but it is not easy to classify his work. Essay or criticism, it is Hazlitt and the world that Hazlitt sees. His criticisms are scattered through the seven volumes of his writings edited by his son, but they are collected in the three volumes entitled 'The Characters of Shakespeare,' 'Elizabethan Literature,' and 'The English Poets and the English Comic Writers.' His essays are classed in the volumes 'The Spirit of the Age,' 'The Plain Dealer,' 'The Round Table,' and 'Sketches and Essays.' In the essays we find the famous 'Going to a Fight,' the beautiful and pathetic 'Farewell to Essay-Writing,' the 'On Going a Journey,' 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' 'On Taste,' 'The Indian Jugglers,' 'On Londoners and Country People,' a wide range of subject. His style is as varied as his themes: gay, semi-sentimental, hitting hard like his own pugilists, judicious, gossipy, richly embroidered as medieval tapestry, grave, and chaste. It has been already said that Hazlitt is a man of letters, and that all he touched became literature. It is fair to go further, and suggest that a certain amount of literary temperament is necessary to enjoy him, and perhaps a certain maturity of taste.

It is of Shakespeare's characters that he writes, not of his plays; and it is Timon, Othello, Antony and Cleopatra,—the doers, not the dreamers,—who interest him, and whom he hates and loves. Strange to say, though he rated himself so highly as a metaphysician, Hamlet is one of his least successful portraiture; his artist's eye saw Shakespeare played, not written, and Kean, whom he first ridiculed and then praised, said that Hazlitt had taught him

more than his stage manager. What he did for the Elizabethan dramatists was to rediscover their excellences and find them an audience. He shows Congreve's merits with a force not possible to a calmer judgment. How discriminating, on the contrary, is his praise of the sweetness of Dekker and of the beauties of 'The Beggar's Opera,' and though personal in its vindictiveness, what a splendid assault he makes on Sidney's 'Arcadia'!

Hazlitt is accused of reversing the counsel of the proverb, and speaking good *only* of the dead. He was certainly unlike the little members of the mutual-admiration societies who half a century later took themselves so seriously. It was his art which he found serious. Saintsbury makes the important point that his work molded the genius of his literary juniors. In 'The Spirit of the Age' there are distinct intimations of Carlyle. "Where the devil did you get that style?" Jeffrey asked Macaulay. It is easy to see where, when one reads Hazlitt's contributions to Jeffrey's own Review. In another way, he furnished a model to Dickens and Thackeray; and no one who is familiar with the essay on 'Nicholas Poussin' will fail to add Ruskin to his "fair herd of literary children."

It is almost incredible that with his spirit and temperament, Hazlitt's last words should have been, "I have had a happy life." But literature was to him the wife and children and friends of whom perhaps she robbed him, while becoming, as the poet promises, the solace reserved for him who loves her for herself alone.

GOING TO A FIGHT

"*The fight, the fight's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.*"

WHERE there's a will there's a way." — I said so to myself, as I walked down Chancery Lane, about half-past six o'clock on Monday, the tenth of December, to inquire at Jack Randall's where the fight the next day was to be; and I found the proverb nothing "musty" in the present instance; I was determined to see this fight, come what would, and see it I did, in great style. It was my first fight, yet it more than answered my expectations. Ladies! it is to you I dedicate this description; nor let it seem out of character for the fair to notice the exploits of the brave. Courage and modesty are the old English virtues; and may they never look cold and askance on one another! Think, ye fairest of the fair, loveliest of the lovely kind, ye practisers of soft enchantment, how many more ye kill with poisoned baits than ever fell in the ring; and listen with subdued air and without shuddering, to a tale tragic only in appearance, and sacred to the FANCY!

I was going down Chancery Lane, thinking to ask at Jack Randall's where the fight was to be, when looking through the glass door of the Hole in the Wall, I heard a gentleman asking the same question at Mrs. Randall, as the author of 'Waverley' would express it. Now Mrs. Randall stood answering the gentleman's question, with all the authenticity of the lady of the Champion of the Light Weights. Thinks I, I'll wait till this person comes out, and learn from him how it is. For to say a truth, I was not fond of going into this house of call for heroes and philosophers, ever since the owner of it (for Jack is no gentleman) threatened once upon a time to kick me out of the doors for wanting a mutton chop at his hospitable board, when the conqueror in thirteen battles was more full of *blue ruin* than of good manners. I was the more mortified at this repulse, inasmuch as I had heard Mr. James Simpkins, hosier in the Strand, one day when the character of the Hole in the Wall was brought in question, observe: "The house is a very good house, and the company quite genteel: I have been there myself!" Remembering this unkind treatment of mine host, to which mine hostess was also a party, and not wishing to put her in unquiet thoughts at a time jubilant like the present, I waited at the door, when who should issue forth but my friend Joe P—s, and, seeing him turn suddenly up Chancery Lane with that quick jerk and impatient stride which distinguish a lover of the FANCY, I said, "I'll be hanged if that fellow is not going to the fight, and is on his way to get me to go with him." So it proved in effect, and we agreed to adjourn to my lodgings to discuss measures with that cordiality which makes old friends like new, and new friends like old, on great occasions. We are cold to others only when we are dull in ourselves, and have neither thoughts nor feelings to impart to them. Give a man a topic in his head, a throb of pleasure in his heart, and he will be glad to share it with the first person he meets. Joe and I, though we seldom meet, were an *alter idem* [one the same as the other] on this memorable occasion, and had not an idea that we did not candidly impart; and "so carelessly did we fleet the time," that I wish no better, when there is another fight, than to have him for a companion on my journey down, and to return with my friend Jack Pigott, talking of what was to happen or of what did happen, with a noble subject always at hand, and liberty to digress to others whenever they offered. Indeed, on my repeating the lines from Spenser in an involuntary fit of enthusiasm,

What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?

my last named ingenious friend stopped me by saying that this, translated into the vulgate, meant "Going to see a fight."

Joe and I could not settle about the method of going down. He said there was a caravan, he understood, to start from Tom Belcher's at two, which would go there *right out* and back again the next day. Now, I never travel all

night, and said I should get a cast to Newbury by one of the mails. Joe swore the thing was impossible, and I could only answer that I had made up my mind to it. In short, he seemed to me to waver, said he only came to see if I was going, had letters to write, a cause coming on the day after, and faintly said at parting (for I was bent on setting out that moment), "Well, we meet at Philippi?" I made the best of my way to Piccadilly. The mail-coach stand was bare. "They are all gone," said I — "this is always the way with me — in the instant I lose the future — if I had not stayed to pour out that last cup of tea, I should have been just in time;" — and cursing my folly and ill luck together, without inquiring at the coach office whether the mails were gone or not, I walked on in despite, and to punish my own dilatoriness and want of determination. At any rate, I would not turn back: I might get to Hounslow, or perhaps farther, to be on my road the next morning. I passed Hyde Park Corner (my Rubicon), and trusted to fortune. Suddenly I heard the clattering of a Brentford stage, and the fight rushed full upon my fancy. I argued (not unwisely) that even a Brentford coachman was better company than my own thoughts (such as they were just then), and at his invitation mounted the box with him. I immediately stated my case to him — namely, my quarrel with myself for missing the Bath or Bristol mail, and my determination to get on in consequence as well as I could, without any disparagement or insulting comparison between longer or shorter stages. It is a maxim with me that stage-coaches, and consequently stage-coachmen, are respectable in proportion to the distance they have to travel: so I said nothing on that subject to my Brentford friend. An incipient tendency to an abstract proposition, or (as he might have construed it) to a personal reflection of this kind, was however nipped in the bud; for I had no sooner declared indignantly that I had missed the mails, than he flatly denied that they were gone along, and lo! at the instant three of them drove by in rapid, provoking, orderly succession, as if they would devour the ground before them. Here again I seemed in the contradictory situation of the man in Dryden who exclaims: —

I follow Fate, which does too hard pursue!

If I had stopped to inquire at the White Horse Cellar, which would not have taken me a minute, I should now have been driving down the road in all the dignified unconcern and ideal perfection of mechanical conveyance. The Bath mail I had set my mind upon, and I had missed it, as I miss everything else, by my own absurdity, in putting the will for the deed, and aiming at ends without employing means. "Sir," said he of the Brentford, "the Bath mail will be up presently, my brother-in-law drives it, and I will engage to stop him if there is a place empty." I almost doubted my good genius; but, sure enough, up it drove like lightning and stopped directly at the call of the Brentford Jehu. I would not have believed this possible, but the brother-in-law of a mail-coach driver is himself no mean man. I was transferred without loss of time from

the top of one coach to that of the other, desired the guard to pay my fare to the Brentford coachman for me as I had no change, was accommodated with a greatcoat, put up my umbrella to keep off a drizzling mist, and we began to cut through the air like an arrow. The milestones disappeared one after another, the rain kept off; Tom Turtle (John Thurtell, to wit) the trainer sat before me on the coach box, with whom I exchanged civilities as a gentleman going to the fight; the passion that had transported me an hour before was subdued to pensive regret and conjectural musing on the next day's battle; I was promised a place inside at Reading, and upon the whole, I thought myself a lucky fellow. Such is the force of imagination! On the outside of any other coach on December 10, with a Scotch mist drizzling through the cloudy moonlight air, I should have been cold, comfortless, impatient, and, no doubt, wet through; but seated on the Royal mail, I felt warm and comfortable, the air did me good, the ride did me good, I was pleased with the progress we had made, and confident that all would go well through the journey. When I got inside at Reading, I found Turtle and a stout valetudinarian, whose costume bespoke him one of the FANCY, and who had risen from a three months' sick-bed to get into the mail to see the fight. They were intimate, and we fell into a lively discourse. My friend the trainer was confined in his topics to fighting dogs and men, to bears and badgers; beyond this he was "quite chap-fallen," had not a word to throw at a dog, or indeed very wisely fell asleep, when any other game was started. The whole art of training (I, however, learnt from him) consists in two things, exercise and abstinence, abstinence and exercise, repeated alternately and without end. A yolk of an egg with a spoonful of rum in it is the first thing in a morning, and then a walk of six miles till breakfast. This meal consists of a plentiful supply of tea and toast and beefsteaks. Then another six or seven miles till dinner-time, and another supply of solid beef or mutton with a pint of porter, and perhaps, at the utmost, a couple of glasses of sherry. Martin trains on water, but this increases his infirmity on another very dangerous side. The Gasman takes now and then a chirping glass (under the rose) to console him, during a six weeks' probation, for the absence of Mrs. Hickman — an agreeable woman, with (I understand) a pretty fortune of two hundred pounds. How matter presses on me! What stubborn things are facts! How inexhaustible is nature and art! "It is well," as I once heard Mr. Richmond observe, "to see a variety." He was speaking of cock-fighting as an edifying spectacle. I cannot deny that one learns more of what *is* (I do not say of what *ought to be*) in this desultory mode of practical study, than from reading the same book twice over, even though it should be a moral treatise. Where was I? I was sitting at dinner with the candidate for the honors of the ring, "where good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." Then follows an hour of social chat and native glee; and afterwards, to another breathing over healthy hill or dale. Back to supper, and then to bed, and up by six again — our hero

Follows so the ever-running sun,
With profitable ardor

to the day that brings him victory or defeat in the green fairy circle. Is not this life more sweet than mine? I was going to say; but I will not libel any life by comparing it to mine, which is (at the date of these presents) bitter as coloquintida and the dregs of aconitum!

The invalid in the Bath mail soared a pitch above the trainer and did not sleep so sound, because he had "more figures and more fantasies." We talked the hours away merrily. He had faith in surgery, for he had three ribs set right, that had been broken in a *turn-up* at Belcher's, but thought physicians old women, for they had no antidote in their catalogue for brandy. An indigestion is an excellent commonplace for two people that never met before. By way of ingratiating myself, I told him the story of my doctor, who, on my earnestly representing to him that I thought his regimen had done me harm, assured me that the whole pharmacopeia contained nothing comparable to the prescription he had given me; and, as a proof of its undoubted efficacy, said, that "he had had one gentleman with my complaint under his hands for the last fifteen years." This anecdote made my companion shake the rough sides of his three greatcoats with boisterous laughter; and Turtle, starting out of his sleep, swore he knew how the fight would go, for he had had a dream about it. Sure enough the rascal told us how the three first rounds went off, but "his dream," like others, "denoted a foregone conclusion." He knew his men. The moon now rose in silver state, and I ventured, with some hesitation, to point out this object of placid beauty, with the blue serene beyond, to the man of science, to which his ear he "seriously inclined," the more as it gave promise *d'un beau jour* [of a fine day] for the morrow, and showed the ring undrenched by envious showers, arrayed in sunny smiles. Just then, all going on well, I thought on my friend Joe, whom I had left behind, and said innocently, "there was a blockhead of a fellow I left in town, who said there was no possibility of getting down by the mail, and talked of going by a caravan from Belcher's at two in the morning, after he had written some letters." "Why," said he of the lapels, "I should not wonder if that was the very person we saw running about like mad from one coach door to another, asking if anyone had seen a friend of his, a gentleman going to the fight, whom he had missed stupidly enough by staying to write a note." "Pray, sir," said my fellow traveler, "had he a plaid cloak on?" "Why, no," said I, "not at the time I left him, but he very well might afterwards, for he offered to lend me one." The plaid cloak and the letter decided the thing. Joe, sure enough, was in the Bristol mail, which preceded us by about fifty yards. This was droll enough. We had now but a few miles to our place of destination, and the first thing I did on alighting at Newbury, both coaches stopping at the same time, was to call out, "Pray is there a gentleman in that mail of the name P——s?"

"No," said Joe, borrowing something of the vein of Gilpin, "for I have just got out." "Well!" says he, "this is lucky; but you don't know how vexed I was to miss you; for," added he, lowering his voice, "do you know when I left you I went to Belcher's to ask about the caravan, and Mrs. Belcher said very obligingly, she couldn't tell about that, but that there were two gentlemen who had taken places by the mail and were gone on in a landau, and she could frank us. It's a pity I didn't meet with you; we could then have got down for nothing. But *mum's the word.*" It's the devil for anyone to tell me a secret, for it is sure to come out in print. I do not care so much to gratify a friend, but the public ear is too great a temptation to me.

Our present business was to get beds and supper at an inn; but this was no easy task. The public houses were full, and where you saw a light at a private house, and people poking their heads out of the casement to see what was going on, they instantly put them in and shut the window, the moment you seemed advancing with a suspicious overture for accommodation. Our guard and coachman thundered away at the outer gate of the Crown for some time without effect — such was the greater noise within; and when the doors were unbarred, and we got admittance, we found a party assembled in the kitchen round a good hospitable fire, some sleeping, others drinking, others talking on politics and on the fight. A tall English yeoman (something like Matthews in the face, and quite as great a wag) —

A lusty man to ben an abbot able —

was making such a prodigious noise about rent and taxes, and the price of corn now and formerly, that he had prevented us from being heard at the gate. The first thing I heard him say was to a shuffling fellow who wanted to be off a bet for a shilling glass of brandy and water, "Confound it, man, don't be *insipid!*" Thinks I, that is a good phrase. It was a good omen. He kept it up so all night, nor flinched with the approach of morning. He was a fine fellow, with sense, wit, and spirit, a hearty body and a joyous mind, free spoken, frank, convivial — one of that true English breed that went with Harry the Fifth to the siege of Harfleur — "standing like greyhounds in the slips," etc. We ordered tea and eggs (beds were soon found to be out of the question), and this fellow's conversation was *sauce piquante*. It did one's heart good to see him brandish his oaken towel and to hear him talk. He made mince meat of a drunken, stupid, red-faced, quarrelsome, *frowsy* farmer, whose nose "he moralized into a thousand similes," making it out a firebrand like Bardolph's. "I'll tell you what, my friend," says he, "the landlady has only to keep you here to save fire and candle. If one was to touch your nose, it would go off like a piece of charcoal." At this the other only grinned like an idiot, the sole variety in his purple face being his little peering grey eyes and yellow teeth, called for another glass, swore he would not stand it, and after many attempts to provoke his humorous antagonist to single combat, which

the other turned off (after working him up to a ludicrous pitch of choler) with great adroitness, he fell quietly asleep with a glass of liquor in his hand, which he could not lift to his head. His laughing persecutor made a speech over him, and turning to the opposite side of the room, where they were all sleeping in the midst of this "loud and furious fun," said, "There's a scene, by G-d, for Hogarth to paint. I think he and Shakespeare were our two best men at copying life." This confirmed me in my good opinion of him. Hogarth, Shakespeare, and Nature were just enough for him (indeed for any man) to know. I said, "You read Cobbett, don't you?" "At least," says I, "you talk just as well as he writes." He seemed to doubt this. But I said, "We have an hour to spare: if you'll get pen, ink, and paper, and keep on talking, I'll write down what you say; and if it doesn't make a capital Political Register, I'll forfeit my head. You have kept me alive tonight, however. I don't know what I should have done without you." He did not dislike this view of the thing, nor my asking if he was not about the size of Jem Belcher; and told me soon afterwards, in the confidence of friendship, that "the circumstance which had given him nearly the greatest concern in his life, was Cribb's beating Jem after he had lost his eye by racket playing."

The morning dawns; that dim but yet clear light appears, which weighs like solid bars of metal on the sleepless eyelids; the guests dropped down from their chambers one by one — but it was too late to think of going to bed now (the clock was on the stroke of seven), we had nothing for it but to find a barber's (the pole that glittered in the morning sun lighted us to his shop), and then a nine miles' march to Hungerford. The day was fine, the sky was blue, the mists were retiring from the marshy ground, the path was tolerably dry, the sitting up all night had not done us much harm — at least the cause was good; we talked of this and that with amicable difference, roving and sipping of many subjects, but still invariably we returned to the fight. At length, a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence, we saw the ring surrounded by covered carts, gigs and carriages, of which hundreds had passed us on the road; Joe gave a youthful shout, and we hastened down a narrow lane to the scene of action.

Reader, have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gasman and Bill Neate. The crowd was very great when we arrived on the spot; open carriages were coming up, with streamers flying and music playing, and the countrypeople were pouring in over hedge and ditch in all directions, to see their hero beat or be beaten. The odds were still on Gas, but only about five to four. Gully had been down to try Neate, and had backed him considerably, which was a damper to the sanguine confidence of the adverse party. About £200,000 were pending. Gas says he has lost £3000, which were promised him by different gentlemen if he had won. He had presumed too much on himself, which had made others presume on him. This spirited and formidable young fellow seems to have taken

for his motto the old maxim that "there are three things necessary to success in life — *Impudence! Impudence! Impudence!* It is so in matters of opinion, but not in the FANCY, which is the most practical of all things, though even here confidence is half the battle, but only half. Our friend had vaporized and swaggered too much, as if he wanted to grin and bully his adversary out of the fight. "Alas! the Bristol man was not so tamed!" — "This is the grave-digger" (would Tom Hickman exclaim in the moments of intoxication from gin and success, showing his tremendous right hand), "this will send many of them to their long homes; I haven't done with them yet!" Why should he — though he had licked four of the best men within the hour — why should he threaten to inflict dishonorable chastisement on my old master Richmond, a veteran going off the stage, and who has borne his sable honors meekly? Magnanimity, my dear Tom, and bravery, should be inseparable. Or why should he go up to his antagonist, the first time he ever saw him at the Fives Court, and measuring him from head to foot with a glance of contempt, as Achilles surveyed Hector, say to him, "What, are you Bill Neate? I'll knock more blood out of that great carcase of thine, this day fortnight, than you ever knock'd out of a bullock's!" It was not manly — 'twas not fighter-like. If he was sure of the victory (as he was not), the less said about it the better. Modesty should accompany the FANCY as its shadow. The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken (before whom the Gasman could not have lived) were civil, silent men. So is Cribb; so is Tom Belcher, the most elegant of sparrings, and not a man for everyone to take by the nose. I enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Turtle was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought) that impertinence was a part of no profession. A boxer was bound to beat his man, but not to thrust his fist, either actually or by implication, in everyone's face. Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman. A boxer, I would infer, need not be a blackguard or a coxcomb, more than another. Perhaps I press this point too much on a fallen man — Mr. Thomas Hickman has by this time learnt that first of all lessons, "That man was made to mourn." He has lost nothing by the late fight but his presumption; and that every man may do as well without! By an overdisplay of this quality, however, the public had been prejudiced against him, and the knowing ones were taken in. Few but those who had bet on him wished Gas to win. With my own prepossessions on the subject, the result of the eleventh of December appeared to me as fine a piece of poetical justice as I had ever witnessed. The difference of weight between the two combatants (14 stones to 12) was nothing to the sporting men. Great, heavy, clumsy, long-armed Bill Neate kicked the beam in the scale of the Gasman's vanity. The amateurs were frightened at his big words, and thought they would make up for the difference of six feet and five feet nine. Truly, the FANCY are not men of imagination. They judge of what has been, and cannot

conceive of anything that is to be. The Gasman had won hitherto; therefore he must beat a man half as big again as himself — and that to a certainty. Besides, there are as many feuds, factions, prejudices, pedantic notions in the FANCY as in the state or in the schools. Mr. Gully is almost the only cool, sensible man among them, who exercises an unbiased discretion, and is not a slave to his passions in these matters.

But enough of reflections, and to our tale. The day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet, and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that, within the ring itself, there was a spot of virgin green closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the midday sun. For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck, there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions; you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene — but

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon. "So," I thought, "my fairest hopes have faded from my sight! — so will the Gasman's glory, or that of his adversary, vanish in an hour." The swells were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the cockneys had been distanced by the sixty-six miles); the time drew near; I had got a good stand; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd; and from the opposite side entered Neate; between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose greatcoat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk; and, with a modest, cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and begun to undress; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gasman came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head, and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, "with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear" the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause — attention

was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short — did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gasman won. They were led up to the scratch — shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round everyone thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gasman flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, "There is no standing this." Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gasman's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his, and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledge hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gasman could not get over this guard — they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round; but the balance of power was thus restored — the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided; for in the next, the Gasman aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gasman went down, and there was another shout — a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself; it was the first time he had ever been so punished; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened — his blows could not tell at such a distance — he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his feet; and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring — no half-hits — no tapping and trifling, none of the "*petit-maitreship*" of the art — they were almost all knock-down blows — the fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out

of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offense, and rush upon each other "like two clouds over the Caspian"—this is the most astonishing thing of all; this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a minute or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's 'Inferno.' Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gasman was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over. Ye who despise the FANCY, do something to show as much pluck, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives!

When the Gasman came to himself, the first words he uttered were, "Where am I? What is the matter?" "Nothing is the matter, Tom,—you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive." And Jackson whispered to him, "I am collecting a purse for you, Tom."—Vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, "Ah! you always said I couldn't fight—what do you think now?" But all in good humor, and without any appearance of arrogance; only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was over, I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one? He said, "*Pretty well!*" The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband's victory to the bosom of Mrs. Neate. Alas, for Mrs. Hickman!

"*Mais au revoir,*" as Sir Fopling Flutter says. I went down with Joe P——s; I returned with Jack Pigott, whom I met on the ground. Toms is a rattle-brain; Pigott is a sentimentalist. Now, under favor, I am a sentimentalist too—therefore I say nothing, but that the interest of the excursion did not flag as I came back. Pigott and I marched along the causeway leading from Hungerford to Newbury, now observing the effect of a brilliant sun on the

tawny meads or moss-colored cottages, now exulting in the fight, now digressing to some topic of general and elegant literature. My friend was dressed in character for the occasion, or like one of the FANCY; that is, with a double portion of greatcoats, clogs, and overhauls: and just as we had agreed with a couple of country lads to carry his superfluous wearing apparel to the next town, we were overtaken by a return post-chaise, into which I got, Pigott preferring a seat on the bar. There were two strangers already in the chaise, and on their observing they supposed I had been to the fight, I said I had, and concluded they had done the same. They appeared, however, a little shy and sore on the subject; and it was not till after several hints dropped, and questions put, that it turned out that they had missed it. One of these friends had undertaken to drive the other there in his gig; they had set out, to make sure work, the day before at three in the afternoon. The owner of the one-horse vehicle scorned to ask his way, and drove right on to Bagshot, instead of turning off at Hounslow: there they stopped all night, and set off the next day across the country to Reading, from whence they took coach, and got down within a mile or two of Hungerford, just half an hour after the fight was over. This might be safely set down as one of the miseries of human life. We parted with these two gentlemen who had been to see the fight, but had returned as they went, at Wolverhampton, where we were promised beds (an irresistible temptation, for Pigott had passed the preceding night at Hungerford as we had done at Newbury), and we turned into an old bow-windowed parlor with a carpet and a snug fire; and after devouring a quantity of tea, toast, and eggs, sat down to consider, during an hour of philosophic leisure, what we should have for supper. In the midst of an Epicurean deliberation between a roasted fowl and mutton chops with mashed potatoes, we were interrupted by an inroad of Goths and Vandals — “O procul este profani” [Be far from me, profane ones] — not real flash-men, but interlopers, noisy pretenders, butchers from Tothill Fields, brokers from Whitechapel, who called immediately for pipes and tobacco, hoping it would not be disagreeable to the gentlemen, and began to insist that it was *a cross*. Pigott withdrew from the smoke and noise into another room, and left me to dispute the point with them for a couple of hours “sans intermission” by the dial. The next morning we rose refreshed; and on observing that Jack had a pocket volume in his hand, in which he read in the intervals of our discourse, I inquired what it was, and learned to my particular satisfaction that it was a volume of the ‘New Eloise.’ Ladies, after this, you will contend that a love for the FANCY is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment?

We jogged on as before, my friend setting me up in a genteel drab great-coat and green silk handkerchief (which I must say became me exceedingly), and after stretching our legs for a few miles, and seeing Jack Randall, Ned Turner, and Scoggins pass on the top of one of the Bath coaches, we engaged with the driver of the second to take us to London for the usual fee. I got

inside, and found three other passengers. One of them was an old gentleman with an aquiline nose, powdered hair, and a pig-tail, and who looked as if he had played many a rubber at the Bath rooms. I said to myself, he is very like Mr. Windham; I wish he would enter into conversation, that I might hear what fine observations would come from those finely-turned features. However, nothing passed, till, stopping to dine at Reading, some inquiry was made by the company about the fight, and I gave (as the reader may believe) an eloquent and animated description of it. When we got into the coach again, the old gentleman, after a graceful exordium, said he had, when a boy, been to a fight between the famous Broughton and George Stevenson, who was called the Fighting Coachman, in the year 1770, with the late Mr. Windham. This beginning flattered the spirit of prophecy with me, and riveted my attention. He went on — "George Stevenson was coachman to a friend of my father's. He was an old man when I saw him, some years afterwards. He took hold of his own arm and said, 'there was muscle here once, but now it is no more than this young gentleman's.' He added, 'Well, no matter; I have been here long, I am willing to go hence, and I hope I have done no more harm than another man.' Once," said my unknown companion, "I asked him if he had ever beat Broughton? He said Yes; that he had fought with him three times, and the last time he had fairly beat him, though the world did not allow it. 'I'll tell you how it was, master. When the seconds lifted us up in the last round, we were so exhausted that neither of us could stand, and we fell upon one another, and as Master Broughton fell uppermost, the mob gave it in his favor, and he was said to have won the battle. But the fact was, that as his second (John Cuthbert) lifted him up, he said to him, 'I'll fight no more, I've had enough;'" which, says Stevenson, "you know gave me the victory. And to prove that this was the case, when John Cuthbert was on his death-bed, and they asked him if there was anything on his mind which he wished to confess, he answered, Yes, that there was one thing he wished to set right, for that certainly Master Stevenson won that last fight with Master Broughton; for he whispered him as he lifted him up in the last round of all, that he had had enough.'" "This," said the Bath gentleman, "was a bit of human nature"; and I have written this account of the fight on purpose that it might not be lost to the world. He also stated as a proof of the candor of mind in this class of men, that Stevenson acknowledged that Broughton could have beaten him in his best day; but that he (Broughton) was getting old in their last encounter. When we stopped in Piccadilly, I wanted to ask the gentleman some questions about the late Mr. Windham, but had not courage. I got out, resigned my coat and green silk handkerchief to Pigott (loth to part with these ornaments of life), and walked home in high spirits.

P.S. — Joe called upon me the next day, to ask me if I did not think the fight was a complete thing? I said I thought it was. I hope he will relish my account of it.

THOMAS MOORE

ALTHOUGH of late years, through the gradual change of taste, the importance of Thomas Moore to the critical reader has grown to be more that of a personality than that of a poet, yet, in large and steady demand at the libraries, his works long ranked with those of Byron and Scott.

Whether this be a tribute to his sentimentality or his music, there can be no doubt that Moore, who came of the people,—his father was a small grocer and liquor-dealer of Dublin,—understood their feelings better than is generally supposed; and while he was singing to the languishing ladies of London, never forgot the less fashionable though no less sentimental audience beyond.

For it is by his songs that his name has made its place in the poet's corner of the heart: not by his elaborated pictures of an Orient that he never beheld; his loves of angelic (and too earthly) spirits; nor his high-flown and modish 'Evenings in Greece.' Fate has its ironies, and this is one of them: Tom Moore, the darling of English aristocracy, the wit of fashionable Bohemia, lives for us principally as the pretty Irish lad from Dublin; his boyish fad of Anacreon and Thomas Little forgotten, and only the songs that came from his heart remembered.

Born in a humble though decent quarter of Dublin, on May 28, 1779, he inherited that love of country which is so characteristic of his race. Ireland has cause indeed to be grateful to Moore. It is true that his tastes and his friendships were placed far from her unfortunate shores. But in those days she offered no future to a literary man; and it required more than ordinary courage to espouse her cause when even sympathy with her was considered treasonable to England. Among his English friends, who thought Ireland synonymous with barbarity and ignorance, he moved about amiably patriotic, striking down the barriers of intolerance with the shafts of his conciliating wit. Sunday after Sunday, though his controversial works in favor of Catholicism would fill many volumes, he was to be found in an Anglican chapel.

While Moore never deserted or neglected his humble parents, of whom he was justifiably proud, nor forgot his early friends and helpers, yet as he rose in life, his diaries contain few names but those of the great. With his gifts of social wit and gayety he was more courted than courting, however; and in this light should be received the saying that "Tommy dearly loved a lord." Few men ever surpassed him in that art of brilliant conversation that contributed so largely to his successful career.

While not a great linguist, he was certainly endowed with the gift of tongues; so that when he left the University in Dublin in 1799, with his clas-

sical studies completed, he was proficient in both French and Italian. His name was now entered at the Middle Temple, London. His youth,—he was only twenty,—his humble parents and meager fortunes, had not prevented him from gaining some foothold in Dublin society. For besides his personal gifts, he was already known as a poet, from some published effusions; and it was whispered that the pretty youth who had dabbled in the plot that sent his college-mate, Robert Emmet, to the gallows, had under his arm the manuscript of the 'Odes of Anacreon,' which, to the unsophisticated aristocrats of Dublin, must have given the young bard an air of fascinating worldliness.

His first business in London was to obtain a patron; and we soon hear of him as supping, through Lord Moira's influence, with the Prince Regent, at the table of Mrs. Fitzherbert. A subscription for the publication of the 'Odes,' headed by the name of his Royal Highness, soon enabled Moore to produce his dainty translations of the Teian bard, with all the conventional foot-notes and pretty pieces of learning that the time so much admired; with every nymph and cup-bearer pictured in corkscrew curls and voluminous draperies. It is an epitome of the spirit of its time, so bland in its pretensions to learning, at the same time so fashionable and so seemingly erudite. Quotations in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian meet the eye on almost every page; and pretty conceits from outside sources, that can be brought by any straining of means into some connection with the main work, are scattered with a lavish hand.

The success of this volume was so great that we hear no more of Moore in the Middle Temple. In the years of prosperity and gayety that followed,—years of bewildering successes for so young a man,—a laureateship was offered and declined. The great men of the day stood anxious to be of use to the youth whom fashion had taken by the hand; and, again through the influence of Lord Moira, Moore was made Registrar of the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. But the island of "the still-vext Bermoothes" was not to the taste of the gay little dancer in the sun; and tarrying there only long enough to appoint a deputy, he proceeded on the American tour that resulted in his 'Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems.' In America Moore naturally found little to admire. He was shocked at "the rude familiarity of the lower orders"; and on his arrival in Washington, took sides with the British minister and his wife in that historic quarrel with the President on the subject of social precedence, that mystified the magnates of the republican court.

He shared, indeed, the national aptitude for quarreling; on one occasion challenging Jeffrey to a duel, because of a critique in the Edinburgh,—a duel which the police interrupted at the crucial moment, and which resulted in the lifelong friendship of the combatants. It happened, however, that when the pistols were seized, one of them was discovered to be without a bullet; whereupon Byron in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' so ridiculed the affair that Moore challenged him in turn. Friends however interfered, and a

friendship was founded between the combatants that has for its memorial the 'Life and Journals of Lord Byron' by Thomas Moore.

In 1811 the poet married Miss Bessie Dyke, an Irish actress of some note, whose beauty had gained her from the fastidious Rogers the names of "Madonna della Sedia" and "Psyche." She had all the womanly qualities of self-control, patience, and economy, that were needed by the wife of the spoiled little bard, who gave her until his death all the devotion of a lover.

His life after his marriage was to be one series of social and literary triumphs, shadowed only by the money difficulty by which his own carelessness and his Bermudan deputy's dishonesty threatened at one time to overwhelm him. He paid his debts, however, by means of the success of his satires, the generous terms of the Longmans in ordering 'Lalla Rookh,' and the pension of £300 given him by the government through the grace of Lord John Russell, who was one day to be his biographer. Fond as he was of dancing and dining, however, he was both industrious and persevering at his work-bench, where he turned out not less than thirty volumes, among the best known of which are — 'The Odes of Anacreon,' 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' 'Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems,' 'The Two-penny Post Bag,' 'Lalla Rookh,' 'Rhymes on the Road,' 'The Epicurean, a Prose Story,' 'The Loves of the Angels,' 'The Life of Sheridan,' 'The Life of Lord Byron,' and 'The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.'

During his sojourns in France, while his friends compromised the Bermudan suits, Continental society united to do him honor. Royalty listened to his charming drolleries, and languished over the songs which he sang and accompanied on the piano with an elegance that great musicians envied for its effect. 'Lalla Rookh' was presented by the Imperial personages on the court stage of St. Petersburg. The Duchess of Kent and the little Princess Victoria sang his own songs to him. For "Moore," says Lady Morgan, — a very capable judge, — "now belongs to gilded saloons and grand pianofortes."

When he goes to Ireland, he must kiss every woman on board the Dublin packet; and the galleries of the theaters ring with "Come, show your Irish face, Tom!" That he had the tastes of a dandy, we learn from a letter of the time describing his "smart white hat, kid gloves, brown frock coat, yellow cassimere waistcoat, gray duck trousers, and blue silk handkerchief carelessly secured in front by a silver pin." At another time he orders a coat of "blue with yellow buttons"; but meanwhile he complains that he has been obliged to wear his white hat in the winter rains for want of a better. In spite of his toilets, however, the good-natured crowd that followed the "Great Poet" in his Irish wanderings were so disappointed that there were frequent outcries of "Well, 'tis a darling little pet, at any rate;" "Be dad, isn't he a dawny creature, and doesn't he just look like one of the good people!" (fairies). But there was never any lack of enthusiasm and cheering.

At length the shadows began to darken on the spirit of Moore, as one by

one his five children died, and he was left at last alone with his devoted Bessy. His wit and brilliancy began to fade; and though, as Willis relates, he continued to stumble in his short-sighted way into the salons of the great houses where he was worshiped, and though he still sat among the wits and peers at table,—the light fancy, the store of anecdote and droll allusion, diminished until all that made his greatness became mere tradition. It was too late to hope that he would change his life,—retire to the privacy of his home, hiding the eclipse of mind that has so often darkened the last years of men of genius. It was in the midst of the gay and worldly throng in which he had passed his golden days that he lapsed into silence, and became the specter of the feasts to which, above all, he was once welcome.

The end came in February 1852, when he had reached his seventy-third year. Of all his family, he was survived only by the noble woman who saw him laid beside their five children in the churchyard of Bromham in Wiltshire.

THOMAS WALSH

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

O H! the days are gone, when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
 When my dream of life, from morn till night,
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream;
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
 To smile at last:
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And at every close she blushed to hear
 The one loved name.

No, that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love traced;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'Twas odor fled
 As soon as shed;
 'Twas morning's winged dream:
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.
 Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream;

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorned the lore she brought me:
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him, the sprite
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me;
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turned away,
 Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes

Again to set it glowing?
 No — vain, alas! the endeavor
 From bonds so sweet to sever:
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMs

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy gifts fading away:
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear:
 No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close;
 As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer:
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,—
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy angel I'll be through the horrors of this:
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

NORA CREINA

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
 Few its looks, but every one
 Like unexpected light surprises!
 O my Nora Creina, dear,
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mold
 Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
 Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness —
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're designed
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
 Pillowed on my Nora's heart,

In safer slumber Love reposes —
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 O my Nora Creina dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath no such light
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT

O FT, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but him departed!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

OH! breathe not his name, — let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

TIS the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er;
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more.
 No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

Miriam's Song

"And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."

—EXOD. xv. 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
 Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free!
 Sing — for the pride of the tyrant is broken:
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave —
 How vain was their boast; for the Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
 Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free!
 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
 Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free!

LEIGH HUNT

LEIGH HUNT (whose two less distinctive first names, James and Henry, his own pen has taught us to forget) was more American than English by descent. His father, Rev. Isaac Hunt, was a West-Indian, who received a large part of his education at a college in Philadelphia; his mother, Mary Shewell, came of an old Philadelphian Quaker family. His melancholy, which certainly did not play a leading part in his temperament, Leigh Hunt always declared came from his mother; his mirth from his father, who had given up his charge in the West Indies when the War of Independence threatened, and sailed for England, where he lived a rather improvident life. The boy Leigh, who was by far the youngest of the family, was born at Southgate, County Middlesex, October 19, 1784; then quite a country village. At eight years old he was sent to Christ's Hospital, some ten years after Charles Lamb and Coleridge had passed their memorable school days there. Eight years of its strong discipline, and Leigh Hunt emerged "with much classics and no mathematics," such being then the tradition of the school, to spend a couple of years in writing verses and roaming London, under the easy-going rule of the Rev. Isaac, who as early as 1801 collected and published under the title '*Juvenilia*,' a first book of his boy's poems. Its contents are curious, perhaps, but not worth preserving.

Some intermittent experiences as a London clerk in the attorney's office of his brother Stephen, and in the War Office, varied by his first essays as a dramatic critic, bring us to the climacteric point when he joined his brother John in sundry journalistic adventures. These, after some failures, led to the successful commencement in 1808 of the *Examiner* newspaper, whose future seemed so secure in the second year that Leigh Hunt felt warranted in marrying Marianne Kent, to whom he had been for long affianced.

It was not until 1812, in its issue of March 22, that the *Examiner*'s growing independence led it to its well-timed attack on the vicious Prince Regent, and brought down the law on its editors' heads. The attack was made in an out-spoken leading article (one of a series of such social criticisms), entitled '*The Prince on St. Patrick's Day*.' Some little delay occurred in the trial; and it was even intimated that if the editors would refrain from free speech in the future, their offense would be passed over: but with great courage they refused to give any such undertaking. Eventually the trial took place in the King's Bench, Westminster, on December 9, 1812; and Leigh Hunt and his brother, who were defended by Lord Brougham, were condemned to two years' imprisonment in separate prisons and a fine of £1,000. Leigh Hunt was sent to Horse-

monger Lane Jail, where he went on directing and writing for the *Examiner* with undiminished spirit. Two numbers of its issue for February 1813 bear traces, as one might expect, of his political rather than his literary pen. It is sub-titled 'A Sunday Paper on Politics, Domestic Economy, and Theatricals,' and it bears a characteristic motto from Swift: "Party is the madness of the Many for the gain of the Few." In its pages, during the time of Leigh Hunt's imprisonment from 1813 to 1815, appeared several of his best sonnets, and notably those addressed to his favorite Hampstead. His account of how he transformed his prison cell within, by a wallpaper of trellised roses, a ceiling of blue sky and clouds, a piano, books, and busts, while without he contrived a little flower garden, added to the testimony of Charles Lamb and others, tends rather to falsify the real effect his days in jail had upon him. In truth they left him broken in health; and he was heavily embarrassed in fortune, moreover, by the heavy fine. And of the new friends that he gained among those sympathizing with his misfortune, it cannot be considered that he was altogether fortunate, for instance, in being thrown into contact with Lord Byron. As for Shelley and Keats, the two names that most naturally occur, and with the most ideal effect, in the list of Hunt's friends,—their friendship dates from before his imprisonment. His new intercourse with Byron under Shelley's auspices led to the unlucky visit of the whole Hunt family to Italy, and the still more unlucky founding of the *Liberal*. There is no more entertaining chapter in all Leigh Hunt's delightful 'Autobiography' than that so light-heartedly relating the story of the voyage to Italy and its results. As for the fate of the *Liberal*, it ran to only four numbers, issued during 1822-23; but it is a bibliophile's prize now, whether in the original parts or in the two volumes in which these were collected in 1823. Of Leigh Hunt's other journalistic doings, Charles Lamb's couplet reminds us of one: —

Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator, —
Hunt, thy best title yet is Indicator.

The *Indicator*, issued weekly from 1819 to 1821; previously a quarterly, the *Reflector*, continuing from 1810 to 1812; and subsequently the *Companion*, a weekly similar to the *Indicator*,—account for many years of sheer hard writing in Leigh Hunt's life, which was never an idle one. But the hardest task of the kind he set himself was the *Tatler*, "A Daily Journal of Literature and the Stage," consisting of four folio pages, written with very slight exception solely by Hunt himself, from September 4, 1830, to February 13, 1832. It proved, as might have been expected, with his other avocations to be considered, too much for his health; and on giving it up he fell back on his favorite *belle-lettistic* weekly publications, in his *London Journal* (1834-35), and again his *Journal* at the latter end of his career. If so much is said of these papers, it is because so much of his most characteristic writing first appeared in their pages;

and we have not yet nearly exhausted the list of the periodicals to which he was an occasional contributor.

When we turn to his books, we find in his 'Autobiography' perhaps the most complete and individual expression of the man: his charming fancy, his high spirits, wit, gaiety, and abiding good-nature. But the same lightness and ease of style, the same kindness and shrewdness of thought and observation, are to be found in his essays, so often written with a facile pen for some one of his weekly periodicals. Such are the papers on 'The Deaths of Little Children,' 'The Old Lady,' 'The Maid-Servant,' and 'Coaches.' His contributions, whether as a poet or as a critic and appreciator of poetry, are, it is said, not read as much as they were fifty years ago; but they make alone a remarkable contribution to nineteenth-century literature. 'The Story of Rimini,' his longest poem, still delights in its best pages, full as they are of reminders not only of older poets like Spenser, but of Keats, whom Hunt so strongly influenced; and such lines as those to "Jenny," or upon 'Abou Ben Adhem,' are simply unforgettable. His poems, together with such works as his 'Men, Women, and Books' (1847), 'Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla' (1848), 'Imagination and Fancy' (1844), 'Wit and Humor' (1846), and 'The Town' (1848), are best to be read in alternation with the chapters of his 'Autobiography.'

We have preferred to pass lightly over his much-bruited quarrel with Byron, the fault of which was mainly Byron's. It is pleasanter to think of his unbroken friendships with so many poets and men of genius, from Lamb, Keats, and Shelley, on to Carlyle, whose tribute to him may be remembered along with that of Emerson and of Hawthorne. Accepting it as essentially true, we shall be able to forget that Dickens ever caricatured him, or that his lack of economy ever impaired the genuine character of the man and his work. The present writer, writing in a house traditionally associated with Leigh Hunt's sojourn at Hampstead, can only say that every story of his career told by his few remaining friends and acquaintances bears out the brighter estimate of his life as the true one. He lived until 1859, dying in the house of a friend at Putney. "His death was simply exhaustion," we are told: "he broke off his work to lie down and repose. So gentle was the final approach that . . . it came without terrors."

In his prime, Leigh Hunt was described as a tall, agile, slender figure; with black hair, vivid features, brilliant dark eyes, and a lurking humor in the expression of his mobile mouth. And except that his hair grew white, he preserved this effect, and the grace and courtesy of his bearing, to the end.

ERNEST RHYS

JAFFÁR

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF SHELLEY

Shelley, take this to thy dear memory;—
 To praise the generous is to think of thee.

JAFFÁR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
 The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
 Jaffár was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
 And guilty Hároun, sullen with mistrust
 Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
 Ordained that no man living from that day
 Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
 All Araby and Persia held their breath.
 All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show
 How far for love a grateful soul could go,
 And facing death for very scorn and grief
 (For his great heart wanted a great relief),
 Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
 Where once had stood a happy house; and there
 Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
 On all they owed to the divine Jaffár.
 "Bring me this man," the Caliph cried. The man
 Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began
 To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;
 "From bonds far worse Jaffár delivered me;
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
 Restored me—loved me—put me on a par
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaffár?"
 Hároun, who felt that on a soul like this
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
 Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as great.
 He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will:
 The Caliph's judgment shall be master still.
 Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
 The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
 "Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
 High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
 Exclaimed, "This too I owe to thee, Jaffár!"

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold.
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

RONDEAU

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in:
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old; but add,—
Jenny kissed me!

THE OLD LADY

From the 'Indicator'

IF the old lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side as an old enameled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, and she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and according to the season an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well-behaved itself.

She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantelpiece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in colored ware: the man perhaps in a pink jacket, and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess; the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ankles. But these patterns of course are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold,—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bedroom. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with

chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantelpiece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall is a piece of embroidered literature framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below in their proper colors; the whole concluding with an A-B-C and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be "her work, Jan. 14, 1762." The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the '*Turkish Spy*,' a *Bible* and *Prayer-Book*, *Young's 'Night Thoughts'* with a piece of lace in it to flatten, *Mrs. Rowe's 'Devout Exercises of the Heart'*, *Mrs. Glasse's 'Cookery'*, and perhaps '*Sir Charles Grandison*' and '*Clarissa*'. '*John Bunble*' is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards; or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant in pattens follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough, but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening but avoids the new streets, canals, etc.; and sometimes goes through the church-yard where her children and her husband lie buried, serious but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life: her marriage; her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family; and

a compliment on her figure she once received in passing, from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as "a sad loose man, but engaging." His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs even for that. The last time but one that she went was to see the Duke of Würtemberg; and most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, "a fine royal young creature," and "Daughter of England."

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

OUR Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious; nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig, which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favorite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him and pull the silver hairs out ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered, in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and in warm weather is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for galas, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one when bowed to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book among other things contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a commonplace book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in

columns, some of them rather gay. His principal other books are — Shakespeare's Plays and Milton's 'Paradise Lost'; the Spectator, the 'History of England,' the 'Works of Lady M. W. Montagu,' Pope and Churchill; Middleton's Geography; the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on 'Longevity'; several plays with portraits in character; 'Account of Elizabeth Canning,' 'Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy,' 'Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton,' Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius, as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, etc., and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and by a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, — all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubtful eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drunk more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced, by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as —

Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,
Come, gentle god of soft repose,

or his wife's favorite ballad, beginning —

At Upton on the hill
There lived a happy pair.

Of course no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theaters, or the merits of "my lord North," or "my lord Rockingham"—for he rarely says simply lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's-length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new-comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions he gives an important hem! or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theater or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years: but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters, who if ill players are good losers. Not that he is a miser, but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early whether at home or abroad.

At the theater he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes he is anxious that the little boy should see:

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A—, the finest woman in England, sir; and Mrs. L—, a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan What's-her-name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh boxful in Tavistock Street on his way to the theater. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favorite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband, for instance, has met with a piece of luck,

he instantly moves forward and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He "never recollects such weather," except during the "Great Frost," or when he rode down with "Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket." He grows young again in his little grandchildren, especially the one which he thinks most like himself, which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school he often goes to see them, and makes them blush by telling the master of the upper scholars that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast, and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, sir; mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings and say little or nothing; but informs you that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper) — "She'll talk."

LORD BYRON

GOETHE, in one of his conversations with Henry Crabb Robinson about Byron, said "There is no padding in his poetry" ("Es sind keine Flickwörter im Gedichte"). This was in 1829, five years after Byron died. "This, and indeed every evening, I believe, Lord Byron was the subject of his praise. He compared the brilliancy and clearness of his style to a metal wire drawn through a steel plate." He expressed regret that Byron should not have lived to execute his vocation, which he said was "to dramatize the Old Testament. What a subject under his hands would the Tower of Babel have been!" Byron's views of nature he declared were "equally profound and poetical." Power in all its forms Goethe had respect for, and he was captivated by the indomitable spirit of *Manfred*. He enjoyed the 'Vision of Judgment' when it was read to him, exclaiming "Heavenly!" "Unsurpassable!" "Byron has surpassed himself." He equally enjoyed the satire on George IV. He did not praise Milton with the warmth with which he eulogized Byron, of whom he said that "the like would never come again; he was imitable."

Goethe's was the Continental opinion, but it was heightened by his conception of "realism"; he held that the poet must be matter-of-fact, and that it was the truth and reality that made writing popular: "It is by the laborious collection of facts that even a poetical view of nature is to be corrected and authenticated." Byron had not scientific accuracy, but with his objectivity Goethe sympathized more than with the reflection and introspection of Wordsworth.

Byron was hailed on the Continent as a poet of power, and the judgment of him was not influenced by his disregard of the society conventions of England, nor by his personal eccentricities, nor because he was not approved by the Tory party and the Tory writers. Perhaps unconsciously — certainly not with the conviction of Shelley — Byron was on the side of the new movement in Europe; the spirit of Rousseau, the unrest of 'Wilhelm Meister,' the revolutionary seething, with its tinge of morbidness and misanthropy, its brilliant dreams of a new humanity, and its reckless destructive theories. In France especially his influence was profound and lasting. His wit and his lyric fire excused his morbidness and his sentimental posing as a waif, unfriended in a cold and treacherous world of women and men; and his genius made misanthropy and personal recklessness a fashion. The world took his posing seriously and his grievances to heart, sighed with him, copied his dress, tried to imitate his adventures, many of them imaginary, and accepted him as a perturbed, storm-tossed spirit, representative of an age of agitation.

So he was, but not by consistent hypocritical premeditation; for his pose was not so much of set purpose as in obedience to a false education, an undisciplined temper, and a changing mind. He was guided by the impulse of the moment. But he was the mouthpiece of a certain phase of his time. He expressed it, and the expression remains and is important as a record, like the French Revolution and the battle of Waterloo. He sounded the note of intemperate, unconsidered defiance in the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' This satire was audacious; many of its judgments were unjust; but its wit and poetic vigor announced a new force in English literature, and the appearance of a man who was abundantly able to take care of himself and secure respectful treatment. In moments afterward he expressed regret for it, or for portions of it, and would have liked to soften its personalities. He was always susceptible to kindness, and easily won by the good opinion of even a declared enemy. He and Moore became lifelong friends, and between him and Walter Scott there sprang up a warm friendship, with sincere reciprocal admiration of each other's works. Only on politics and religion did they disagree, but Scott thought Byron's Liberalism not very deep: "It appeared to me," he said, "that the pleasure it afforded him as a vehicle of displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office was at the bottom of this habit of thinking. At heart I would have termed Byron a patrician on principle." Scott shared Goethe's opinion of Byron's genius:—"He wrote from impulse, never for effect, and therefore I have always reckoned Burns and Byron the most genuine poetic geniuses of my time, and of half a century before me. We have many men of high poetic talents, but none of that ever-gushing and perennial fountain of natural waters." Among the men satirized in the 'Bards' was Wordsworth. Years after, Byron met him at a dinner, and on his return told his wife that the "one feeling he had for him from the beginning to the end of the visit was reverence." Yet he never ceased to gird at him in his satires. The truth is, that consistency was never to be expected in Byron.

He came of a wild and turbulent race. His father, John Byron, a captain in the Guards, was a heartless profligate with no redeeming traits of character. He eloped with Amelia D'Arcy, wife of the Marquis of Carmarthen, and after her divorce from her husband married her and treated her like a brute. One daughter of this union was Augusta, Byron's half-sister, who married Colonel Leigh. A year after the death of his first wife, John Byron entrapped and married Catherine Gordon of Gicht,—a Scotch heiress, very proud of her descent from James I. of Scotland,—whose estate he speedily squandered. In less than two years after the birth of his son, the future Lord Byron, in 1788, John Byron ran away from his wife and his creditors, and died in France.

Mrs. Byron was a wholly undisciplined and weak woman, proud of her descent, wayward and hysterical. She ruined the child, whom she alternately petted and abused. She interfered with his education and fixed him in all his

bad tendencies. He never learned anything until he was sent away from her to Harrow. He was passionate, sullen, defiant of authority, but very amenable to kindness. Byron's irritability and bad temper were aggravated by a physical defect, which hindered him from excelling in athletic sports of which he was fond, and embittered all his life. Either at birth or by an accident one of his feet was malformed or twisted so as to affect his gait, and the evil was aggravated by surgical attempts to straighten the limb. His sensitiveness was increased by unfeeling references to it. His mother used to call him "a lame brat," and his pride received an incurable wound in the heartless remark of Mary Chaworth, "Do you think I could care for that lame boy?" Byron was two years her junior, but his love for her was the purest passion of his life, and it has the sincerest expression in the famous 'Dream.' Byron's lameness, and his morbid fear of growing obese, which led him all his life into reckless experiments in diet, were permanent causes of his discontent and eccentricity. In 1798, Byron inherited Newstead Abbey and became the sixth Lord Byron. He had great pride in the possession of this crumbling and ruinous old pile. After its partial repair he occupied it with his mother, and from time to time in his stormy life; but in 1818 it was sold for £90,000, which mostly went to pay debts and mortgages.

In 1805 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he resided irregularly for three years, reading much in a desultory manner, but paying slight attention to the classics and mathematics; so that it was a surprise that he was able to take his degree. But he had keen powers of observation and a phenomenal memory. The only fruit of this period in literature was the 'Hours of Idleness,' which did not promise much, and would be of little importance, notwithstanding many verses of great lyric skill, had it not been for the slashing criticism on it, imputed to Lord Brougham, in the Edinburgh Review, which provoked the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' This witty outburst had instant success with the public.

In 1809 Byron came of age, and went abroad on a two-years' pilgrimage to Spain, Malta, Greece, and Constantinople, giving free rein to his humor for intrigue and adventure in the "lands of the sun," and gathering the material for many of his romances and poems. He became at once the picturesque figure of his day,—a handsome, wilful poet, sated with life, with no regret for leaving his native land, the conqueror of hearts and the sport of destiny. The world was speedily full of romances of his recklessness, his intrigues, his *diablerie*, and his munificence. These grew, upon his return in 1811 and the publication in 1812 of the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold.' All London was at his feet. He had already made his first speech in the House of Lords espousing the Liberal side. The second speech was in favor of Catholic emancipation. The fresh and novel poem, which Byron himself had not at first thought worth offering a publisher, fell in with the humor and moral state of the town. It was then that he made the oft-quoted remark, "I

awoke one morning and found myself famous." The poem gave new impetus to the stories of his romantic life, and London seemed to idolize him as much for his follies and his love-affairs as for his genius. He plunged into all the dissipation of the city. But this period from 1811 to 1815 was also one of extraordinary intellectual fertility. In rapid succession he gave to the press poems and romances,—'The Giaour,' 'The Bride of Abydos,' 'The Corsair,' 'Lara,' the 'Hebrew Melodies,' 'The Siege of Corinth,' and 'Parisina.' Some of the 'Hebrew Melodies' are unequaled in lyric fire. The romances are all taking narratives, full of Oriental passion, vivid descriptions of scenery, and portraiture of female loveliness and dark-browed heroes, often full of melody, but melodramatic; and in substance do not bear analysis. But they still impress with their flow of vitality, their directness and power of versification, and their frequent beauty.

Sated with varied dissipation, worn out with the flighty adoration of Lady Caroline Lamb, and urged by his friends to marry and settle down, Byron married (January 2, 1815) Anne Isabella, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke. He liked but did not love her; and she was no doubt fascinated by the reputation of the most famous man in Europe, and perhaps indulged the philanthropic hope that she could reform the literary Corsair. On December 10 was born Augusta Ada, the daughter whom Byron celebrates in his verse and to whom he was always tenderly attached. On January 15, five weeks after her daughter's birth, Lady Byron left home with the child to pay a visit to her family. Shortly after, he was informed by her father and by herself that she did not intend ever to return to him. This affair brought down upon Byron a storm of public indignation which drove him from England. To the end of his life, neither society nor the critics ever forgave him, and did not even do justice to his genius. His espousal of the popular cause in Europe embittered the conservative element, and the freedom of speculation in such masterly works as 'Cain' brought upon him the anathemas of orthodox England. Henceforth in England his poetry was judged by his liberal and unorthodox opinions. This vituperation rose to its height when Byron dared to satirize George III., and to expose mercilessly in 'Don Juan' the hypocrisy of English life.

On April 25, 1816, Byron left England, never to return. And then opened the most brilliant period of his literary career. Instead of being crushed by the situation, Byron's warlike spirit responded to it with defiance, and his suffering and his anger invoked the highest qualities of his extraordinary genius. His career in Italy was as wild and dissipated as ever. The best influence in his irregular life was the Countess Guiccioli, in whose society he was drawn into ardent sympathy with the Italian liberals. For the cause of Italian unity he did much when it was in its darkest period, and his name is properly linked in this great achievement with those of Mazzini and Cavour. It was in Switzerland, before Byron settled in Venice, that he met Shelley,

with whom he was thereafter to be on terms of closest intimacy. Each had a regard for the genius of the other, but Shelley placed Byron far above himself. It was while sojourning near the Shelleys on the Lake of Geneva that Byron formed a union with Claire Clairmont, the daughter of Mrs. Clairmont, who became William Godwin's second wife. The result of this intimacy was a natural daughter, Allegra, for whose maintenance and education Byron provided, and whose early death was severely felt by him.

Byron's life in Italy from 1816 to 1823 continued to be a romance of exciting and dubious adventure. Many details of it are given in Byron's letters,—his prose is always as vigorous as his poetry, and as self-revealing,—and it was no doubt recorded in his famous Diary, which was intrusted to his friend Tom Moore, and was burned after Byron's death. It was in this period that he produced the works that by their innate vigor and power placed him in the front rank of English poets. The third and fourth cantos of 'Childe Harold' attained a height that the first two cantos had not prepared the world to expect. 'Cain' was perhaps the culmination of his power. The lyrics and occasional poems of his time add to his fame because they exhibit his infinite variety. Critics point out the carelessness of his verse,—and there is an air of haste in much of it; they deny his originality and give the sources of his inspiration,—but he had Shakespeare's faculty of transforming all things to his own will; and they deny him the contribution of thought to the ideas of the world. This criticism must stand against the fact of his almost unequaled power to move the world and make it feel and think. The Continental critics did not accuse him of want of substance. What did he not do for Spain, for Italy, for Greece! No interpretation of their splendid past, of their hope for the future, no musings over the names of other civilizations, no sympathy with national pride, has ever so satisfied the traveling and reading world in these lands, as Byron's. I believe it is a fact that Byron is more quoted than any English poet except Pope since Shakespeare, and that he is better known to the world at large than any except the Master.

'The Dream' and 'Darkness' are poems that will never lose their value so long as men love and are capable of feeling terror. 'Manfred,' 'Mazeppa,' 'Heaven and Earth,' 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' and the satire of the 'Vision of Judgment' maintain their prominence; and it seems certain that many of the lyrics, like 'The Isles of Greece' and the 'Maid of Athens,' will never pall upon any generation of readers, and the lyrics will probably outlast the others in general favor. Byron wrote many dramas, but they are not acting plays. He lacked the dramatic instinct, and it is safe to say that his plays, except in certain passages, add little to his great reputation.

In the opinion of many critics, Byron's genius was more fully displayed in 'Don Juan' than in 'Childe Harold.' Byron was Don Juan, mocking, satirical, witty, pathetic, dissolute, defiant of all conventional opinion. The ease, the grace, the *diablerie* of the poem are indescribable; its wantonness is not to be

excused. But it is a microcosm of life as the poet saw it, a record of the experience of thirty years, full of gems, full of flaws, in many ways the most wonderful performance of his time.

Byron was an aristocrat, and sometimes exhibited a silly regard for his rank; but he was a democrat in all the impulses of his nature. His early feeling was that as a peer he condescended to authorship, and for a time he would take no pay for what he wrote. But later, when he needed money, he was keen at a bargain for his poetry. He was extravagant in his living, generous to his friends and to the popular causes he espoused, and cared nothing for money except the pleasure of spending it. It was while he was living at Ravenna that he became involved in the intrigues for Italian independence. The time had come, he said, when a man must do something — writing was only a pastime. He joined the secret society of the Carbonari; he showed a statesman-like comprehension of the situation; his political papers bear the stamp of vision and leadership. When that dream faded under the reality of the armies of despotism, his thoughts turned to Greece. Partly his restless nature, partly love of adventure carried him there; but once in the enterprise, he gave his soul to it with a boldness, a perseverance, a good sense, a patriotic fervor that earn for him the title of a hero in a good cause. His European name was a tower of strength to the Greek patriots. He mastered the situation with a statesman's skill and with the perception of a soldier; he endured all the hardships of campaigning, and waited in patience to bring some order to the wrangling factions. If his life had been spared, it is possible that the Greeks might then and there have thrown off the Turkish yoke; but he succumbed to a malarial fever, brought on by the exposure of a frame weakened by a vegetable diet, and expired at Missolonghi in his thirty-seventh year. He was adored by the Greeks, and his death was a national calamity. This last appearance of Lord Byron shows that he was capable of as great things in action as in the realm of literature. It was the tragic end of the stormy career of a genius whose life was as full of contradictions as his character.

It was not only in Greece that Byron's death was profoundly felt, but in all Europe, which was under the spell of his genius. Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in her charming recollections of Tennyson, says: — "One day the news came to the village — the dire news which spread across the land, filling men's hearts with consternation — that Byron was dead. Alfred was then a boy about fifteen. 'Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end,' he once said, speaking of those bygone days. 'I thought everything was over and finished for everyone — that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone and carved "Byron is dead" into the sandstone.'"

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE — The immediate cause of the separation of Lord and Lady Byron, a matter of rumor only in 1816, was explicitly stated by

Harriet Beecher Stowe, in 1870, in 'Lady Byron Vindicated, A History of the Byron Controversy.' Immediately before and after that date the subject was widely discussed. Opinion since has generally tended to minimize Byron's guilt. But the publication of 'Astarte,' by the Earl of Lovelace, Byron's grandson, in 1905, revised by the Countess of Lovelace in 1921; the edition of 'Lord Byron's Correspondence,' by John Murray, 1922; the examination of the evidence in the 'Byron Mystery,' by Sir John Fox, 1924, have reopened the question, with the result that Byron does not come off so well. A view still favorable to Byron, however, may be found in 'Byron in England, His Fame and After-Fame,' by Professor Samuel C. Chew, 1924.

MAID OF ATHENS

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
*Zώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.*¹

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind:
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Zώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Zώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Zώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

¹ *Zoë mou, sas agapo:* "My life, I love you."

GREECE

From 'The Giaour'

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,) —
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And — but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon —
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling passed away!
Spark of that flame — perchance of heavenly birth —
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave!

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
 O servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!

'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace:
Enough — no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

GREECE AND HER HEROES

From 'The Siege of Corinth'

THEY fell devoted, but undying;
 The very gale their names seemed sighing:
 The waters murmured of their name;
 The woods were peopled with their fame;
 The silent pillar, lone and gray,
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
 Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain:
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
 Rolled mingling with their fame forever.
 Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is glory's still, and theirs!
 'Tis still a watchword to the earth:
 When man would do a deed of worth
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
 So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head;
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

From 'Don Juan'

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all except their sun is set.

The Scian² and the Teian³ muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

² Homer.³ Anacreon.

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
 For, standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships by thousands lay below,
 And men in nations; — all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face:
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah, no; — the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one, arise — we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these:
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant: but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore:
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade:
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But, gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die!
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

TO ROME

From 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'

O ROME! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferings? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye!
 Whose agonies are evils of a day —
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
 An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
 The very sepulchers lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire
 Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride:
 She saw her glories star by star expire,

And up the steep, Barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site: —
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
 All round us; we but feel our way to err:
 The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
 But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
 Our hands, and cry "Eureka! it is clear —"
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas, the lofty city! and alas,
 The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
 Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page! But these shall be
 Her resurrection; all beside — decay.
 Alas for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

THE COLISEUM

From 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'

ARCHESS on arches! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
 This long explored but still exhaustless mine
 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
 And magic in the ruined battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
 And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
 Such were the bloody Circus's genial laws,
 And such the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
 Both are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
 He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday:
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

A ruin — yet what ruin! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
 And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
 Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
 Alas! developed, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland-forest which the gray walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
 When the light shines serene, but doth not glare, —
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
 Heroes have trod this spot — 'tis on their dust ye tread.

VENICE

From 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
 A palace and a prison on each hand;
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land
 Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers:
 And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear:
 Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here.
 States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
 Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway:
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —
 The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence: that which Fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

From 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'

THREE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
 He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts; and choking sighs,
 Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills

Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning grave — alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshaling in arms — the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

BYRON IN HIS OWN DEFENSE

From 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'

IHAVE not loved the world, nor the world me;
 I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
 To its idolatries a patient knee,—
 Nor coined my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
 In worship of an echo: in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such; I stood
 Among them, but not of them, in a shroud
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
 Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
 But let us part fair foes. I do believe,
 Though I have found them not, that there may be
 Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
 Snares for the failing: I would also deem
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem,
 That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

From 'Hebrew Melodies'

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

FROM 'THE PRISONER OF CHILLON'

MY hair is gray, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are banned and barred — forbidden fare:
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffered chains and courted death;
 That father perished at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake;

And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven who now are one,

Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in the dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,

And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er;
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side. . . .

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below,
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave entralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave

Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
 We heard it ripple night and day;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high
 And wanton in the happy sky;
 And then the very rock hath rocked,
 And I have felt it shake unshocked,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

ORIENTAL ROYALTY

From 'Don Juan'

HE had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,
 Of whom all such as came of age were stowed —
 The former in a palace, where like nuns
 They lived till some Bashaw was sent abroad,
 When she whose turn it was, was wed at once,
 Sometimes at six years old — though this seems odd,
 'Tis true: the reason is, that the Bashaw
 Must make a present to his sire-in-law.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew
 Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne, —
 One or the other, but which of the two
 Could yet be known unto the Fates alone:
 Meantime the education they went through
 Was princely, as the proofs have always shown;
 So that the heir-apparent still was found
 No less deserving to be hanged than crowned.

TWILIGHT

From 'Don Juan'

TOUR tale.—The feast was over, the slaves gone,
 The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;
 The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
 And every sound of revelry expired;
 The lady and her lover, left alone,
 The rosy flood of twilight sky admired;—
 Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
 That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
 Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft,
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
 And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
 Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
 Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
 Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
 Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
 Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove—
 What though 'tis but a pictured image strike?
 That painting is no idol — 'tis too like.

Some kindly casuists are pleased to say,
 In nameless print, that I have no devotion;
 But set those persons down with me to pray,
 And you shall see who has the properest notion
 Of getting into heaven the shortest way:
 My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
 Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great Whole,
 Who hath produced and will receive the soul.

Sweet hour of twilight! — in the solitude
 Of that pine forest, and the silent shore
 Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
 Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er
 To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,—
 Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
 And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
 How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
 Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
 And vesper bells that rose the boughs along:
 The specter huntsman of Onesti's line,
 His hell-dogs and their chase, and the fair throng
 Which learned from this example not to fly
 From a true lover — shadowed my mind's eye.

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things:
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer;
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay.
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
 Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.

THE SHIPWRECK

From 'Don Juan'

'T WAS twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail;
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

• • • • • • • • •

There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews:
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And going down head foremost — sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell!
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave;
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And tries to strangle him before he die.

At first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder: and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek — the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LOVE ON THE ISLAND

From 'Don Juan'

IT was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
 Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
 Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
 Circling all nature, hushed, and dim, and still,
 With the far mountain-crescent half-surrounded
 On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
 Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
 With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

And thus they wandered forth, and hand in hand,
 Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
 Glided along the smooth and hardened sand,
 And in the worn and wild receptacles
 Worked by the storms, yet worked as it were planned,
 In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
 They turned to rest; and, each clasped by an arm,
 Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
 They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
 Into each other — and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss:

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays
 Into one focus, kindled from above:
 Such kisses as belong to early days,
 Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
 Each kiss a heartquake — for a kiss's strength,
 I think, it must be reckoned by its length.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured

Heaven knows how long — no doubt they never reckoned;
And if they had, they could not have secured

The sum of their sensations to a second:

They had not spoken; but they felt allured,

As if their souls and lips each other beckoned,
Which, being joined, like swarming bees they clung —
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.

They were alone, but not alone as they

Who, shut in chambers, think it loneliness;

The silent ocean, and the starlit bay,

The twilight glow, which momently grew less,
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay

Around them, made them to each other press,

As if there were no life beneath the sky

Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

They feared no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,

They felt no terrors from the night; they were
All in all to each other: though their speech

Was broken words, they *thought* a language there;

And all the burning tongues the passions teach

Found in one sigh the best interpreter

Of nature's oracle, first love, — that all

Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

And when those deep and burning moments passed,

And Juan sank to sleep within her arms,

She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,

Sustained his head upon her bosom's charms;

And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,

And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,

Pillowed on her o'erflowing heart, which pants

With all it granted, and with all it grants.

An infant when it gazes on the light,

A child the moment when it drains the breast,

A devotee when soars the Host in sight,

An Arab with a stranger for a guest,

A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,

A miser filling his most hoarded chest,

Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping,

As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

For there it lies, so tranquil, so beloved;
 All that it hath of life with us is living;
 So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
 And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving.
 All it hath felt, inflicted, passed, and proved,
 Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's diving:
 There lies the thing we love, with all its errors
 And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

The lady watched her lover — and that hour
 Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,
 O'erflowed her soul with their united power;
 Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude,
 She and her wave-worn love had made their bower
 Where naught upon their passion could intrude;
 And all the stars that crowded the blue space
 Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

Alas, the love of women! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
 And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
 To them but mockeries of the past alone,
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
 Deadly and quick and crushing; yet as real
 Torture is theirs — what they inflict they feel.

THE END OF HAIDÉE'S DREAM

From 'Don Juan,' Canto IV

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning
 In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
 'For oftentimes, when Pegasus seems winning
 The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
 Like Lucifer, when hurled from heaven for sinning;
 Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
 Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
 Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
Man, and — as we would hope — perhaps the devil,
That neither of their intellects are vast:
While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
We know not this — the blood flows on too fast;
But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wished that others held the same opinion;
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my dominion:
Now my sere fancy " falls into the yellow
Leaf," and Imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, for we must steep
Our hearts first in the depth of Lethe's spring,
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep:
Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line:
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine;
But the fact is, that I have nothing planned
Unless it were to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary.

To the kind reader of our sober clime,
This way of writing will appear exotic:
Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,
And reveled in the fancies of the time,
True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings despotic;
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
 Perhaps no better than they have treated me
 Who have imputed such designs as show
 Not what they saw, but what they wished to see:
 But if it gives them pleasure, be it so;
 This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:
 Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
 And tells me to resume my story here.

.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
 Haidée and Juan their siesta took,
 A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
 For ever and anon a something shook
 Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
 And Haidée's sweet lips murmured like a brook
 A wordless music, and her face so fair
 Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air;

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
 Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
 Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,
 The mystical usurper of the mind —
 O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
 Good to the soul which we no more can bind;
 Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
 Senseless to feel, and with sealed eyes to see.

She dreamed of being alone on the sea-shore,
 Chained to a rock; she knew not how, but stir
 She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
 Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her;
 And o'er her upper lip they seemed to pour,
 Until she sobbed for breath, and soon they were
 Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high —
 Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

Anon — she was released; and then she strayed
 O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
 And stumbled almost every step she made:
 And something rolled before her in a sheet,
 Which she must still pursue, howe'er afraid;
 'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopped to meet
 Her glance or grasp, for still she gazed and grasped,
 And ran, but it escaped her as she clasped.

The dream changed: — in a cave she stood, its walls
 Were hung with marble icicles: the work
 Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
 Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and lurk;
 Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
 Of her black eyes seemed turned to tears, and mirk
 The sharp rocks looked below each drop they caught,
 Which froze to marble as it fell — she thought.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless, at her feet,
 Pale as the foam that frothed on his dead brow,
 Which she essayed in vain to clear (how sweet
 Were once her cares, how idle seemed they now!)
 Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
 Of his quenched heart; and the sea-dirges low
 Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
 And that brief dream appeared a life too long.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
 Faded, or altered into something new —
 Like to her father's features, till each trace
 More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew —
 With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace;
 And starting, she awoke, and what to view?
 O Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?
 'Tis — 'tis her father's — fixed upon the pair!

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
 With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
 Him whom she deemed a habitant where dwell
 The ocean buried, risen from death, to be
 Perchance the death of one she loved too well:
 Dear as her father had been to Haidée,
 It was a moment of that awful kind —
 I have seen such — but must not call to mind.

Up Juan sprang to Haidée's bitter shriek,
 And caught her falling, and from off the wall
 Snatched down his saber, in hot haste to wreak
 Vengeance on him who was the cause of all;
 Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,
 Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call,
 A thousand scimitars await the word;
 Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

And Haidée clung around him: "Juan, 'tis —
 'Tis Lambro — 'tis my father! Kneel with me —
 He will forgive us — yes — it must be — yes,
 Oh, dearest father, in this agony
 Of pleasure and of pain — even while I kiss
 Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
 That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
 Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
 Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye —
 Not always signs with him of calmest mood.
 He looked upon her, but gave no reply;
 Then turned to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
 Oft came and went, as there resolved to die
 In arms, at least, he stood in act to spring
 On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

"Young man, your sword!" So Lambro once more said;
 Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free!"
 The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
 But drawing from his belt a pistol, he
 Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."
 Then looked close at the flint, as if to see
 'Twas fresh — for he had lately used the lock —
 And next proceeded quietly to cock.

It has a strange, quick jar upon the ear,
 The cocking of a pistol, when you know
 A moment more will bring the sight to bear
 Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;
 A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
 If you have got a former friend for foe;
 But after being fired at once or twice,
 The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
 Had stopped this canto, and Don Juan's breath,
 When Haidée threw herself her boy before,
 Stern as her sire: "On me," she cried, "let death
 Descend — the fault is mine; this fatal shore
 He found — but sought not. I have pledged my faith;
 I love him — I will die with him: I knew
 Your nature's firmness — know your daughter's too."

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
 And tenderness, and infancy; but now
 She stood as one who championed human fears —
 Pale, statue-like, and stern, she wooed the blow;
 And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
 She drew up to her height, as if to show
 A fairer mark; and with a fixed eye scanned
 Her father's face — but never stopped his hand.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 'twas strange
 How like they looked! the expression was the same;
 Serenely savage, with a little change
 In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame;
 For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
 If cause should be — a lioness, though tame:
 Her father's blood, before her father's face
 Boiled up, and proved her truly of his race.

I said they were alike, their features and
 Their stature differing but in sex and years;
 Even to the delicacy of their hand
 There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;
 And now to see them, thus divided, stand
 In fixed ferocity, when joyous tears,
 And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,
 Show what the passions are in their full growth.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
 His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still,
 And looking on her, as to look her through,
 "Not I," he said, "have sought this stranger's ill;
 Not I have made this desolation; few
 Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill;
 But I must do my duty — how thou hast
 Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

"Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,
 His own shall roll before you like a ball!"
 He raised his whistle, as the word he said,
 And blew, another answered to the call,
 And, rushing in disorderly, though led,
 And armed from boot to turban, one and all,
 Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;
 He gave the word — "Arrest or slay the Frank!"

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
 His daughter; while compressed within his clasp,
 'Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew;
 In vain she struggled in her father's grasp —
 His arms were like a serpent's coil: then flew
 Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
 The file of pirates; save the foremost, who
 Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

The second had his cheek laid open; but
 The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
 The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
 His own well in: so well, ere you could look,
 His man was floored, and helpless at his foot,
 With the blood running like a little brook,
 From two smart saber gashes, deep and red —
 One on the arm, the other on the head.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
 Juan from the apartment: with a sign,
 Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,
 Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.
 They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
 Until they reached some galliots, placed in line;
 On board of one of these, and under hatches,
 They stowed him, with strict orders to the watches.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
 And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:
 A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,
 Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,
 Just at the very time when he least broods
 On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,
 Wounded and chained, so that he cannot move,
 And all because a lady fell in love.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
 Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea!
 Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;
 For if my pure libations exceed three,
 I feel my heart become so sympathetic,
 That I must have recourse to black Bohea:
 'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
 For tea and coffee leave us much more serious,

Unless when qualified with thee, Cognac!
 Sweet Naïad of the Phlegethontic rill!
 Ah, why the liver wilt thou thus attack,
 And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill?
 I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*
 (In each sense of the word), whene'er I fill
 My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,
 Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe —
 Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;
 Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
 Of those with which his Haidée's bosom bounded!
 She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
 And then give way, subdued, because surrounded;
 Her mother was a Moorish maid, from Fez,
 Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

There the large olive rains its amber store
 In marble fonts; there grain, and flower, and fruit,
 Gush from the earth, until the land runs o'er:
 But there, too, many a poison tree has root,
 And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
 And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,
 Or heaving, whelm the helpless caravan:
 And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
 Her human clay is kindled: full of power
 For good or evil, burning from its birth.
 The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
 And like the soil beneath, it will bring forth:
 Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower;
 But her large dark eye showed deep Passion's force,
 Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
 Like summer's clouds all silvery smooth and fair,
 Till slowly charged with thunder, they display
 Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
 Had held till now her soft and milky way,
 But, overwrought with passion and despair,
 The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
 Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
 And he himself o'er mastered, and cut down;
 His blood was running on the very floor,
 Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
 Thus much she viewed an instant, and no more —
 Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
 On her sire's arm, which, until now, scarce held
 Her, writhing, fell she, like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
 Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;
 And her head drooped, as when the lily lies
 O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids bore
 Their lady to her couch, with gushing eyes;
 Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
 But she defied all means they could employ,
 Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state, unchanged; though chill —
 With nothing livid, still her lips were red:
 She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still;
 No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead;
 Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
 All hope; to look upon her sweet face, bred
 New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul —
 She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
 When exquisitely chiseled, still lay there,
 But fixed as marble's unchanged aspect throws
 O'er the fair Venus, but forever fair;
 O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,
 And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
 Their energy, like life, forms all their fame,
 Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
 Rather the dead, for life seemed something new,
 A strange sensation which she must partake
 Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
 Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
 Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat, still true,
 Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
 For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She looked on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token, without knowing what;
She saw them watch her, without asking why,
And recked not who around her pillow sat:
Not speechless, though she spoke not; not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watched, she turned her eyes away;
She recognized no being, and no spot,
However dear, or cherished in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
Gentle, but without memory, she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp;
The harper came and tuned his instrument.
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall,
In time to his old tune: he changed the theme,
And sung of love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being: in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists, at length dissolved in rain.

Short solace, vain relief! — thought came too quick,
And whirled her brain to madness; she arose,
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close: —
Hers was a frenzy which disdained to rave,
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

Yet she betrayed at times a gleam of sense;
 Nothing could make her meet her father's face,
 Though on all other things with looks intense
 She gazed, but none she ever could retrace.
 Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence
 Availed for either; neither change of place,
 Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
 Senses to sleep — the power seemed gone forever.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,
 Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
 A parting pang, the spirit from her past:
 And they who watched her nearest, could not know
 The very instant, till the change that cast
 Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
 Glazed o'er her eyes — the beautiful, the black —
 Oh! to possess such luster — and then lack!

Thus lived — thus died she; never more on her
 Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
 Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
 Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
 By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
 Brief but delightful — such as had not stayed
 Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
 By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

The isle is now all desolate and bare,
 Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away;
 None but her own and father's grave is there,
 And nothing outward tells of human clay:
 Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
 No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
 What was: no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
 Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

GEORGE III AND ST. PETER

From 'The Vision of Judgment'

IN the first year of freedom's second dawn
 Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one
 Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
 Left him nor mental nor external sun;
 A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
 A worse king never left a realm undone!
 He died — but left his subjects still behind,
 One half as mad — and t'other no less blind.

He died! his death made no great stir on earth:
 His burial made some pomp; there was profusion
 Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
 Of aught but tears — save those shed by collusion.
 For these things may be bought at their true worth;
 Of elegy there was the due infusion —
 Bought also; and the torches, cloaks and banners,
 Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

Formed a sepulchral melodrama. Of all
 The fools who flocked to swell or see the show,
 Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
 Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
 There throbbed not there a thought which pierced the pall;
 And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
 It seemed the mockery of hell to fold
 The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
 Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
 The natural compound left alone to fight
 Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;
 But the unnatural balsams merely blight
 What nature made him at his birth, as bare
 As the mere million's base unmummied clay —
 Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

He's dead — and upper earth with him has done;

He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,

Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone

For him, unless he left a German will;

But where's the proctor who will ask his son?

In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

"God save the king!" It is a large economy

In God to save the like; but if he will

Be saving, all the better; for not one am I

Of those who think damnation better still:

I hardly know too if not quite alone am I

In this small hope of bettering future ill

By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,

The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

I know this is unpopular; I know

'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damned
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;

I know my catechism; I know we've crammed
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;

I know that all save England's church have shammed,
And that the other twice two hundred churches
And synagogues have made a *damned* bad purchase.

God help us all! God help me too! I am,

God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
And not a whit more difficult to damn,

Than is to bring to land a late-hooked fish,
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;

Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,
As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost everybody born to die.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,

And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late —

A rushing sound of wind, and stream and flame;
In short, a roar of things extremely great,

Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim;
But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

But ere he could return to his repose,
 A cherub flapped his right wing o'er his eyes —
 At which St. Peter yawned, and rubbed his nose:
 " Saint porter," said the angel, " prithee rise! "
 Waving a goodly wing, which glowed, as glows
 An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes:
 To which the saint replied, " Well, what's the matter?
 Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter? "

" No," quoth the cherub; " George the Third is dead."
 " And who *is* George the Third?" replied the apostle:
 " *What George? what Third?*" " The king of England," said
 The angel. " Well! he won't find kings to jostle
 Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
 Because the last we saw here had a tussle,
 And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,
 Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

" He was, if I remember, king of France;
 That head of his, which could not keep a crown
 On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
 A claim to those of martyrs — like my own;
 If I had had my sword, as I had once
 When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
 But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
 I only knocked his head from out his hand.

" And then he set up such a headless howl,
 That all the saints came out and took him in;
 And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;
 That fellow Paul — the parvenu! The skin
 Of St. Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
 In heaven, and upon earth redeemed his sin,
 So as to make a martyr, never sped
 Better than did this weak and wooden head.

" But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
 There would have been a different tale to tell:
 The fellow-feeling in the saints' beholders
 Seems to have acted on them like a spell,
 And so this very foolish head heaven solders
 Back on its trunk: it may be very well,
 And seems the custom here, to overthrow
 Whatever has been wisely done below."

The angel answered, "Peter! do not pout:
 The king who comes has head and all entire,
 And never knew much what it was about —

He did as doth the puppet — by its wire,
 And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:

My business and your own is not to inquire
 Into such matters, but to mind our cue —
 Which is to act as we are bid to do."

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
 Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
 Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan
 Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile or Inde,
 Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an old man
 With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
 Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
 Seated their fellow traveler on a cloud.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host
 A Spirit of a different aspect waved
 His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
 Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
 His brow was like the deep when tempest-tossed;
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
 And where he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
 Ne'er to be entered more by him or Sin,
 With such a glance of supernatural hate,
 As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
 He pattered with his keys at a great rate,
 And sweated through his apostolic skin:
 Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
 Or some such other spiritual liquor.

The very cherubs huddled all together,
 Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt
 A tingling to the tip of every feather,
 And formed a circle like Orion's belt
 Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew whither
 His guards had led him, though they gently dealt
 With royal manes (for by many stories,
 And true, we learn the angels all are Tories).

As things were in this posture, the gate flew
 Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
 Flung over space an universal hue
 Of many-colored flame, until its tinges
 Reached even our speck of earth, and made a new
 Aurora borealis spread its fringes
 O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound,
 By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's Sound."

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
 A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
 Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
 Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:
 My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
 With earthly likenesses, for here the night
 Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
 Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

'Twas the archangel Michael; all men know
 The make of angels and archangels, since
 There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
 From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince;
 There also are some altar-pieces, though
 I really can't say that they much evince
 One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
 But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;
 A goodly work of him from whom all glory
 And good arise; the portal past—he stood;
 Before him the young cherubs and saints hoary —
 (I say *young*, begging to be understood
 By looks, not years; and should be very sorry
 To state, they were not older than St. Peter,
 But merely that they seemed a little sweeter).

The cherubs and the saints bowed down before
 That arch-angelic hierarch, the first
 Of essences angelical, who wore
 The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed
 Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
 No thought, save for his Master's service, durst
 Intrude, however glorified and high;
 He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

He and the somber silent Spirit met—

They knew each other both for good and ill;
Such was their power, that neither could forget

His former friend and future foe; but still

There was a high, immortal, proud regret

In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years

Their date of war, and their "champ clos" the spheres.

But here they were in neutral space: we know

From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;

And that the "sons of God," like those of clay,
Must keep him company; and we might show

From the same book, in how polite a way
The dialogue is held between the Powers
Of Good and Evil—but 'twould take up hours.

And this is not a theologic tract,

To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,
If Job be allegory or a fact,

But a true narrative; and thus I pick
From out the whole but such and such an act

As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.
'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,

And accurate as any other vision.

The spirits were in neutral space, before

The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds is
The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,

And souls despatched to that world or to this;
And therefore Michael and the other wore

A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There passed a mutual glance of great politeness.

The Archangel bowed, not like a modern beau,

But with a graceful Oriental bend,
Pressing one radiant arm just where below

The heart in good men is supposed to tend;
He turned as to an equal, not too low,

But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

He merely bent his diabolic brow
 An instant; and then raising it, he stood
 In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
 Cause why King George by no means could or should
 Make out a case to be exempt from woe
 Eternal, more than other kings, endued
 With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
 Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions."

Michael began: "What wouldst thou with this man,
 Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill
 Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
 That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do thy will,
 If it be just: if in this earthly span
 He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
 His duties as a king and mortal, say,
 And he is thine; if not, let him have way."

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air, "even here,
 Before the Gate of him thou servest, must
 I claim my subject: and will make appear
 That as he was my worshipper in dust,
 So shall he be in spirit, although dear
 To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust
 Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne
 He reigned o'er millions to serve me alone.

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*; it was,
 Once, more thy Master's: but I triumph not
 In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!
 Need he thou servest envy me my lot:
 With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
 In worship round him, he may have forgot
 Yon weak creation of such paltry things:
 I think few worth damnation save their kings,—

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
 Assert my right as lord: and even had
 I such an inclination, it were (as you
 Well know) superfluous; they are grown so bad,
 That hell has nothing better left to do
 Than leave them to themselves: so much more mad
 And evil by their own internal curse,
 Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

"Look to the earth. I said, and say again:

When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm
Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,

The world and he both wore a different form,
And much of earth and all the watery plain

Of ocean called him king: through many a storm
His isles had floated on the abyss of time:
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

"He came to his scepter young: he leaves it old:

Look to the state in which he found his realm,
And left it; and his annals too behold,

How to a minion first he gave the helm:
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold.

The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance
Thine eye along America and France.

"'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last

(I have the workmen safe), but as a tool
So let him be consumed. From out the past

Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs — from the bloody rolls amassed

Of sin and slaughter — from the Cæsar's school,
Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
More drenched with gore, more cumbered with the slain.

"He ever warred with freedom and the free:

Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
So that they uttered the word 'Liberty!'

Found George the Third their first opponent. Whose
History was ever stained as his will be

With national and individual woes?

I grant his household abstinence; I grant
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

"I know he was a constant consort: own

He was a decent sire, and middling lord.

All this is much, and most upon a throne;

As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.

I grant him all the kindest can accord:

And this was well for him, but not for those
Millions who found him what oppression chose.

"The New World shook him off; the Old yet groans
 Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
 Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
 To all his vices, without what begot
 Compassion for him — his tame virtues; drones
 Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
 A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
 Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

"Five millions of the primitive, who hold
 The faith which makes ye great on earth implored
 A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old, —
 Freedom to worship — not alone your Lord.
 Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! cold
 Must be your souls, if you have not abhorred
 The foe to Catholic participation
 In all the license of a Christian nation.

"True! he allowed them to pray God; but as
 A consequence of prayer, refused the law
 Which would have placed them upon the same base
 With those who did not hold the saints in awe."
 But here Saint Peter started from his place.
 And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw:
 Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,
 While I am guard, may I be damned myself!"

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
 My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
 Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
 The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"
 "Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge
 The wrongs he made your satellites endure;
 And if to this exchange you should be given,
 I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven!"

Here Michael interposed: "Good saint! and devil!
 Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.
 Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil!
 Satan, excuse this warmth of his expression,
 And condescension to the vulgar's level;
 Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
 Have you got more to say?" — "No." — "If you please,
 I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

Missolonghi, January 22, 1824.

TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move:
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some volcano isle;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze—
 A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*, and 'tis not *here*,
 Such thoughts should shake my soul—nor *now*,
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece, around me see!
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
 Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

JOHN WILSON

JOHN WILSON was one of those men whose attractive and striking personality makes it difficult to disassociate them from their work. Of marked individuality and leonine presence, he was a large figure in the social and intellectual circles of Edinburgh, a power in the life as well as literature of his period. His faults were those of a big-souled man, who gave himself prodigally and covered too wide an area. As one of his editors, John Skelton, remarks, "he needed concentration. Had the tree been thoroughly pruned, the fruit would have been larger and richer." He possessed a sort of dynamic energy, and breathed out a wholesome atmosphere, as of the sea or hills. This influence was noticeable whether in the intercourse of society, the class-room lecture, or the breezy deliverances of the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*'. The sheer animal spirits of those famous papers would alone have carried them into favor; and they possess besides, abundance of wit and humor, of felicitous description and keen characterization, of wisdom and poetry.

John Wilson was born in 1785, the son of a rich manufacturer in Paisley, Scotland. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and at Oxford, winning the Newdigate Prize for poetry there. Soon after taking his degree in 1807, he bought an estate on Lake Windermere in the Westmoreland country, so rich in literary associations; and for some years was an intimate friend of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. He removed to Edinburgh in 1815. Blackwood's Magazine was founded in 1817, and Wilson became at once a valued contributor. The '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*' were contributed to the magazine from 1822 to 1835 and gained immediate popularity; at Ambrose's Edinburgh tavern, Mr. Tickler, the Ettrick Shepherd, Christopher North, and other rare good spirits drank their toddy into the wee small hours, and exchanged all manner of talk upon all manner of things. The three main personages are limned with a clear eye and much unction; and one of them at least, the Shepherd, is a true masterpiece in comedy creation.

From 1820 until three years before his death in 1854, Wilson was Professor of Morals at Edinburgh University, and discoursed from his chair with as much unction as he showed in the use of his pen. Professor Ferrier, his son-in-law, edited his works in twelve volumes: and a 'Life' was written by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon.

POETRY OF THE PRESENT DAY

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, 1830

THE age in which we live has been fruitful of poetical works; we may venture to say, that it has been fruitful of poets. There has been no period, we believe of our literature, since the age of Elizabeth, that has been marked by such an overflow of poetry. For although, through the whole of the intervening time, we may observe that the vein of poetry has been prevalent in the English nation, (we do not now speak of our own before that incorporation of the literature of the two countries, which the last half century has witnessed,) although, on looking back, we recognize at every step familiar and honorable, and some illustrious names of the English Parnassus, yet we find at no time so many together of high distinction. And least of all do we find any number at one time; we find, indeed, few altogether to whom the language of verse is the language of imagination and passion. At no other period was the whole literature of the land tinged, colored, and vivified with poetry. It will be matter of curious speculation to those who shall write the later history of English literature, to trace out the causes, while they mark the periods of the different appearances which our poetry has put on; and to explain how a people, adapted in their character for poetry, and at all times loving it in all its shapes, should have departed frequently so far from its genuine character, and from its impassioned spirit. In Milton, the power of poetry seemed to expire; not merely because no voice like his was heard, when his own voice had ceased, but because the very purposes of poetry seemed changed, and the demesnes of verse to be subjected to other faculties and the scepter passed into unlineal hands. Milton, like his great predecessors, drew his poetry from the depths of his own spirit brooding over nature and human life. But for the race that succeeded, it seemed as if a veil had fallen between nature and the poet's eyes; as if that world, which by its visible glory feeds inspiration, had, like the city of Ad, been wrapped in darkness from the eyes of men, and they had known of it only in surviving traditions. Excepting Thomson alone, who is there among our poets, in the space between that race which died in Milton, and the age of poetry which has since sprung up almost with our own generation — who among them is there that seems to stand beholding the world of nature and of man, and chanting to men the voice of his visions, a strain that, like a bright reflection of lovely imagery, discloses to the minds of others the impressions that fall beautiful and numberless on his own? Even Collins, pure, sweet, and ethereal — though his song in its rapture commences with the skies, and though a wild and melancholy beauty from his own spirit passes upon all the forms of nature and of life that he touches — though there might seem to be, therefore, a perfect inspiration in his poetry, yet does

he not rather give to nature than receive from her? Does he speak under the strong constraint of a passion drawn from the living world, and though changed and exalted in the poet's mind, yet bearing with it, as it rushes out in his song, the imperishable elements from which it was composed? Or does it not rather seem to be the voice of a spirit which does not feed on the breath of this world, but has thinly veiled from human apprehension the thoughts and feelings of its own spiritual being, in imagery of that world which is known to men? And of that imagery how much is supplied to him from other poets? We dare not say that nature was veiled from his sight; the feeling in which he speaks is so tender, native and pure. He has caught from her hues and ethereal forms; but surely we may say, that he does not speak as a passionate lover of nature. He does not speak as one to whom Nature, in all her aspects and moods, is health and life; whose soul by delighted verse is wedded to the world; but by the force of its own inherent creative power changes into new shapes, and brings forth into new existence its own impressions from outward creation.

A generation of poets has appeared in our day, who have gone back to nature; and have sought the elements of poetry immediately in the world of nature and of human life. Cowper was perhaps the first. The charm of his poetry is a pure, innocent, lovely mind, delighting itself in pure, innocent, lovely nature,—the freshness of the fields, the fragrance of the flowers, breathes in his verse. His own delight in simple, happy, rural life is there; and we are delighted, as if, with happy faces, and with endeared familiar love we walked by his side, and shared with him in his pleasures. How shall we speak of Burns? Of him whose poetry, so full of himself, is almost one impassioned strain of delight in nature, and in the life he drew from her breast? Of him, ploughman as he was, whose ennobling songs have fed with thought, and lifted up with passion, the minds of the high born and the learned? But of all the poets who now occupy the places of eminence in the literature of the island, many and high in talents as they are, it may be said generally, that the great character of their poetry is that return to the great elementary sources of poetry, to the world of nature and human life. Wordsworth searching deeply in his spirit and the laws of passion, and lavishing eloquence to delineate nature with almost a lover's fondness; Scott, the painter of all he sees and of all that his imagination has seen, who has brought back departed years and clothed them in the shape and colors of real life; Southey, with wild and creative power, multiplying before our sight visions from unreal worlds, but making for them a dwelling-place of the beautiful and mighty scenes of our own, and ever touching their fanciful natures with pure and gentle feeling, springing up from the deep fountains of human loves; Campbell, who seemingly speaks but to embody ecstasy in words, touching, and but touching, the forms of nature and the passions of men with a pencil of light; Moore, full of delight, and breathing in enchanting words and verse his own delight, through all ears and hearts; Byron, who—but suffice it for the present to say, that all

these and many other writers of genius, though of less fame, their contemporaries, have filled their poetry with the passionate impressions which have been flung from the face and bosom of nature upon their spirits, or have risen up to them in strong sympathy with the affections and passions of other men, or yet deeper from their own. Though there may be much in the poetry which this age has produced, which will be condemned as false to nature; and more, far more, which must be censured and rejected, as violating the severe and high canons of art — yet this must be admitted, we think, as a comprehensive description, as its great and honorable distinction, and it is full to overflowing of the love of the works of God.

The great difference between the poetry of Milton and that of our own day, is the severe obedience to an intellectual law which governed his mind in composition. The study of his poetry would be as much a work of exact intellectual analysis, as that of the logical writings of Aristotle. It is evident that he was not satisfied with great conception; it was not enough that language yielded her powerful words to invest those conceptions with a living form. But he knew that when he wrote, he practised an intellectual art: that both the workings of imagination and the vivid impression of speech, must be reduced into an order satisfying to intelligence; and hence, in his boldest poetry, in the midst of wonder and astonishment, we never feel, for a moment, that reason is shaken in her sovereignty over all the actions of the mind: we are made to feel on the contrary, that her prevailing, overruling power rises in strength and majesty, as all the powers that are subjected to her kindle and dilate.

Such a character in composition testifies not only to the high intellectual power of the mind which formed the work, but it shows the spirit of the age. We are assured by that evidence, if we had no other, that the age which gave Milton birth, had cultivated, to the highest, the intellectual faculties. We read, in his poetry, the severe and painful studies, the toiling energies of thought, the labors of abstract speculation, the long-concatenated reasonings, which tried the strength of the human faculties in the schools. Imagination has clothed that strength in her own forms; but the strength is of that nurture. The "giant of mighty bone" has heroic beauty; but the structure of his unconquerable frame is of Titan origin.

In the poetry of our own age, we miss the principle of intellectual strength. The two most popular poets of the day, Scott and Byron, are, above all the known writers of the country, remarkable for the confusion of intellectual processes, and the violation of intellectual laws, almost throughout their composition. They rest upon conception. Imagination and passion yield them abundant creation; language, vivid and living, clothes the brood of their minds in visible form; and there is their composition. Take their writings, and analyze them by any laws, known or possible, of human speech, and you would expel thought from them: there are passages of great splendor and fascination, which may be demonstrated to be unintelligible. But what then? The sympathy

of a reader is sometimes stronger than the laws of language. He *will* understand. He asks satisfaction to his own imagination and passion; and in the truths of imagination and passion he finds it.

The fault is one which does not prove that there is not, in the minds of both these illustrious writers, vast intellectual capacity and vigor. But it does appear to argue, that their minds have not undergone due intellectual discipline; and might justify an observer in suspecting, that out of the walk of their own genius, they would not be found of formidable strength. But the chief deduction from the extraordinary prevalence of such a defect in writers of such pre-eminent reputation and favor, is intellectual weakness in the age to which they belong. That high ancient discipline of the intellectual powers must long have disappeared, when those who write for the sympathy of the minds of highest cultivation, write in fearless scorn of intellectual laws, and yet win the wreath of the games.

This defect has not impeded their living reputation, but it may possibly obstruct their future. We apprehend it can hardly do otherwise than take from the authority of their genius.

Now, in an age when so much true poetry—true and high, with all its defects—blushes and breathes over the land—a crop of indigenous flowers—there will be much that is false and low, though with a certain show and seeming of truth and splendor. Poetry is scarcely imitation of Nature so much as Nature's self; but there will be imitation—skilful or unskilful—of poetry; and thus the art of mimicry will be cultivated by hundreds who possess talent, but no genius. So is it with us of this generation. The population of versifiers doubles itself every ten years. They, too, belong to schools. Each school—be it of Scott, or Wordsworth, or Byron—is like a room hung round with mirrors, all reflecting an Eidolon of a great master. The images—mere shadows—are all alike; yet each pretends to think itself no image, but an original substance. While often, to hide from the world and themselves the utter hollowness of their characters, they dress up the Eidolon in uncouth and fantastic habiliments, and try to impose the nothing upon our eyes as a something self-existent. But the mockery and the delusion is seen through; and such apparitions are chased off the day into chaos and old Night.

People, nowadays, will write, because they see so many writing; the impulse comes upon them from without, not from within; loud voices from streets and squares of cities call on them to join the throng, but the still small voice, that speaketh in the penetralia of the spirit, is mute; and what else can be the result, but, in the place of the song of lark, or linnet, or nightingale, at the best a concert of mocking-birds, at the worst, an oratorio of ganders and bubbleys?

At this particular juncture or crisis, the disease would fain assume the symptoms of religious inspiration. The poetasters are all pious—all smitten with sanctity—Christian all over—and crossing and jostling on the course of time—as they think, on the high road to heaven and immortality. Never was

seen before such a shameless set of hypocrites. Down on their knees they fall in booksellers' shops, and, crowned with foolscap, repeat to Blue-Stockings prayers addressed in doggerel to the Deity! They bandy about the Bible as if it were an album. They forget that the poorest sinner has a soul to be saved, as well as a set of verses to be damned; they look forward to the first of the month with more fear and trembling than to the Last Day; and beseech a critic to be merciful upon them with far more earnestness than they beseech their Maker. They pray through the press — vainly striving to give some publicity to what must be private for evermore; and are seen wiping away, at tea-parties, the tears of contrition and repentance for capital crimes perpetrated but on paper, and perpetrated thereon so paltrily, that so far from being worthy of hell fire, such delinquents, it is felt, would be more suitably punished by being singed like plucked fowls with their own unsalable sheets. They are frequently so singed; yet singeing has not the effect upon them for which singeing is designed; and like chickens in a shower, that have got the pip, they keep still gasping and shooting out their tongues, and walking on tip-toe with their tails down, till finally they go to roost in some obscure corner, and are no more seen among bipeds.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

DE QUINCEY'S popular reputation is largely due to his autobiographical essays,—to his 'Confessions.' Whatever may be the merits of his other writings, the general public, as in the case of Rousseau, of Dante, of St. Augustine, and of many another, has, with its instinctive and unquenchable desire for knowledge of the inner life of men of great emotional and imaginative power, singled out De Quincey's 'Confessions' as the most significant of his works. There has arisen a popular legend of De Quincey, making him (not unlike Dante, who had seen hell with his bodily eyes) a man who had felt in his own person the infernal pangs and pleasures consequent upon enormous and almost unique excesses in the use of that Oriental drug which possesses for us all such a romantic attraction. He became the "English Opium-Eater"; and even the most recent and authoritative edition of his writings, that of Masson, did not hesitate in advertisements to avail itself of a title so familiar and so sensational.

To a great degree, this feeling on the part of the public is natural and proper. De Quincey's opium habit, begun in his youth under circumstances that modern physicians have guessed to be justifiable, and continued throughout the remainder of his life,—at first without self-restraint, at last in what was for him moderation,—has rendered him a striking and isolated figure in Western lands.

We have a right eagerly to ask: On this strongly marked temperament, so delicately imaginative and so keenly logical, so receptive and so retentive, a type alike of the philosopher and the poet, the scholar and the musician—on such a contemplative genius, what were the effects of so great and so constant indulgence in a drug noted for its power of heightening and extending, for a season, the whole range of the imaginative faculties?

Justifiable as such feelings may be, however, they tend to wrong De Quincey's memory and to limit our conceptions of his character and genius. He was no vulgar opium drunkard; he was, to all appearances, singularly free even from the petty vices to which eaters of the drug are supposed to be peculiarly liable. To be sure, he was not without his eccentricities. He was absent-mindedly careless in his attire, unusual in his hours of waking and sleeping, odd in his habits of work, ludicrously ignorant of the value of money, solitary, prone to whims, by turns reticent and loquacious. But for all his eccentricities, De Quincey—unlike Poe, for example—is not a possible object for pity or patronage; they would be foolish who could doubt his word or mistrust his motives. He was "queer," as most great Englishmen of letters of his time were; but the more

his at first enigmatic character comes to light, through his own letters and through the recollections of his friends, the more clearly do we see him to have been a pure-minded and well-bred man, kind, honest, generous, and gentle. His life was almost wholly passed among books,—books in many languages, books of many kinds and times. These he incessantly read and annotated. And the treasures of this wide reading, stored in a retentive and imaginative mind, form the basis of almost all his work that is not distinctly autobiographical.

De Quincey's writings, as collected by himself (and later by Masson), fill fourteen good-sized volumes, and consist of about two hundred and fifteen separate pieces, all of which were contributed to various periodicals between 1813, when at the age of thirty-eight he suddenly found himself and his family dependent for support on his literary efforts, and his death in 1859. Books, sustained efforts of construction, except in a single instance he did not, and probably could not, produce; his mind held rich stores of information on many subjects, but his habit of thought was essentially non-consecutive and his method merely that of the brilliant talker, who illuminates delightfully many a subject, treating none, however, with reserved power and thorough care. His attitude toward his work, it is worth while to notice, was an admirable one. His task was often that of a hack writer; his spirit never. His life was frugal and modest in the extreme; and though writing brought him bread and fame, he seems never, in any recorded instance, to have concerned himself with its commercial value. He wrote from a full mind and with genuine inspiration, and lived and died a man of letters from pure love of letters and not of worldly gain.

As we have noticed, it is the autobiographical part of De Quincey's writing — the 'Confessions' of one who could call every day for "a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar" — that has made him famous, and which deserves first our critical attention. It consists of four or five hundred pages of somewhat disconnected sketches, including the 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater' and 'Suspiria de Profundis.' De Quincey himself speaks of them as "a far higher class of composition" than his philosophical or historical writings, — declaring them to be, unlike the comparatively matter-of-fact memoirs of Rousseau and St. Augustine, "modes of impassioned prose, ranging under no precedents that I am aware of in any literature." What De Quincey attempted was to clothe in words scenes from the world of dreams, — a lyric fashion, as it were, wholly in keeping with contemporary taste and aspiration, which under the penetrating influence of romanticism were maintaining the poetical value and interest of isolated and excited personal feeling.

Like Dante, whose 'Vita Nuova' De Quincey's 'Confessions' greatly resemble in their essential characteristics of method, he had lived from childhood in a world of dreams. Both felt keenly the pleasures and sorrows of the outer world, but in both contemplative imagination was so strong that the actual fact — the real Beatrice, if you will — became as nothing to that same fact

transmuted through idealizing thought. De Quincey was early impressed by the remarkable fashion in which dreams or reveries weave together the separate strands of wakeful existence. Before he was two years old he had, he says, "a remarkable dream of terrific grandeur about a favorite nurse, which is interesting to myself for this reason,—that it demonstrates my dreaming tendencies to have been constitutional, and not dependent on laudanum." At the same age he "connected a profound sense of pathos with the reappearance, very early in the spring, of some crocuses." These two incidents are a key to the working of De Quincey's mind. Waking or sleeping, his intellect had the rare power of using the facts of life as the composer might use a song of the street, building on a wandering ballad a whole symphony of transfigured sound, retaining skilfully, in the midst of the new and majestic music, the winning qualities of the popular strain.

De Quincey shared Dante's rare capacity for retaining strong visual images, his rare power of weaving them into a new and wonderful fabric. But De Quincey, though as learned and as acute as Dante, had not Dante's religious and philosophical convictions. A blind faith and scholastic reason were the foundations of the great vision of the 'Divine Comedy.' De Quincey had not the strong but limited conception of the world on which to base his imagination, he had not the high religious vision to nerve him to higher contemplation, and his work can never serve in any way as a guide and message to mankind. De Quincey's visions, however, have the merit of not being forced. He did not resolve to see what faith and reason bade him.

While all controlled reasoning was suspended under the incantation of opium, his quick mind, without conscious intent, without prejudice or purpose, assembled such mysterious and wonderful sights and sounds as the naked soul might see and hear in the world of actual experience. For De Quincey's range of action and association was not so narrow as might seem. He had walked the streets of London friendless and starving, saved from death by a dram given by one even more wretched than he, only a few months after he had talked with the king. De Quincey's latent images are therefore not grotesque or medieval, not conditioned by any philosophical theory, not of any Inferno or Paradise. The elements of his visions are the simple elements of all our striking experiences: the faces of the dead, the grieving child, the tired woman, the strange foreign face, the tramp of horses' feet. And opium merely magnified these simple elements, rendered them grand and beautiful without giving them any forced connection or relative meaning. We recognize the traces of our own transfigured experience, but we are relieved from the necessity of accepting it as having an inner meaning. De Quincey's singular hold on our affection seems, therefore, to be his rare quality of presenting the unusual but typical dream or reverie as a beautiful object of interest, without endeavoring to give it the character of an allegory or a fable.

The greater part of De Quincey's writings, however, are historical, critical,

and philosophical in character rather than autobiographical; but these are now rather neglected. We sometimes read a little of 'Joan of Arc,' and no one can read it without great admiration; the 'Flight of the Tartars' has even become a part of "prescribed" literature in our American schools; but of other essays than these we have as a rule only a dim impression or a faint memory. There are obvious reasons why De Quincey's historical and philosophical writings, in an age which devotes itself so largely to similar pursuits, no longer recommend themselves to the popular taste. His method is too discursive and leisurely; his subjects as a rule too remote from current interest; his line of thought too intricate. These failings, from our point of view, are the more to be regretted because there has never been an English essayist more entertaining or suggestive than De Quincey. His works cover a very wide range of subject-matter,—from the 'Knocking on the Gate in Macbeth' to the 'Casuistry of Roman Meals' and the 'Toilet of a Hebrew Lady.' His topics are always piquant. Like Poe, De Quincey loved puzzling questions, the cryptograms, the tangled under sides of things, where there are many and conflicting facts to sift and correlate, the points that are now usually settled in foot-notes and by references to German authorities. In dealing with such subjects he showed not only that he possessed the same keen logic which entertains us in Poe, but that he was the master of great stores of learned information. We are never wholly convinced, perhaps, of the eternal truth of his conclusions, but we like to watch him arrive at them. They seem fresh and strange, and we are dazzled by the constantly changing material. Nothing can be more delightful than the constant influx of new objects of thought, the unexpected incidents, the seemingly inexpugnable logic that ends in paradox, the play of human interest in a topic to which all living interest seems alien. There is scarcely a page in all De Quincey's writings that taken by itself is actually dull. In each, one receives a vivid impression of the same lithe and active mind, examining with lively curiosity even a recondite subject; cracking a joke here and dropping a tear there, and never intermitting the smooth flow of acute but often irrelevant observation.

As a stylist De Quincey marked a new ideal in English; that of impassioned prose, as he himself expresses it,—prose which, like the opera, deliberately exalts its subject-matter. And it was really as an opera that De Quincey conceived of the essay. It was to have its recitatives, its mediocre passages, the well and firmly handled parts of ordinary discourse. All comparatively unornamented matter was, however, but preparative to the lyric outburst,—the strophe and antistrophe of modulated song. In this conception of style others had preceded him,—Milton notably,—but only half consciously and not with sustained success. Ruskin and Carlyle have both the same element of *bravura*, as will be seen if one tries to analyze their best passages as music. But in De Quincey this lyric arrangement is at once more delicate and more obvious, as the reader may assure himself if he reread his favorite passages,

noticing how many of them are in essence exclamatory, or actually vocative. In this ideal of impassioned prose De Quincey gave to the prose of the latter part of the century its keynote. To conceive of style as music,—as symmetry, proportion, and measure, only secondarily dependent on the clear exposition of the actual subject-matter,—that is De Quincey's ideal, and there Pater and Stevenson followed him.

De Quincey's fame has not gone far beyond the circle of those who speak his native tongue. In that circle, however, his reputation has been high, though he has not been without stern critics. Leslie Stephen insists that his logic is more apparent than real; that his humor is spun out and trivial, his jests ill-timed and ill-made. His claim that his '*Confessions*' created a new *genre* is futile; they confess nothing epoch-making,—no real crises of soul, merely the adventures of a truant schoolboy, the recollections of a drunkard. He was full of contemptuous and effeminate British prejudices against agnosticism and Continental geniuses. "And so," Leslie Stephen continues, "in a life of seventy-three years De Quincey read extensively and thought acutely by fits, ate an enormous quantity of opium, wrote a few pages which revealed new capacities in the language, and provided a good deal of respectable padding for the magazines."

Not a single one of the charges can be wholly denied; on analysis De Quincey proves guilty of all these offenses against ideal culture. Rough jocoseness, diffusiveness, local prejudice, a life spent on details, a lack of philosophy,—these are faults, but they are British faults, Anglo-Saxon faults. They scarcely limit affection or greatly diminish respect. De Quincey was a sophist, a rhetorician, a brilliant talker. There are men of that sort in every club, in every community. We forgive their eccentricity, their lack of fine humor, the most rigid logic, or the highest learning. We do not attempt to reply to them. It is enough if the stream of discourse flows gently on from their lips. A rich and well-modulated vocabulary, finely turned phrases, amusing quips and conceits of fancy, acute observations, a rich store of recondite learning,—these charm and hold us. Such a talker, such a writer, was De Quincey. Such was his task,—to amuse, to interest, and at times to instruct us. One deeper note he struck rarely, but always with the master's hand,—the vibrating note felt in passages characteristic of immensity, solitude, grandeur; and it is to that note that De Quincey owes the individuality of his style and his fame.

There are few facts in De Quincey's long career that bear directly on the criticism of his works. Born at Manchester in 1785, he was the son of a well-to-do and cultivated merchant, but the elder De Quincey unfortunately died too early to be of any help in life to his impulsive and unpractical boy, who quarreled with his guardians, ran away from school, and neglected his routine duties at Oxford. His admiration for Wordsworth and Coleridge led him to the Lake country, where he married and settled down. The necessity of

providing for his family at last aroused him from his life of meditation and indulgence in opium, and brought him into connection with the periodicals of the day. After the death of his wife in 1840 he moved with his children to the vicinity of Edinburgh, where in somewhat eccentric solitude he spent the last twenty years of his uneventful life.

GEORGE RICE CARPENTER

DE QUINCEY'S BOYHOOD

From 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater'

I HAVE often been asked how I first came to be a regular opium-eater; and have suffered, very unjustly, in the opinion of my acquaintance, from being reputed to have brought upon myself all the sufferings which I shall have to record, by a long course of indulgence in this practice purely for the sake of creating an artificial state of pleasurable excitement. This, however, is a misrepresentation of my case. True it is, that for nearly ten years I did occasionally take opium for the sake of the exquisite pleasure it gave me: but, so long as I took it with this view, I was effectually protected from all material bad consequences, by the necessity of interposing long intervals between the several acts of indulgence, in order to renew the pleasurable sensations. It was not for the purpose of creating pleasure, but of mitigating pain in the severest degree, that I first began to use opium as an article of daily diet. In the twenty-eighth year of my age, a most painful affection of the stomach, which I had first experienced about ten years before, attacked me in great strength. This affection had originally been caused by extremities of hunger, suffered in my boyish days. During the season of hope and redundant happiness which succeeded (that is, from eighteen to twenty-four) it had slumbered; for the three following years it had revived at intervals; and now, under favorable circumstances, from depression of spirits, it attacked me with a violence that yielded to no remedies but opium. As the youthful sufferings, which first produced this derangement of the stomach, were interesting in themselves, and in the circumstances that attended them, I shall here briefly retrace them.

My father died when I was about seven years old, and left me to the care of four guardians. I was sent to various schools, great and small; and was very early distinguished for my classical attainments, especially for my knowledge of Greek. At thirteen I wrote Greek with ease; and at fifteen my command of that language was so great, that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric meters, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment—an accomplishment which I have not since met with in any

scholar of my times, and which, in my case, was owing to the practice of daily reading off the newspapers into the best Greek I could furnish *extempore*; for the necessity of ransacking my memory and invention, for all sorts and combinations of periphrastic expressions, as equivalents for modern ideas, images, relations of things, etc., gave me a compass of diction which would never have been called out by a dull translation of moral essays, etc. "That boy," said one of my masters, pointing the attention of a stranger to me, "that boy could harangue an Athenian mob, better than you and I could address an English one." He who honored me with this eulogy was a scholar, "and a ripe and good one"; and of all my tutors, was the only one whom I loved or reverenced. Unfortunately for me (and, as I afterwards learned, to this worthy man's great indignation) I was transferred to the care, first of a block-head, who was in a perpetual panic, lest I should expose his ignorance; and, finally, to that of a respectable scholar, at the head of a great school on an ancient foundation. This man had been appointed to his situation by — College, Oxford; and was a sound, well-built scholar, but (like most men, whom I have known from that college) coarse, clumsy, and inelegant. A miserable contrast he presented, in my eyes, to the Etonian brilliancy of my favorite master; and beside, he could not disguise from my hourly notice, the poverty and meagerness of his understanding. It is a bad thing for a boy to be, and to know himself, far beyond his tutors, whether in knowledge or in power of mind. This was the case, so far as regarded knowledge at least, not with myself only, for the two boys who jointly with myself composed the first form were better Grecians than the head-master, though not more elegant scholars, nor at all more accustomed to sacrifice to the graces. When I first entered, I remembered that we read Sophocles; and it was a constant matter of triumph to us, the learned triumvirate of the first form, to see our "Archidascalus" (as he loved to be called) conning our lessons before we went up, and laying a regular train, with lexicon and grammar, for blowing up and blasting (as it were) any difficulties he found in the choruses; whilst we never condescended to open our books until the moment of going up, and were generally employed in writing epigrams upon his wig, or some such important matter. My two class-fellows were poor, and dependent for their future prospects at the university on the recommendation of the head-master; but I, who had a small patrimonial property, the income of which was sufficient to support me at college, wished to be sent thither immediately. I made earnest representations on the subject to my guardians, but all to no purpose. One, who was more reasonable, and had more knowledge of the world than the rest, lived at a distance; two of the other three resigned all their authority into the hands of the fourth; and this fourth with whom I had to negotiate, was a worthy man, in his way, but haughty, obstinate, and intolerant of all opposition to his will. After a certain number of letters and personal interviews, I found that I had nothing to hope for, not even a compromise of the matter,

from my guardian; unconditional submission was what he demanded; and I prepared myself, therefore, for other measures. Summer was now coming on with hasty steps, and my seventeenth birthday was fast approaching; after which day I had sworn within myself that I would no longer be numbered amongst schoolboys. Money being what I chiefly wanted, I wrote to a woman of high rank, who, though young herself, had known me from a child, and had latterly treated me with great distinction, requesting that she would "lend" me five guineas. For upwards of a week no answer came; and I was beginning to despond, when, at length, a servant put into my hands a double letter, with a coronet on the seal. The letter was kind and obliging; the fair writer was on the sea-coast, and in that way the delay had arisen; she enclosed double of what I had asked, and good-naturedly hinted that if I should *never* repay her, it would not absolutely ruin her. Now then, I was prepared for my scheme; ten guineas, added to about two which I had remaining from my pocket money, seemed to me sufficient for an indefinite length of time; and at that happy age, if no *definite* boundary can be assigned to one's power, the spirit of hope and pleasure makes it virtually infinite.

It is a just remark of Dr. Johnson's (and what cannot often be said of his remarks, it is a very feeling one), that we never do anything consciously for the last time (of things, that is, which we have long been in the habit of doing) without sadness of heart. This truth I felt deeply, when I came to leave —, a place which I did not love, and where I had not been happy. On the evening before I left — for ever, I grieved when the ancient and lofty schoolroom resounded with the evening service, performed for the last time in my hearing and at night, when the muster-roll of names was called over, and mine (as usual) was called first, I stepped forward, and, passing the headmaster, who was standing by, I bowed to him, and looked earnestly in his face, thinking to myself, "He is old and infirm, and in this world I shall not see him again." I was right: I never *did* see him again, nor ever shall. He looked at me complacently, smiled good-naturedly, returned my salutation (or rather, my valediction), and we parted (though he knew it not) forever. I could not reverence him intellectually; but he had been uniformly kind to me, and had allowed me many indulgences; and I grieved at the thought of the mortification I should inflict upon him.

The morning came which was to launch me into the world, and from which my whole succeeding life has, in many important points, taken its coloring. I lodged in the headmaster's house, and had been allowed, from my first entrance, the indulgence of a private room, which I used both as a sleeping room and as a study. At half after three I rose, and gazed with deep emotion at the ancient towers of —, "drest in earliest light," and beginning to crimson with the radiant luster of a cloudless July morning. I was firm and immovable in my purpose; but yet agitated by anticipation of uncertain danger and

troubles; and, if I could have foreseen the hurricane and perfect hail-storm of affliction which soon fell upon me, well might I have been agitated. To this agitation the deep peace of the morning presented an affecting contrast, and in some degree a medicine. The silence was more profound than that of midnight; and to me the silence of a summer morning is more touching than all other silence, because, the light being broad and strong, as that of noon-day at other seasons of the year, it seems to differ from perfect day, chiefly because man is not yet abroad; and thus, the peace of nature, and of the innocent creatures of God, seems to be secure and deep, only so long as the presence of man, and his restless and unquiet spirit, are not there to trouble its sanctity. I dressed myself, took my hat and gloves, and lingered a little in the room. For the last year and a half this room had been my "pensive citadel"; here I had read and studied through all the hours of night; and, though true it was, that for the latter part of this time I, who was framed for love and gentle affections, had lost my gaiety and happiness, during the strife and fever of contention with my guardian; yet, on the other hand, as a boy, so passionately fond of books, and dedicated to intellectual pursuits, I could not fail to have enjoyed many happy hours in the midst of general dejection. I wept as I looked round on the chair, hearth, writing-table, and other familiar objects, knowing too certainly, that I looked upon them for the last time. Whilst I write this, it is eighteen years ago; and yet, at this moment, I see distinctly, as if it were yesterday, the lineaments and expression of the object on which I fixed my parting gaze; it was a picture of the lovely —, which hung over the mantelpiece; the eyes and mouth of which were so beautiful, and the whole countenance so radiant with benignity and divine tranquillity, that I had a thousand times laid down my pen, or my book, to gather consolation from it, as a devotee from his patron saint. Whilst I was yet gazing upon it, the deep tones of — clock proclaimed that it was four o'clock. I went up to the picture, kissed it, and then gently walked out, and closed the door forever!

So blended and intertwined in this life are occasions of laughter and of tears, that I cannot yet recall, without smiling, an incident which occurred at that time, and which had nearly put a stop to the immediate execution of my plan. I had a trunk of immense weight; for, besides my clothes, it contained nearly all my library. The difficulty was to get this removed to a carrier's; my room was at an aerial elevation in the house, and (what was worse) the staircase, which communicated with this angle of the building, was accessible only by a gallery which passed the headmaster's chamber door. I was a favorite with all the servants; and, knowing that any of them would screen me, and act confidentially, I communicated my embarrassment to a groom of the headmaster's. The groom swore he would do anything I wished; and,

when the time arrived, went upstairs to bring the trunk down. This I feared was beyond the strength of any one man; however, the groom was a man

Of Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies;

and had a back as spacious as Salisbury Plain. Accordingly he persisted in bringing down the trunk alone, whilst I stood waiting at the foot of the last flight, in anxiety for the event. For some time I heard him descending with slow and firm steps; but unfortunately, from his trepidation, as he drew near the dangerous quarter, within a few steps of the gallery, his foot slipped; and the mighty burden, falling from his shoulders, gained such increase of impetus at each step of the descent, that, on reaching the bottom, it trundled, or rather leaped, right across, with the noise of twenty devils, against the very bed-room door of the archidascalus. My first thought was that all was lost, and that my only chance for executing a retreat was to sacrifice my baggage. However, on reflection, I determined to abide the issue. The groom was in the utmost alarm, both on his own account and on mine; but, in spite of this, so irresistibly had the sense of the ludicrous in this unhappy *contretemps* taken possession of his fancy, that he sang out a long, loud and canorous peal of laughter, that might have wakened the Seven Sleepers. At the sound of this resonant merriment, within the very ears of insulted authority, I could not myself forbear joining in it; subdued to this, not so much by the unhappy *étourderie* of the trunk, as by the effect it had upon the groom. We both expected, as a matter of course, that Dr. —— would sally out of his room; for in general, if but a mouse stirred, he sprang out like a mastiff from the kennel. Strange to say, however, on this occasion, when the noise of laughter had ceased, no sound, or rustling even, was to be heard in the bedroom. Dr. —— had a painful complaint, which, sometimes keeping him awake, made his sleep perhaps, when it did come, the deeper. Gathering courage from the silence, the groom hoisted his burden again, and accomplished the remainder of his descent, without accident. I waited until I saw the trunk placed on a wheel-barrow, and on its road to the carrier's; then, "with Providence my guide," I set off on foot — carrying a small parcel, with some articles of dress, under my arm; a favorite English poet in one pocket, and a small 12mo. volume, containing about nine plays of Euripides, in the other.

DE QUINCEY IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

From 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater'

IF any man, poor or rich, were to say that he would tell us what had been the happiest day in his life, and the why and the wherefore, I suppose that we should all cry out—Hear him! hear him! As to the happiest *day*, that must be very difficult for any wise man to name; because any event that could occupy so distinguished a place in a man's retrospect of his life, or be entitled to have shed a special felicity on any one day, ought to be of such an enduring character as that (accidents apart) it should have continued to shed the same felicity, or one not distinguishably less, on many years together. To the happiest *lustrum*, however, or even to the happiest *year*, it may be allowed to any man to point without discountenance from wisdom. This year, in my case, reader, was the one which we have now reached; though it stood, I confess, as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character. It was a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewelers), set as it were, and insulated, in the gloom and cloudy melancholy of opium. Strange as it may sound, I had a little before this time descended suddenly, and without any considerable effort, from 320 grains of opium (*i.e.*, eight¹ thousand drops of laudanum) per day to forty grains, or one-eighth part. Instantaneously, and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapors that I have seen roll away from the summits of mountains, drew off in one day (*ννχθήμερον*); passed off with its murky banners as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by a spring-tide—

That moveth altogether, if it move at all.

Now, then, I was again happy; I now took only 1,000 drops of laudanum per day; and what was that? A latter spring had come to close up the season of youth; my brain performed its functions as healthily as ever before; I read Kant again, and again I understood him, or fancied that I did. Again my feelings of pleasure expanded themselves to all around me; and if any man from Oxford or Cambridge, or from neither, had been announced to me in my unpretending cottage, I should have welcomed him with as sumptuous a

¹ I here reckon twenty-five drops of laudanum as equivalent to one grain of opium, which, I believe, is the common estimate. However, as both may be considered variable quantities (the crude opium varying much in strength, and the tincture still more), I suppose that no infinitesimal accuracy can be had in such a calculation. Teaspoons vary as much in size as opium in strength. Small ones hold about 100 drops; so that 8,000 drops are about eighty times a teaspoonful. The reader sees how much I kept within Dr. Buchan's indulgent allowance.

reception as so poor a man could offer. Whatever else was wanting to a wise man's happiness,—of laudanum I would have given him as much as he wished, and in a golden cup. And, by the way, now that I speak of giving laudanum away, I remember, about this time, a little incident, which I mention, because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a seaport about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort; his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out, that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down; but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the Opera House, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but paneled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark paneling; he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enameled or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay, was a little child from a neighboring cottage who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (*madjoon*), which I have learned from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words,

I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbors; for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the schoolboy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses; and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that if he had traveled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality, by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No: there was clearly no help for it; — he took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used² to opium: and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from pains of wandering.

This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay (partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days) fastened afterwards upon my dreams, and brought other Malays with him worse than himself, that ran "a-muck"³ at me, and led me into a world of troubles. But to quit this episode, and to return to my intercalary year of happiness. I have said already, that on a subject so important to us all as happiness, we should listen with pleasure to any man's experience or experiments, even though he were but a plowboy, who cannot be supposed to have plowed very deep into such an intractable soil as

² This, however, is not a necessary conclusion; the varieties of effect produced by opium on different constitutions are infinite. A London Magistrate (Harriott's *Struggles through Life*, vol. iii, p. 391, Third Edition), has recorded that, on the first occasion of his trying laudanum for the gout, he took forty drops, the next night sixty, and on the fifth night eighty, without any effect whatever; and this at an advanced age. I have an anecdote from a country surgeon, however, which sinks Mr. Harriott's case into a trifle; and in my projected medical treatise on opium, which I will publish, provided the College of Surgeons will pay me for enlightening their benighted understandings upon this subject, I will relate it; but it is far too good a story to be published gratis.

³ See the common accounts in any Eastern traveler or voyager of the frantic excesses committed by Malays who have taken opium, or are reduced to desperation by ill luck at gambling.

that of human pains and pleasures, or to have conducted his researches upon any very enlightened principles. But I, who have taken happiness, both in a solid and a liquid shape, both boiled and unboiled, both East India and Turkey—who have conducted my experiments upon this interesting subject with a sort of galvanic battery—and have, for the general benefit of the world, inoculated myself, as it were, with the poison of 8,000 drops of laudanum per day (just, for the same reason, as a French surgeon inoculated himself lately with cancer—an English one, twenty years ago, with plague—and a third, I know not of what nation, with hydrophobia),—I (it will be admitted) must surely know what happiness is, if anybody knows. And, therefore, I will here lay down an analysis of happiness; and as the most interesting mode of communicating it, I will give it, not didactically, but wrapped up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure. This done, I shall quit the subject of happiness altogether, and pass to a very different one—the *pains of opium*.

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, eighteen miles from any town—no spacious valley, but about two miles long, by three quarters of a mile in average width; the benefit of which provision is, that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between three and four thousand feet high; and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) “a cottage with a double coach-house”; let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering round the windows through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn—beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn—but winter in his sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, and think it matter of congratulation that winter is going, or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm, of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford us. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside; candles at four o’clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

And at the doors and windows seem to call,
As heaven and earth they would together mell;
Yet the least entrance find they none at all;
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy hall.

—*Castle of Indolence*.

All these are items in the description of a winter evening, which must surely be familiar to everybody born in a high latitude. And it is evident that most of these delicacies, like ice-cream, require a very low temperature of the atmosphere to produce them: they are fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement, in some way or other. I am not "*particular*," as people say, whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong, that (as Mr. —— says) "you may lean your back against it like a post." I can put up even with rain, provided it rains cats and dogs; but something of the sort I must have; and, if I have it not, I think myself in a manner ill-used; for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter, in coals, and candles, and various privations that will occur even to gentlemen, if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No: a Canadian winter for my money; or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter night fully if it be much past St. Thomas's day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies to vernal appearances; no, it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine. From the latter weeks of October to Christmas Eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray; for tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally of coarse nerves, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favorite beverage of the intellectual; and, for my part, I would have joined Dr. Johnson in a *bellum internecinum* against Jonas Hanway, or any other impious person, who should presume to disparage it. But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter, and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained; but as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required, except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room; but, being contrived "a double debt to pay," it is also, and more justly, termed the library; for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbors. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books; and, furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And, near the fire paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one such a stormy night), place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray; and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot — eternal *a parte ante*, and *a parte post*; for I usually drink

tea from eight o'clock at night to four o'clock in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for oneself, paint me a lovely young woman, sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's.— But no, dear M——, not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil. Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power; and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself—a picture of the Opium-eater, with his “little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug” lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that*, though I would rather see the original: you may paint it if you choose; but I apprise you, that no “little” receptacle would, even in 1816, answer *my* purpose, who was at a distance from the “stately Pantheon,” and all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No; you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a wine-decanter as possible. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-colored laudanum: that, and a book of German Metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighborhood; but, as to myself,—there I demur. I admit that, naturally, I ought to occupy the foreground of the picture; that being the hero of the piece, or (if you choose) the criminal at the bar, my body should be had into court. This seems reasonable; but why should I confess, on this point, to a painter? or why confess at all? If the public (into whose private ear I am confidentially whispering my confessions, and not into any painter's) should chance to have framed some agreeable picture for itself, of the Opium-eater's exterior—should have ascribed to him, romantically, an elegant person, or a handsome face, why should I barbarously tear from it so pleasing a delusion—pleasing both to the public and to me? No: paint me, if at all, according to your own fancy; and, as a painter's fancy should teem with beautiful creations, I cannot fail, in that way, to be a gainer. And now, reader, we have run through all the ten categories of my condition as it stood about 1816–17; up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man; and the elements of that happiness I have endeavored to place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar's library, in a cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening.

THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIIS AND JOAN OF ARC

From 'Miscellaneous Essays'

BISHOP OF BEAUVAIIS! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold—thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl,—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you,—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she from her dungeon, she from her baiting at the stake, she from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart, that resurrection of springtime which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from her, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests, were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like that, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. The mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes; and because upon that fluctuating mirror, rising from the fens of death, most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews nor the holy dawn could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from

his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not so to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France. There is my lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? It it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No; it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit upon the judgment seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no; he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting; the mighty audience is gathered, the Court are hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? — "Counsel I have none; in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counselor there is none now that would take a brief from *me*; all are silent." Is it indeed come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counselor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop, SHE — when heaven and earth are silent.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, an English poet, was born at Field Place, Sussex, on August 4, 1792. He was the eldest son of Timothy Shelley, an English country gentleman, who afterwards inherited a baronetcy and a large estate, to which in part the poet was heir by entail. He was educated at Eton, and went up to Oxford in 1810; he was expelled from the university on March 25, 1811, for publishing a pamphlet entitled 'The Necessity of Atheism.' In the summer of the same year he married Harriet Westbrook, a girl of sixteen, the daughter of a retired London tavern-keeper; and from this time had no cordial relations with his family at Field Place. He led a wandering and unsettled life in England, Wales, and Ireland,—visiting the last as a political agitator,—until the spring of 1814, when domestic difficulties culminated in a separation from his wife, and an elopement with Mary Godwin, the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. His wife, Harriet, committed suicide by drowning in the winter of 1816, and immediately after this event he legally married Mary. The charge of his two children by Harriet was taken from him early in 1817 by a decision of the Lord Chancellor, Eldon, on the ground that Shelley held atheistical opinions. He remained in England a year longer, and in the spring of 1818 went to reside in Italy. There he lived, going from city to city, but mainly at Pisa and its neighborhood, until the summer of 1822, when he was lost in a storm on July 8, while sailing off the coast between Leghorn and Lerici; his body was cast up on the sands of Viareggio, and was there burned in the presence of Byron, Leigh Hunt, and his friend Trelawney, on August 18; the ashes were buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. He had three children by his second wife, of whom one only, Percy Florence, survived him, afterward inheriting the title and his father's share in the family estate.

Shelley's literary life began with prose and verse at Eton, and he had already published before he went up to Oxford. Through all his wanderings, and amid his many personal difficulties, he was indefatigably busy with his pen; and in his earlier days wrote much in prose. The first distinctive work was his poem 'Queen Mab' (1813), and this was followed by 'Alastor' (1816); after which his great works were produced in rapid succession. While still a youth, he had begun, as a radical reformer, to take a practical interest in men and events, and until after his union with Mary much of his energy was consumed and scattered fruitlessly; but as his poetic instincts and intellectual power came into fuller control of his life, and the difficulties of his position isolated him and threw him back upon his own nature, he gradually

gave himself more exclusively to creative literature. The works written in Italy are of most value: 'Prometheus Unbound,' 'The Cenci,' 'Adonais,' 'Epipsychedion,' 'Hellas,' together with the lyrics and fragments. Nevertheless, the bulk of his work is large and various: it fills several volumes of prose as well as verse, and includes political, philosophical, and critical miscellanies, writings on questions of the day, and much translation from ancient and modern authors.

Shelley himself described his genius as in the main a moral one, and in this he made a correct analysis. It was fed by ideas derived from books, and sustained by a sympathy so intense as to become a passion for moral aims. He was intellectually the child of the Revolution; and from the moment that he drew thoughtful breath he was a disciple of the radicals in England. The regeneration of mankind was the cause that kindled his enthusiasm; and the changes he looked for were social as well as political. He spent his strength in advocacy of the doctrines of democracy, and in hostility to its obvious opponents established in the authority of Church and State, and in custom; he held the most advanced position, not only in religion, but in respect to the institution of marriage, the use of property, and the welfare of the masses of mankind. The first complete expression of his opinion, the precipitate from the ferment of his boyish years, was given in 'Queen Mab,' a crude poem after the style of Southey, by which he was long best and most unfavorably known; he recognized its immaturity, and sought to suppress a pirated edition published in his last years: the violent prejudice against him in England as an atheist was largely due to this early work, with its long notes, in connection with the decision of the court taking from him the custody of his children. The second expression of his opinions, similar in scope, was given five years later in 'The Revolt of Islam,' a Spenserian poem in twelve books. In this work the increase of his poetic faculty is shown by his denial of a didactic aim, and by the series of scenes from nature and human life which is the web of the verse; but the subject of the poem is the regeneration of society, and the intellectual impulse which sustains it is political and philanthropic. Up to the time of its composition the main literary influence that governed him was Latin: now he began to feel the power of Greek literature; and partly in making responses to it, and partly by the expansion of his mind, he revolutionized his poetic method. The result was that in the third and greatest of his works of this kind, 'Prometheus Unbound,' he developed a new type in English,—the lyrical drama. The subject is still the regeneration of society: but the tale has grown into the drama; the ideas have generated abstract impersonations which have more likeness to elemental beings, to Titanic and mythological creations, than to humanity; while the interest intellectually is still held within the old limits of the general cause of mankind. The same principles, the same convictions, the same aims, fused in one moral enthusiasm, are here: but a transformation has come over their embodiment,—imagination has seized upon them, a new lyri-

cal music has penetrated and sublimated them, and the poem so engendered and born is different in kind from those that went before; it holds a unique place in the literature of the world, and is the most passionate dream of the perfect social ideal ever molded in verse. In a fourth work, '*Hellas*', Shelley applied a similar method in an effort to treat the Greek Revolution as a single instance of the victory of the general cause which he had most at heart; and in several shorter poems, especially odes, he from time to time took up the same theme. The ideal he sets forth in all these writings, clarifying as it goes on, is not different from the millennium of poets and thinkers in all ages: justice and liberty, love the supreme law, are the ends to be achieved, and moral excellence with universal happiness is the goal of all.

In the works which have been mentioned, and which contain the most of Shelley's substantial thought, the moral prepossession of his mind is most manifest; it belonged to the conscious part of his being, and would naturally be foremost in his most deliberate writing. It was, in my judgment, the central thing in his genius; but genius in working itself out displays special faculties of many kinds, which must be noticed in their own right. Shelley is, for example, considered as pre-eminently a poet of nature. His susceptibility to sensuous impressions was very great, his response to them in love of beauty and in joy in them was constant; and out of his intimacy with nature came not merely descriptive power and the habit of interpreting emotion through natural images, such as many poets have compassed, but a peculiar faculty often noticed by his critics, usually called the myth-making faculty, which is thought of as racial rather than individual. During his residence in Italy he was steeped in the Greek spirit as it survives in the philosophy and poetry of antiquity; and it was in harmony with his mood that he should vitalize the elements. What is extraordinary is the success, the primitive ease, the magic, with which he did so. In the simple instances which recur to everyone's memory — '*The Skylark*', '*The Cloud*', the '*Ode to the West Wind*' — he has rendered the sense of non-human, of elemental being; and in the characters of '*Prometheus Unbound*' — in Asia especially — he has created such beings, to which the spirits of the moon and earth as he evoked them seem natural concomitants, and to them he has given reality for the imagination. It is largely because he dealt in this witchery, this matter of primeval illusion, that he gives to some minds the impression of dwelling in an imaginary and unsubstantial world; and the flood of light and glory of color which he exhales as an atmosphere about the substance of the verse, dazzle and often bewilder the reader whose eyes are yet to be familiarized with the shapes and air of his scene. But with few exceptions, while using this creative power by poetic instinct, he brings back the verse at the end, whether in the lyrics or the longer works, to "the hopes and fears of men." In the ordinary delineation of nature as it appears, his touch is sure and accurate; with a regard for detail which shows close observation, and a frequent minuteness which shows the contemporaneity of Coleridge and

Wordsworth. The opening passage of 'Julian and Maddalo,' the lines at Pisa on the bridge, and the fragment 'Marenghi,' are three widely different examples.

Shelley was also strongly attracted by the narrative form for its own sake. He was always fond of a story from the days of his boyhood; and though the romantic cast of fiction in his youth, both in prose and verse, might indicate a lack of interest in life, in the taste for this he was not different from the time he lived in, and the way to reality lay then through this path. 'Rosalind and Helen' was a tale like others of its kind, made up of romantic elements; but the instinct which led Shelley to tell it, as he had told still cruder stories in his first romances at Eton, was fundamental in him, and led him afterward, still further refining his matter, to weave out of airy nothing 'The Witch of Atlas' almost at the close of his career. The important matter is, to connect with these narrative beginnings in prose and verse his serious dramatic work, which has for its prime example 'The Cenci,' otherwise standing too far apart from his life. In this drama he undertook to deal with the reality of human nature in its most difficult literary form, the tragedy; and the success with which he suppressed his ordinary exuberance of imagery and phrase and kept to a severe restraint, at the same time producing the one conspicuous example of tragedy in his century in England, has been often wondered at. In the unfinished 'Charles I.' he made a second attempt; while in the various dramatic fragments other than this he seems to have contemplated a new form of romantic drama. It seems to me that this line of his development has been too little studied; but there is space here only to make the suggestion.

Another subordinate division of Shelley's work lies in his treatment of the ideal of individual nobility and happiness apart from society. Of course in the character of Laon, and on the grand scale in that of Prometheus, he set forth traits of the individual ideal; but in both instances they were social reformers, and had a relation to mankind. In 'Alastor,' on the contrary, the individual is dealt with for his own sole sake, and the youth is drawn in lines of melancholy beauty; he was of the same race as Laon, but existed only in his own poetic unhappiness; of the same race also was Prince Athanase, but the poem is too unfinished to permit us to say more than that as he is disclosed, he is only an individual. In 'Epipsychedion' the same character reappears as a persistent type in Shelley's mind, with the traits that he most valued: and the conclusion there is the union of the lover and his beloved in the enchanted isle, far from the world; which also is familiar to readers of Shelley in other poems as a persistent idea in his mind. In these poems one finds the recoil of Shelley's mind from the task of reform he had undertaken, the antipodes of the social leader in the lonely exile from all but the one kindred spirit, the sense of weariness, of defeat, of despair over the world — the refuge. It is natural, consequently, to feel that Shelley himself is near in these characters; that they are successive incarnations of his spirit, and frankly such. They are

autobiographic with conscious art, and stand only at one remove from those lyrics of personal emotion which are unconscious, the cries of the spirit which have sung themselves into the heart of the world. Upon these lyrics, which stand apart from his deliberate work,—impulsive, overflowing, irresistible in their spontaneity,—it may be granted that his popular fame rests. Many of them are singularly perfect in poetic form naturally developed; they have the music which is as unforgettable as the tones of a human voice, as unmistakable, as personal, and which has winged them to fly through the world. They make one forget all the rest in Shelley himself, and they express his world-weary yet still aspiring soul. The most perfect of them, in my judgment, is the ‘Ode to the West Wind’: in form it is faultless; and it blends in one expression the power he had to interpret nature’s elemental life, the pathos of his own spirit,—portrayed more nobly than in the cognate passage of the ‘Adonais,’ because more unconscious of itself,—and the supreme desire he had to serve the world with those thoughts blown now through the world,—

Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind.

No other of the lyrics seems to me so comprehensive, so adequate. The ‘Adonais’ only can compare with it for personal power, for the penetration of the verse with Shelley’s spirit in its eloquent passion. Of that elegy the poetry is so direct, and the charm so immediate and constant, that it needs no other mention; further than to say that like the ‘Sensitive Plant,’ it has more affinity with Shelley’s lyrics than with his longer works.

The reputation of Shelley in his lifetime was but slight in the world; and it emerged only by slow stages from the neglect and obloquy which were his portion while he lived and when he died. In the brief recital of the events of his life which heads this sketch, it is obvious at a glance that there is much which needs explanation and defense. The best defense was to throw all possible light upon his career, and that was done by all who knew him; so that his life is more minutely exposed from boyhood to his death than that of any other English poet. As a consequence of this, opinion regarding him has been much modified; and though it may still be stern, it is now seldom harsh. The opinions which were regarded as of evil influence, and the acts which were condemned as wrong acts, are open to all to understand and pass judgment upon, as they are related in many books; and in respect to these, each will have his own mind. Whatever be the judgment, it must be agreed that the century which has elapsed since his death has brought fame to Shelley, as a poet of the highest class and of a rare kind; and that as a man he has been an inspiration and almost a creed in many lives, and has won respect and affection from many hearts, and a singular devotion from some akin to that which his friends felt toward him. He has been loved as it is given to few strangers to be loved,—but that is apart from his poetry.

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

THE awful shadow of some unseen power
 Floats though unseen amongst us, — visiting
 This various world with as inconstant wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
 It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance;
 Like hues and harmonies of evening, —
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread, —
 Like memory of music fled, —
 Like aught that for its grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form, — where art thou gone?
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
 Ask why the sunlight not for ever
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,
 Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,
 Why fear and dream and death and birth
 Cast on the daylight of this earth
 Such gloom, — why man has such a scope
 For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
 To sage or poet these responses given;
 Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and heaven,
 Remain the records of their vain endeavor, —
 Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
 From all we hear and all we see,
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.
 Thy light alone — like mist o'er mountains driven,
 Or music by the night wind sent
 Through strings of some still instrument,
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream —
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds depart
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.

Man were immortal and omnipotent

Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,

Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies

That wax and wane in lovers' eyes —

Thou that to human thought art nourishment,

Like darkness to a dying flame!

Depart not as thy shadow came,

Depart not — lest the grave should be,

Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped

Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,

And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing

Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.

I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;

I was not heard — I saw them not —

When, musing deeply on the lot

Of life, at the sweet time when winds are wooing

All vital things that wake to bring

News of birds and blossoming,

Sudden thy shadow fell on me

I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers

To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?

With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now

I call the phantoms of a thousand hours

Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers

Of studious zeal or love's delight

Outwatched with me the envious night;

They know that never joy illumed my brow

Unlinked with hope that thou wouldest free

This world from its dark slavery;

That thou, O awful Loveliness,

Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express

The day becomes more solemn and serene

When noon is past; there is a harmony

In autumn, and a luster in its sky,

Which through the summer is not heard or seen,

As if it could not be, as if it had not been!

Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply
 Its calm, — to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself and love all human-kind.

OZYMANDIAS

IMET a traveler from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things, —
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal these words appear: —
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

LAST HOUR OF BEATRICE

From 'The Cenci'

[Enter Lucretia, Beatrice, and Giacomo, guarded]

BEATRICE. I hardly dare to fear
 That thou bring'st other news than a just pardon.
Camillo. May God in heaven be less inexorable
 To the Pope's prayers than he has been to mine.
 Here is the sentence and the warrant.

Beatrice [wildly]. O
 My God! Can it be possible I have
 To die so suddenly? So young to go

Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!
 To be nailed down into a narrow place;
 To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
 Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
 Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost —
 How fearful! to be nothing! Or to be —
 What? Oh, where am I? Let me not go mad!
 Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there should be
 No God, no heaven, no earth in the void world;
 The wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!
 If all things then should be — my father's spirit,
 His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me;
 The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!
 If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
 Even the form which tortured me on earth,
 Masked in gray hairs and wrinkles, he should come
 And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
 His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
 For was he not alone omnipotent
 On earth, and ever present? Even though dead,
 Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,
 And work for me and mine still the same ruin,
 Scorn, pain, despair? Who ever yet returned
 To teach the laws of death's untrodden realm?
 Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now
 Oh, whither, whither?

Lucretia.

Trust in God's sweet love,
 The tender promises of Christ: ere night,
 Think, we shall be in Paradise.

Beatrice.

'Tis past!
 Whatever comes, my heart shall sink no more.
 And yet, I know not why, your words strike chill:
 How tedious, false, and cold, seem all things. I
 Have met with much injustice in this world;
 No difference has been made by God or man,
 Or any power molding my wretched lot,
 'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.
 I am cut off from the only world I know, —
 From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet prime.
 You do well telling me to trust in God, —
 I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
 Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold.

[During the latter speeches Giacomo has retired conversing with Camillo, who now goes out; Giacomo advances.]

Giacomo. Know you not, mother—sister, know you not?
Bernardo even now is gone to implore
The Pope to grant our pardon.

Lucretia. Child, perhaps
It will be granted. We may all then live
To make these woes a tale for distant years:
Oh, what a thought! It gushes to my heart
Like the warm blood.

Beatrice. Yet both will soon be cold.
Oh, trample out that thought! Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope:
It is the only ill which can find place
Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour
Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost
That it should spare the eldest flower of spring;
Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch
Even now a city stands, strong, fair, and free;
Now stench and blackness yawn, like death. Oh plead
With Famine, or wind-walking Pestilence,
Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
Cruel, cold, formal man: righteous in words,
In deeds a Cain. No, mother, we must die:
Since such is the reward of innocent lives;
Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.
And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold men,
Smiling and slow, walk through a world of tears
To death as to life's sleep, 'twere just the grave
Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure Death,
And wind me in thine all-embracing arms!
Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,
And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.
Live ye, who live, subject to one another
As we were once who now —

[Bernardo rushes in]

Bernardo. Oh, horrible,
That tears, that looks, that hope poured forth in prayer,
Even till the heart is vacant and despairs,
Should all be vain! The ministers of death
Are waiting round the doors. I thought I saw

Blood on the face of one.— What if 'twere fancy?
 Soon the heart's blood of all I love on earth
 Will sprinkle him, and he will wipe it off
 As if 'twere only rain. O life! O world!
 Cover me! let me be no more! To see
 That perfect mirror of pure innocence
 Wherein I gazed, and grew happy and good,
 Shivered to dust to see thee, Beatrice,
 Who made all lovely thou didst look upon —
 Thee, light of life, dead, dark! while I say "sister"
 To hear I have no sister; and thou, mother,
 Whose love was as a bond to all our loves,
 Dead! the sweet bond broken!

[Enter Camillo and Guards]

They come! Let me
 Kiss those warm lips before their crimson leaves
 Are blighted — white — cold. Say farewell before
 Death chokes that gentle voice! Oh, let me hear
 You speak.

Beatrice. Farewell, my tender brother. Think
 Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now;
 And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee
 Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,
 But tears and patience. One thing more, my child:
 For thine own sake be constant to the love
 Thou bearest us; and to the faith that I,
 Though wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame,
 Lived ever holy and unstained. And though
 Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name
 Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow
 For men to point at as they pass, do thou
 Forbear, and never think a thought unkind
 Of those who perhaps love thee in their graves.
 So mayest thou die as I do; fear and pain
 Being subdued. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

Bernardo.

I cannot say, farewell!

Camillo.

O Lady Beatrice!

Beatrice.

Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
 My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie
 My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
 In any simple knot; ay, that does well.

And yours I see is coming down. How often
 Have we done this for one another; now
 We shall not do it any more. My lord,
 We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

FROM 'PROMETHEUS UNBOUND'

Chorus of Furies

FROM the ends of the earth, from the ends of the earth,
 Where the night has its grave and the morning its birth,
 Come, come, come!

O ye who shake hills with the scream of your mirth,
 When cities sink howling in ruin; and ye
 Who with wingless footsteps trample the sea,
 And close upon Shipwreck and Famine's track,
 Sit chattering with joy on the foodless wreck:

Come, come, come!

Leave the bed, low, cold, and red,
 Strewed beneath a nation dead;
 Leave the hatred, as in ashes

Fire is left for future burning:
 It will burst in bloodier flashes

When ye stir it, soon returning:
 Leave the self-contempt implanted
 In young spirits, sense-enchanted,

Misery's yet unkindled fuel:
 Leave Hell's secrets half uncharted

To the maniac dreamer; cruel
 More than ye can be with hate
 Is he with fear.

Come, come, come!

We are steaming up from Hell's wide gate,
 And we burthen the blast of the atmosphere,
 But vainly we toil till ye come here.

Voice in the Air

LIFE of Life! thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire: then screen them
 In those looks, where whoso gazes
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
 Through the vest which seems to hide them:
 As the radiant lines of morning
 Through the clouds ere they divide them;
 And this atmosphere divinest
 Shrouds thee whereso'er thou shinest.

Fair are others: none beholds thee,
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendor;
 And all feel, yet see thee never,
 As I feel now, lost forever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
 And the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness.
 Till they fail, as I am failing,
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

Asia

MY soul is an enchanted boat,
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
 And thine doth like an angel sit
 Beside a helm conducting it;
 Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
 It seems to float ever, forever,

Upon that many-winding river,
 Between mountains, woods, abysses,
 A paradise of wildernesses!
 Till, like one in slumber bound,
 Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
 Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound:

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
 In music's most serene dominions;
 Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
 And we sail on, away, afar,
 Without a course, without a star,
 But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
 Till through Elysian garden islets
 By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
 Where never mortal pinnace glided,
 The boat of my desire is guided:
 Realms where the air we breathe is love,
 Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
 Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air).
 With living hues and odors plain and hill;

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver — hear, O hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst — O hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves — O hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, — I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

THE SENSITIVE PLANT

PART FIRST

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
 Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
 And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
 In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
 Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
 As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
 Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
 And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
 From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
 And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
 Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
 That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
 Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
 Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
 Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
 It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
 Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
 Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
 The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime, —
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels;
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed;
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
 Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
 Received more than all; it loved more than ever,
 Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver:

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
 Radiance and odor are not its dower:
 It loves even like Love, its deep heart is full;
 It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
 Shed the music of many murmurings;
 The beams which dart from many a star
 Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumèd insects swift and free,
 Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
 Laden with light and odor, which pass
 Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
 Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
 Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
 Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
 Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
 In which every sound and odor and beam
 Move, as reeds in a single stream,—

Each and all like ministering angels were
 For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
 Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
 Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
 And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
 And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
 And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts and the birds and the insects were drowned
 In an ocean of dreams without a sound,—
 Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
 The light sand which paves it, consciousness,—

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
 Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
 And snatches of its Elysian chant
 Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant,)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
 Upgathered into the bosom of rest;
 A sweet child weary of its delight,
 The feeblest and yet the favorite,
 Cradled within the embrace of night.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bring light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits.
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains:
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead;
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn:
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die,
 For after the rain, when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not:
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace-tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbehonden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields or waves or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be;
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,—
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,—
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains:
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks,
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams;—
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams;
 And gliding and springing
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep:

The earth seemed to love her,
And heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook,
And opened a chasm
In the rocks; — with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“ Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair! ”
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer:
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream; —
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind, —
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night; —
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain cliffs,
They past to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore; —
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

HYMN OF PAN

FROM the forests and highlands
 We come, we come;
 From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
 The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the dædal earth,
And of heaven, — and the giant wars,
 And love, and death, and birth, —
 And then I changed my pipings. —
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

ADONAI

WEEP for Adonais — he is dead!
 Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
 And thou, sad hour, selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: "With me
 Died Adonais; till the future dares
 Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity!"

Where wert thou, mighty mother, when he lay,
 When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
 In darkness? where was lorn Urania
 When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
 'Mid listening echoes, in her paradise
 She sate, while one, with soft enamored breath,
 Rekindled all the fading melodies
 With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais — he is dead!
 Wake, melancholy mother, wake and weep!
 Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
 For he is gone where all things wise and fair
 Descend; — oh, dream not that the amorous deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air:
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
 Lament anew, Urania! — He died
 Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
 The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
 Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
 Into the gulf of death: but his clear sprite
 Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their resplendent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true love tears, instead of dew:
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies — the storm is overpast.

To that high capital where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal. — Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more! —
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais! — The quick dreams,
The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams

Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music, wander not, —
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
 They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries: —
 “Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
 A tear some dream has loosened from his brain.”
 Lost angel of a ruined paradise!
 She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
 Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
 Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
 Another in her wilful grief would break
 Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
 A greater loss with one which was more weak,
 And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another splendor on his mouth alit, —
 That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
 Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
 And pass into the panting heart beneath
 With lightning and with music: the damp death
 Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
 And as a dying meteor stains a wreath
 Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and past to its eclipse.

And others came: Desires and Adorations,
 Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
 Splendors, and Gloom, and glimmering incarnations
 Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Phantasies;
 And Sorrow, with her family of sighs;

And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,—
Came in slow pomp; the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and molded into thought,
 From shape and hue and odor and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
 Her eastern watch-tower; and her hair unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day:
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
 And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose disdain she pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds: a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves: since her delight is flown,
 For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
 To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
 Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
 Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
 As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah, woe is me! winter is come and gone,
 But grief returns with the revolving year.
 The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
 The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier;
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean
 A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst,
 As it has ever done, with change and motion,
 From the great morning of the world when first
 God dawned on chaos: in its stream immersed
 The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst —
 Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
 The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath:
 Naught we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows,
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
 By sightless lightning? — th' intense atom glows
 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
 Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
 The actors or spectators? Great and mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
 "Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless mother, rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
 A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."

And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
 And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
 Had held in holy silence, cried, " Arise! "
 Swift as a thought by the snake Memory stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal night, that springs
 Out of the east, and follows wild and drear
 The golden day, which, on eternal wings,
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Had left the earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
 So saddened round her like an atmosphere
 Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
 And human hearts, which to her airy tread
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:
 And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
 Rent the soft form they never could repel,
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death chamber for a moment Death,
 Shamed by the presence of that living might,
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
 Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
 "Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
 Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
 Roused Death; Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live:
 And in my heartless breast and burning brain
 That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
 With food of saddest memory kept alive,
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
 Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
 All that I am to be as thou now art!
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

“ O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
 Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
 Defenseless as thou wert, oh where was then
 Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
 The monsters of life’s waste had fled from thee like deer.

“ The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
 The obscene ravens, clamorous o’er the dead;
 The vultures to the conqueror’s banner true
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
 And whose wings rain contagion; — how they fled,
 When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
 And smiled! — The spoilers tempt no second blow,
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

“ The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,
 And the immortal stars awake again; —
 So is it in the world of living men:
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit’s awful night.”

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
 The pilgrim of eternity, whose fame
 Over his living head like heaven is bent,
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail form, —
 A phantom among men; companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm
 Whose thunder is its knell: he, as I guess,

Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike spirit beautiful and swift;
A Love in desolation masked; — a power
Girt round with weakness: it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour; —
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow — even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly; on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew,
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it: of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own:
As in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung new sorrow, sad Urania scanned
The stranger's mien, and murmured, "Who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's — oh, that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be he who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one,
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh!
 What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
 Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
 The nameless worm would now itself disown:
 It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
 But what was howling in one breast alone,
 Silent with expectation of the song,
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
 Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee;
 Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
 Far from these carrion kites that scream below:
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now. —
 Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
 Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep;
 He hath awakened from the dream of life:
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings. — *We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again:

From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains; and thou air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird:
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress . . .
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men, into the heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
 Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
 Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
 Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die,
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry:
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid an heaven of song.
 Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,
 Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth;
 As from a center, dart thy spirit's light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
 Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
 Even to a point within our day and night;
 And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulcher —
 Oh! not of him, but of our joy: 'tis naught
 That ages, empires, and religions there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
 For such as he can lend, — they borrow not
 Glory from those who made the world their prey:
 And he is gathered to the kings of thought
 Who waged contention with their time's decay,
 And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome, — at once the paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,

And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
 The bones of desolation's nakedness,
 Pass till the spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread,

And gray walls molder round, on which dull time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand:
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
 Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb:
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
 Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
 If thou wouldest be with that which thou dost seek!
 Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
 Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here
 They have departed: thou shouldst now depart!
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman; and what still is dear

Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.

The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near;
 'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
 No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,

That beauty in which all things work and move,
 That benediction which the eclipsing curse

Of birth can quench not, that sustaining love

Which, through the web of being blindly wove

By man and beast and earth and air and sea,

Burns bright or dim as each are mirrors of

The fire for which all thirst,—now beams on me,

Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song

Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng

Whose sails were never to the tempest given;

The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!

I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;

Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,

The soul of Adonais, like a star,

Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I ARISE from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright;
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Hath led me — who knows how! —
 To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint

On the dark, the silent stream —

And the Champak odors fail

Like sweet thoughts in a dream;

The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart —
 As I must on thine,
 O belovèd as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
 I die! I faint! I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast; —
 Oh, press it to thine own again,
 Where it will break at last!

"THE WORLD'S GREAT AGE"

Final Chorus From 'Hellas'

THE world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn:
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
 From waves serener far;
 A new Peneus rolls his fountains
 Against the morning-star.
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize;
 Another Orpheus sings again,
 And loves, and weeps, and dies.
 A new Ulysses leaves once more
 Calypso for his native shore.

O, write no more the tale of Troy,
 If earth Death's scroll must be!

Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
 Which dawns upon the free:
 Although a subtler Sphinx renew
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendor of its prime;
 And leave, if naught so bright may live,
 All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
 Shall burst, more bright and good
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,
 Than many unsubdued:
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
 But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O cease! must hate and death return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy.
 The world is weary of the past,
 O might it die or rest at last!

TO NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift by thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star in-wrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
 Kiss her until she be wearied out;
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand —
 Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
 Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me? — And I replied,
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon —
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, belovèd Night —
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

TO —

ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the Heavens reject not,
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE

ARIEL to Miranda. — Take
This slave of Music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain;
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
From life to life, must still pursue
Your happiness; — for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples, he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon,
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run,
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps, and served your will;
Now, in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave; —
From you he only dares to crave,

For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree,—
Oh, that such our death may be! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamored tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voiced fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And patterning rain, and breathing dew
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way —
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit

Of its companions; and no more
 Is heard than has been felt before,
 By those who tempt it to betray
 These secrets of an elder day:
 But sweetly as its answers will
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone
 For our beloved Jane alone.

LINES: WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED

WHEN the lamp is shattered
 The light in the dust lies dead —
 When the cloud is scattered
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remembered not;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute: —
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
 Love first leaves the well-built nest,
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possessed.
 O Love! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
 As the storms rock the ravens on high:
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.

From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent might,
 The breath of the moist earth is light,
 Around its unexpanded buds:
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweeds strown:
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
 I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walked with inward glory crowned —
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround —
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure; —
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care

Which I have borne and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan;
 They might lament — for I am one
 Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

A LAMENT

O WORLD! O life! O time!
 On whose last steps I climb
 Trembling at that where I had stood before;
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 No more — Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight;
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more — Oh, never more!

JOHN KEATS

Nearly all people who read poetry have a favoritism for Keats; he is in many respects the popular hero of English literature. He was young, and chivalrously devoted to his art; he has a mastery of expression almost unparalleled; he is neither obscure nor polemic; and he has had from the first a most fecundating influence on other minds: in Hood, in Tennyson, in Rossetti and Matthew Arnold, in Lanier and Lowell, in Yeats, one feels the breath and touch of Keats like an incantation. It is a test of the truly original genius that it shall stand in line with the past and the future of its race; that it shall be essentially filial and paternal. Newman says somewhere: "Good is not only good, but reproductive of good; this is one of its attributes; nothing is excellent, beautiful, perfect, desirable, for its own sake, but it overflows, and spreads the likeness of itself all around it. . . . A great good will impart great good." And as he might have added, it will have derived it. Keats first woke and knew himself reading Spenser's world of faëry, where abstract harmonies wander,

And the gloom divine is all around,
And underneath is the mossy ground.

That was really his opening event. His outer story is soon told. Let it count as it can that Keats was of commonplace stock, born on October 31, 1795, early orphaned, having a small competence wasted prematurely through the fault of others; that he had careful schooling in his boyhood, and kind friends then and famous friends after to spur him on to achieve his best, never having set foot in a university save as a passing guest; that he was apprenticed to a country surgeon, and got absorbed, little by little and with exclusive passion, in literature; that he was small in person, but muscularly made, with a head and face of alert and serious beauty; and that his behavior in all the relations of life was cheerful, disinterested, modest, honorable, kind; that his health broke, — but not because of his anxieties, of which a fevered love-affair was chief, — and that he died in exile at Rome on February 23, 1821, aged five-and-twenty, uncertain of the fate of his third and last book, in which lay his whole gathered force, his brave bid for human remembrance.

Keats's early attempts were certainly over-colored. 'Endymion,' despite its soft graces and two enchanting lyric interludes, is a disquieting performance. Yet it turned out to be, as he knew, a rock under his feet whence he could make a progress, and not a quicksand which he had to abandon in order to be saved. Like Mozart's or Raphael's, his work is singularly of a piece. His

ambition in his novice days was great and conscious: "I that am ever all athirst for glory!" he cries in a sonnet composed in 1817. Everything he wrote was for a while embroidered and interrupted with manifold invocations to his Muse, or melodiously irrelevant remarks concerning his own unworthiness and pious intentions. And there is nothing finer in the history of English letters than his growth, by self-criticism, from these molluscous moods into the perception and interpretation of objective beauty. His dominant qualities, bad and good, exist from the first, and all along: they seem never to have moved from their own ground. But they undergo the most lovely transformations; in his own Hebraic phrase, they "die into life," into the perfected splendor of the Keats we know. He embraced discipline. Knowing no Greek (it was part of Shelley's generous plan, when both were unwittingly so near the grave, to "keep Keats's body warm, and teach him Greek and Spanish"), the little London poet turned loyally to Greek ideals: the most unlikely loadstones, one would think, for his opulent and inebriate imagination. Towards these ideals, and not only towards the entrancing mythologies external to them, he toiled. Recognizing the richness and redundancy of his rebellious fancy, he therefore set before himself truth, and the calm report of it; height and largeness; severity, and poise, and restraint. The processes are perceptible alike in lyric, narrative, and sonnet, taken in the lump and chronologically; the amazing result is plain at last in the recast and unfinished 'Hyperion,' and in the incomparable volume of 1820, containing 'Lamia,' 'Isabella,' 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' and the Odes. It is as if a dweller in the fen country should elect to build upon Jura. This may be the award of a vocation and a concentrated mind, or even the happy instinct of genius. It betokens, no less, sovereignty of another sort. "Keats had flint and iron in him," says Matthew Arnold; "he had character." Even as the gods gave him his natural life of the intellect, he matched them at their own game; for he earned his immortality.

Now, what is the outstanding feature of Keats's poetry? It is perhaps the musical and sculptural effect which he can produce with words: a necromancy which he exercises with hardly a rival, even "among the greatest"; and among these he justly hoped to stand. Observe that a facility of this sort cannot be a natural endowment, since we must still, as Sir Philip Sidney bewails, "be put to school to learn our mother-tongue"; and that it implies ascetic diligence in the artist compassing it. Moreover, Keats's craftsmanship is no menace to him. It is true that he carries, in general, no such hindering burden of thought along his lyre as Donne, Dryden, Wordsworth, Browning; but neither, once having learned his strength, does he ever fall into the mere teasing ecstasy of symbolic sound, as Shelley does often, as Swinburne does more often than not. Keats, unlike Shelley or a cherub, is not all wing; he "stands foursquare" when he wills, or moves like the men of the Parthenon frieze, with a health and joyous gravity entirely carnal. The most remarkable

of all his powers is this power of deliciously presenting the inconceivable, without strain or fantasticality, so that it takes rank at once among laws which anyone might have seen and said — laws necessary to man in his higher moods. Not Virgil, nor Dante, nor Milton, — although he touches deep truths, and Keats only their beautiful analogies, — has a more illumining habit of speech. Bradford Torrey, in an essay in the Atlantic Monthly, cited, as master instances of "verbal magic" in English, a passage from Shakespeare, another from Wordsworth, which have long had the profound admiration of feeling hearts: —

boughs that shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang,

and

old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago.

The condition of the best "magic" is surely that it shall be unaccountable; but the magnificent lines just cited are not at all so, — at least fundamentally, to any acquainted with what may be called their historic context. Shakespeare eyeing the melancholy winter trees as he writes his sonnet, and sympathetically conscious of the glorious abbey churches newly dismantled on every side, unroofed, emptied, discolored, their choral voices hushed; Wordsworth conjecturing the matter of his Scots girl-gleaner's song to have been (as indeed it must have been, caught from her aged grandsire's lips at home!) a memory of the Forty-five, an echo of the romantic Jacobite insurrection, enough in itself to inspire poets forever; — these are but transmuting their every-day tradition and impression into literature. But the "younger brother" is not so to be tracked; when we come to the finest definite images of his pages, such as

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn,

we feel that he lived in Illyria, rather than in the capital of his Sacred Majesty George the Fourth. Some conception which defies genesis is under his every stanza; word on word is wrought of miracles. Yet the whole is fragrant of obedience, temperance, labor. This it is which makes the art of Keats a very heartening spectacle, over and above its extreme solace and charm; and his own clan will always be his most vehement adorers, because they, better than any, have insight into his heroic temper.

Time, accumulatively wise with the imparted second thoughts of all men of genius, has not failed to make huge excisions from Keats's dramatic, satiric, and amatory work; and to name the earliest and the latest verses among utterances forgivably imperfect. But striking away from Keats's fame all which refuses to cohere, leaves large to the eye what a noble and endearing

shrine of song! Far more effectually than any other at our command, the lad John Keats, being but heard and seen, bears in upon the docile intelligence what is meant by pure poesy; the most elemental and tangible, as well as the most occult and uncataloguable (if one may coin so fierce a word!) of mortal pleasures. Although he must always call forth personal love and reverence, his value is unmistakably super-personal. Keats is the standard-bearer of revealed beauty, among the English, and carries her colors triumphantly into our actual air.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE — An elaborate Life of Keats has been written by Amy Lowell, but the external circumstances of his short career were simple. Born at the Swan and Hoop stables in Moorfields, he went to school at Enfield, was apprenticed to a surgeon and in 1814-17 was walking the London hospitals. His first volume of poems was published, with the assistance of Shelley, in 1817, including the sonnet, 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer,' which had been printed in Hunt's Examiner the previous December and had been written in 1815. Between this year and 1820, when Keats sailed for Italy to die of consumption in Rome, lies the whole of his remarkable poetic production. The sonnet 'Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art,' was written on his last voyage in September 1820; he died on February 23, 1821, at the age of 25, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, where his gravestone may still be seen with the inscription he himself chose: — "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." But posterity has judged otherwise. The rooms which he occupied at Hampstead on the outskirts of London and in the house beside the Spanish Steps in Rome are still preserved as shrines to his memory, and as places of pious pilgrimage for the many lovers of his poetry in England and America.

SONNET

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly States and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

FROM 'ENDYMION'

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases: it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er cast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

ST. AGNES' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
 The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
 And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
 Along the chapel isle by slow degrees,
 The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
 Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails.
 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
 He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
 And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
 Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
 But no — already had his deathbell rung;
 The joys of all his life were said and sung:
 His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
 Another way he went, and soon among
 Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
 And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
 And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
 From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
 The level chambers, ready with their pride,
 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
 The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
 Stared where upon their heads the cornice rests,
 With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairly
The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallowed hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with faëry fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before tomorrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors.

Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,
 That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
 Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl
 Against his lineage: not one breast affords
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
 Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
 The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
 He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
 And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
 Saying, " Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
 They are all here tonight, the whole blood-thirsty race!

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land:
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!
 Flit like a ghost away." — " Ah, Gossip dear,
 We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit.
 And tell me how" — " Good Saints! not here, not here;
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
 And as she muttered, " Well-a — well-a-day! "

He found him in a little moonlight room,
 Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
 " Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
 " O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
 Yet men will murder upon holy days:
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
 And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
 To venture so; it fills me with amaze
 To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
 God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
 This very night; good angels her deceive!
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
 Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book,
 As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
 Made purple riot: then doth he propose
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
 "A cruel man and impious thou art:
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
 Alone with her goods angels, far apart
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go! — I deem
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
 Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
 Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
 And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken churchyard thing,
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
 Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
 So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
 That Angela gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
 Him in a closet, of such privacy
 That he might see her beauty unespied,
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
 While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
 Never on such a night have lovers met,
 Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
 "All cates and dainties shall be stored there
 Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
 Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
 The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
 The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
 The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
 To follow her; with agèd eyes aghast
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste;
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 She turned, and down the agèd gossip led
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she buried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knotgrass.
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay.
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;

Flown, like a thought, until the morrowday;
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
 And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
 And over the hushed carpet, silent, stepped,
 And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo! — how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
 A table, and, half-anguished, threw thereon
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet: —
 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone: —
 The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd.
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
 From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright
 Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand
 In the retired quiet of the night,
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —

" And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains: — 'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as icèd stream:
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam:
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
 It seemed he never, never could redeem
 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
 So mused awhile, entoiled in woofèd fantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
 Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,
 He played an ancient ditty, long since mute.
 In Provence called, " *La belle dame sans mercy:* " —
 Close to her ear touching the melody; —
 Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan:
 He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly
 Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
 There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
 Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye,
 Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

" Ah, Porphyro! " said she, " but even now
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
 Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
 How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
 Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
 Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
 For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
 Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
 Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
 Solution sweet: meantime the frost wind blows
 Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
 " This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline! "

'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:
 " No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
 Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceivèd thing;—
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

" My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
 After so many hours of toil and quest,
 A famished pilgrim, — saved by a miracle.
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

" Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faëry land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
 Arise — arise! the morning is at hand; —
 The bloated wassailers will never heed: —
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —
 Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead;
 Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found. —
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
 Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
 Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
 Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flagon by his side:
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: —
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; —
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
 These lovers fled away into the storm.
 That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
 Of which, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
 Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
 Died palsy-twitted, with meager face deform;
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
 For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

ODE

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth!
 Have ye souls in heaven too,
 Double-lived in regions new?
 Yes, and those of heaven commune
 With the spheres of sun and moon;
 With the noise of fountains wond'rous,
 And the parle of voices thund'rous;
 With the whisper of heaven's trees
 And one another, in soft ease

Seated on Elysian lawns
 Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
 Underneath large blue-bells tented,
 Where the daisies are rose-scented,
 And the rose herself has got
 Perfume which on earth is not;
 Where the nightingale doth sing
 Not a senseless, trancèd thing,
 But divine melodious truth;
 Philosophic numbers smooth;
 Tales and golden histories
 Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
 On the earth ye live again;
 And the souls ye left behind you
 Teach us, here, the way to find you,
 Where your other souls are joying,
 Never slumbered, never cloying.
 Here, your earth-born souls still speak
 To mortals, of their little week;
 Of their sorrows and delights;
 Of their passions and their spites;
 Of their glory and their shame;
 What doth strengthen and what maim.
 Thus ye teach us, every day,
 Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth!
 Ye have souls in heaven too,
 Double-lived in regions new!

ROBIN HOOD

NO! those days are gone away,
 And their hours are old and gray,
 And their minutes buried all
 Under the downtrodden pall
 Of the leaves of many years:

Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces.
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grene shawe;"
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fallen beneath the dockyard strokes,

Have rotted on the briny seas;
 She would weep that her wild bees
 Sang not to her — strange! that honey
 Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,
 Honor to the old bow-string!
 Honor to the bugle-horn!
 Honor to the woods unshorn!
 Honor to the Lincoln green!
 Honor to the archer keen!
 Honor to tight Little John,
 And the horse he rode upon!
 Honor to bold Robin Hood,
 Sleeping in the underwood!
 Honor to Maid Marian,
 And to all the Sherwood-clan!
 Though their days have hurried by,
 Let us two a burden try.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
 Have ye tippled drink more fine
 Than mine host's Canary wine?
 Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison? O generous food!
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his maid Marian,
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's sign-board flew away,
 Nobody knew whither, till
 An astrologer's old quill

To a sheepskin gave the story,
 Said he saw you in your glory,
 Underneath a new old-sign
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushing Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth:
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim;

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,—
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
 Here where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,—
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath,—
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die;
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldest thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown;

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oftentimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time!
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor even can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal — yet do not grieve:
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting, and forever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets forevermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou are desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

FANCY

EVER let the Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home;
 At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth:
 Then let wingèd Fancy wander
 Through the thought still spread beyond her:

Open wide the mind's cage door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: what do then?
Sit thee by the ingle when
The sear fagot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the cakèd snow is shuffled
From the plowboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high commissioned; send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring in spite of frost
Beauties that the earth had lost;
She will bring thee, altogether,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray:
All the heapèd Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it: thou shalt hear
Distant harvest carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And in the same moment — hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt at one glance behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;

Shaded hyacinth, alway
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
 And every leaf and every flower
 Pearlèd with the self-same shower
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
 Meager from its cellèd sleep;
 And the snake all winter-thin
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering,
 While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
 Everything is spoilt by use:
 Quickly break her prison-string
 And such joys as these she'll bring.—
 Let the wingèd Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home.

TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY

NO, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud:
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
 Or on the rainbow of a salt sandwave,
 Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,

Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

FROM 'HYPERION'

BLAZING Hyperion on his orbèd fire
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:
For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he —
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portioned to a giant nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright
Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold.
And touched with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flushed angrily: while sometimes eagle's wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darkened the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savor of poisonous brass and metal sick:
And so, when harbored in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day, —

For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paced away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His wingèd minions in close clusters stood,
Amazed and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance.
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathèd melodies;
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He entered, but he entered full of wrath;
His flaming robes streamed out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal Hours
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and unwreathèd light,
And diamond-pavèd lustrous long arcades,
Until he reached the great main cupola;
There standing fierce beneath, he stamped his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarred his own golden region; and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
O specters busy in a cold, cold gloom!
O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
Is my eternal essence thus distraught
To see and to behold these horrors new?

Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
 Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
 This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
 This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
 These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
 Of all my lucent empire? It is left
 Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
 The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
 I cannot see — but darkness, death and darkness.
 Even here, into my center of repose,
 The shady visions come to domineer,
 Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp. —
 Fall! — No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
 Over the fiery frontier of my realms
 I will advance a terrible right arm,
 Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
 And bid old Saturn take his throne again.”

IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER

IN a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity:
 The north cannot undo them,
 With a sleety whistle through them;
 Nor frozen thawings glue them
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy brook,
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer look;
 But with a sweet forgetting,
 They stay their crystal fretting,
 Never, never letting
 About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
 A gentle girl and boy!
 But were there ever any
 Writhed not at passèd joy

To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it,
 Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
 Was never said in rime.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

BALLAD

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
 Alone and palely loitering!
 The sedge has withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful — a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long.
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna dew,
 And sure in language strange she said —
 "I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
 And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
 With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
 And there I dreamed — Ah! woe betide!
 The latest dream I ever dreamed
 On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 They cried — “La Belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall! ”

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,
 And I awoke and found me here,
 On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is withered from the lake
 And no birds sing.

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES

MY spirit is too weak — mortality
 Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
 And each imagined pinnacle and steep
 Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
 Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.
 Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
 That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
 Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
 Such dim-conceivèd glories of the brain
 Bring round the heart an undescribable feud;
 So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
 That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
 Wasting of old Time — with a billowy main —
 A sun — a shadow of a magnitude.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high pilèd books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faëry power
Of unreflecting love! — then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE STEADFAST
AS THOU ART

BRIGHt star! would I were steadfast as thou art —
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors —
No — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever — or else swoon to death.

MINOR POETS OF THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL

BESIDE the great poets of the Romantic Revival whose title to fame has remained secure, the period produced a number of other men who shared the same impulse but had not the same powers of expression. The great poets of the period, with the exception of Byron, who had much in common with the eighteenth century, had little humor, and the smaller men to some extent made up the deficiency on this side. Several of them, although gifted with less imaginative energy than their great contemporaries, produced shorter poems which are still worthy of remembrance.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

RH. BARHAM'S 'Ingoldsby Legends,' with their facile humor and free and easy rhymes, held their place in the affections of the public to the end of the nineteenth century, though to the present generation they may seem to pursue their wandering way on too low a level to merit a permanent place in literature. Born in Canterbury in 1788, and the heir to a picturesque old gabled mansion which often figures in his 'Legends,' Barham was educated at St. Paul's School, London, and at Oxford, and, entering the Church, became in due course a minor canon at St. Paul's Cathedral and preacher at the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace; a High Churchman and a Tory, he was popular in London society and a frequent contributor to the leading magazines. Under the pseudonym of "Thomas Ingoldsby," he made riotous fun of the medieval legends of devils and saints which had come into fashion in connection with the beginning of the Oxford movement, although he was by no means without reverence for the religious truths which, in the ultimate analysis, may lie beneath these quaint fancies of our forefathers. He died in 1845.

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE

THE LAST LINES OF BARHAM

AS I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;
There came a noble Knighte,
With his hauberke shynnge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seemed a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the bouge;
A lovely mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathed many a syghe,
And a vowe;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;
No more a youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
“That I was borne!”
As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar;
There came a lovely childe,
And his face was meek and milde,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;
As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perched upon a bier;

That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear,

As I laye a-thynkyng,—oh! bitter flowed the tear!

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
Oh, merrie sang that Birde, as it glittered on her breast

With a thousand gorgeous dyes;
While soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seemed to rise,
As to her nest;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest:—

"Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,"—
"Twas so she seemed to saye,
"HERE IS REST!"

THOMAS HOOD

THOMAS, or, as he was affectionately called, Tom Hood, was one of those laborious journeymen of literature who, under happier auspices, might have won a more enduring fame. For twenty-four years he was never out of journalistic harness, and the establishment in 1844 of Hood's Magazine, which promised him a competence, was followed almost immediately by his death at the age of 46. Under the stress of the struggle for a livelihood, often hampered by sickness, Hood was called upon to make puns and rhyming jests for the amusement of the public, though his real poetic impulses led him in a quite different direction. His 'Song of the Shirt' appeared anonymously in Punch for Christmas 1843. The 'Bridge of Sighs' was written for Hood's Magazine but a little while before the poet's death in 1845. Always ill, suffering, poor, in debt, anxious for those dependent on him, Hood was always cheerful, courageous, and manfully independent. In his family life he was happy, in friendships he was rich, and he treated sickness and poverty as mere accidents of time. There never lived a sweeter nature. Over his grave in Kensal Green Cemetery stands a monument raised by the eager contributions of his countrymen,—princes, gentlemen, scholars, statesmen, millionaires, artisans, laborers, seamstresses, dressmakers, shop-girls; and on it is inscribed the epitaph he himself chose—"He sang the Song of the Shirt." [LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE.]

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

AN OLD BALLAD

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's-maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head —
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone? and is he gone?"
She cried and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her:
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
 To the Tender-ship, you see;"
 "The Tender-ship!" cried Sally Brown,—
 "What a hard-ship that must be!"

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
 For then I'd follow him;
 But oh! — I'm not a fish-woman,
 And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
 The Virgin and the Scales,
 So I must curse my cruel stars,
 And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
 That's underneath the world;
 But in two years the ship came home,
 And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown
 To see how she got on,
 He found she'd got another Ben,
 Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
 How could you serve me so?
 I've met with many a breeze before,
 But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
 He heaved a heavy sigh,
 And then began to eye his pipe,
 And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing 'All's Well,'
 But could not, though he tried;
 His head was turned — and so he chewed
 His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
 At forty-odd befell;
 They went and told the sexton, and
 The sexton tolled the bell.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop — first let me kiss away that tear)

Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)

Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,

Untouched by sorrow and unsoled by sin —
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air —
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)

Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents — (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub — but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth —
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny —
(Another tumble — that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint —
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!

(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life, —
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John!
 Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk—
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south—
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star—
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

RUTH

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
 Deeply ripened;—such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born,
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
 Which were blackest none could tell:
 But long lashes veiled a light
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat with shady brim
 Made her tressy forehead dim:
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean:
 Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
 Share my harvest and my home.

FAIR INES

O H, saw ye not fair Ines?
 She's gone into the West,
 To dazzle when the sun is down,
 And rob the world of rest;
 She took our daylight with her,
 The smiles that we love best,
 With morning blushes on her cheek,
 And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
 Before the fall of night,
 For fear the moon should shine alone,
 And stars unrivaled bright;
 And blessed will the lover be
 That walks beneath their light,
 And breathes the love against thy cheek
 I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
 That gallant cavalier
 Who rode so gayly by thy side,
 And whispered thee so near! —
 Were there no bonny dames at home,
 Or no true lovers here,
 That he should cross the seas to win
 The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
 Descend along the shore,
 With bands of noble gentlemen,
 And banners waved before;
 And gentle youth and maidens gay,
 And snowy plumes they wore; —
 It would have been a beauteous dream,
 — If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines!
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shouting of the throng;
 But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
 But only Music's wrong,
 In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,
 To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its deck,
 Nor danced so light before;
 Alas for pleasure on the sea
 And sorrow on the shore!
 The smile that blest one lover's heart
 Has broken many more!

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHES

"Drowned! drowned!" — Hamlet

ONE more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care:
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements;
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing:
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly:

Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From window and casement,
 From garret to basement,
 She stood, with amazement,
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black-flowing river:
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery
 Swift to be hurled —
 Anywhere, anywhere,
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran —
 Over the brink of it:
 Picture it, think of it,
 Dissolute Man!
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care:
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly, —
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest —
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Savior!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread:
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt"!

"Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work — work — work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work!
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work — work — work!
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in my dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
 O men, with mothers and wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch — stitch — stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death,
 That phantom of grisly bone?
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own —
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep:
 O God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
 My labor never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread, and rags;
 A shattered roof, and this naked floor,
 A table, a broken chair,
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
 From weary chime to chime;
 Work — work — work,
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,—
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand!

"Work — work — work,
 In the dull December light;
 And work — work — work,
 When the weather is warm and bright;
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh, but for one short hour!
 A respite, however brief! —
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread:
 Stitch — stitch — stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch —
 Would that its tone could reach the rich! —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
 The roses red and white;
 The violets and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light;
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday—
 That tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing:
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky:
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, the friend of Shelley and the father-in-law of Meredith, in his long life (1785–1866) makes a curious link between the eighteenth century and the Romantic Revival on the one side and between the Romantic Revival and the more realistic spirit of the later nineteenth century on the other. He ridiculed romanticism both in his poems and in the succession of fantastic and paradoxical novels which stretch from 1816 to 1861 ('Headlong Hall,' 'Melincourt,' 'The Abbey,' 'Maid Marion,' 'The Misfortunes of Elphin,' 'Crotchet Castle,' and 'Gryll Grange'), but he was far from being free himself from romantic influences. The eccentricities of his character and the many-sided significance of his work have attracted the attention of twentieth century biographers and critics, and he still has many admirers among those who are interested in the curious side-eddies of literary movements as well as in their main currents.

THE MEN OF GOTHAM

SEAMEN three! what men be ye?
 Gotham's three Wise Men we be.
 Whither in your bowl so free?
 To rake the moon from out the sea.
 The bowl goes trim; the moon doth shine;
 And our ballast is old wine:
 And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
 I am he they call Old Care.
 Here on board we will thee lift.
 No: I may not enter there.
 Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree —
 In a bowl Care may not be:
 In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
 No: in charmed bowl we swim.
 What the charm that floats the bowl?
 Water may not pass the brim.
 The bowl goes trim; the moon doth shine;
 And our ballast is old wine:
 And your ballast is old wine.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter;
 We therefore deemed it meeter
 To carry off the latter.
 We made an expedition;
 We met an host and quelled it;
 We forced a strong position
 And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us,
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen:
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

THE FRIAR'S SONG

THOUGH I be now a gray, gray friar,
 Yet I was once a hale young knight:
 The cry of my dogs was the only choir
 In which my spirit did take delight.
 Little I recked of matin bell,
 But drowned its toll with my clanging
 horn
 And the only beads I loved to tell
 Were the beads of dew on the spangled
 thorn.

An archer keen I was withal,
 As ever did lean on greenwood tree;
 And could make the fleetest roebuck fall,
 A good three hundred yards from me.
 Though changeful time, with hand severe,
 Has made me now these joys forego,
 Yet my heart bounds whene'er I hear
 Yoicks! hark away! and tally ho!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

THE contemporary of Byron and Peel at Harrow, Procter was attracted to literature "as a refined amusement," (so he himself puts it) and published his effusions under the pen-name of "Barry Cornwall," as Moore somewhat maliciously says, "because he was a gentleman of fortune and did not like to have his name free in the reviews." He lived from 1787-1874, was the friend of Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning, and at seventy-seven wrote a life of Charles Lamb, a friend of his youth, who had written of Procter's marriage: "Barry Cornwall has at last carried off the pretty A. S. They are just in the treacle moon. Hope it won't clog his wings — 'gaum' as we used to say at school." Apparently it did not, as Procter addressed to her long after his marriage "How many summers, Love," which in Victorian opinion was "perhaps the most perfect lyric ever addressed by a poet to his wife," though its rhyme of "love" and "dove," quite apart from its unabashed sentiment, would doubtless condemn it in our more refined age.

THE SEA

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
 I am where I would ever be;
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go;
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter? *I shall ride and sleep.*

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride
 On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore
 But I loved the great Sea more and more;
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
 And a mother she was and is to me
 For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,—
 But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
 And death, whenever he come to me,
 Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

A PETITION TO TIME

TOUCH us gently, Time!
 Let us glide adown thy stream
 Gently,—as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet dream!

Humble voyagers are we,
 Husband, wife, and children three.
 (One is lost,—an angel, fled
 To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
 We've not proud nor soaring wings:
 Our ambition, our content,
 Lies in simple things.
 Humble voyagers are we,
 O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
 Seeking only some calm clime:
 Touch us gently, gentle Time!

LIFE

WE are born; we laugh; we weep;
 We love; we droop; we die!
 Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
 Why do we live or die?
 Who knows that secret deep?
 Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
 Unseen by human eye?
 Why do the radiant seasons bring
 Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
 Why do our fond hearts cling
 To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
 We fight—and fly;
 We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
 Stone-dead we lie.
 O life! is *all* thy song
 "Endure and—die"?

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE

HOW many summers, Love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears — a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown.

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look where our children start,
Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

MRS. HEMANS was another of the popular idols of a hundred years ago which the twentieth century has thrown into the discard, though her 'Casabianca' is still remembered, having attained the immortality of the school books and of numerous parodies. In the United States she was so popular that she was invited to conduct a magazine in Boston, and American visitors to England made pilgrimages to see her at her home in Wales. Born in Liverpool in 1793, she was a precocious child and published her first poems at the age of fourteen; but she was something more

than a youthful prodigy. She was the personal friend of Scott and Wordsworth, and on her death in 1835 the latter wrote an 'Epitaph' to her memory. A collective edition of her poems in seven volumes was published in 1839 by her sister, who also wrote a 'Memoir.' Several American editions were issued from 1825 to 1850, and a modern edition was published by W. M. Rossetti as late as 1873.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

THE stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves;
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
 Long, long, in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be reared
 To guard each hallowed wall!
 And green forever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear; —
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

CHARLES WOLFE

WOLFE was an Irish clergyman who died of consumption in 1823 at the age of thirty-two. His one title to fame, the poem given below, was written when he was still a student in Trinity College, Dublin, and appeared first anonymously in an Irish newspaper in 1817. There was such a lively discussion as to its authorship that a life of Wolfe establishing his claim went through eight editions, though it is said to be "one of the dullest memoirs ever written."

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our weary task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory.

JOHN KEBLE

BORN in 1792, the son of a clergyman, Keble went to Oxford at fifteen, became fellow, tutor, and professor of poetry; his sermon on apostasy in 1833 was an important landmark in the Oxford movement, and he wrote several of the 'Tracts for the Times.' After serving for some years as his father's curate, he obtained the living of Hursley near Winchester and died there in 1866. His literary reputation rests upon 'The Christian Year,' but his poetic activity also found an outlet in an admonition to the people of the United States, which is printed below.

MORNING

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

EVENING HYMN

SUN of my soul, thou Savior dear,
 It is not night if thou be near;
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My weary eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 Forever on my Savior's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
 Have spurned today the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep tonight
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

TO THE UNITED STATES

TYRE of the *farther* West! be thou too warned,
 Whose eagle wings thine own green world o'erspread,
 Touching two Oceans: wherefore hast thou scorned
 Thy fathers' God, O proud and full of bread?

Why lies the Cross unhonored on thy ground
While in mid air thy stars and arrows flaunt?
That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,
Except, disrobed of thy vain earthly vaunt,
Thou bring it to be blessed where Saints and Angels haunt?

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods,
O'ertopping Nature, braving Nature's God;
O while thou yet hast room, fair fruitful land,
Ere war and want have stained thy virgin sod,
Mark thee a place on high, a glorious stand,
Whence Truth her sign may make o'er forest, lake, and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turn'st thine ear,
Listening if haply with the surging sea,
Blend sounds of Ruin from a land once dear
To thee and Heaven. O trying hour for thee!
Tyre mocked when Salem fell; where now is Tyre?
Heaven was against her. Nations thick as waves,
Burst o'er her walls, to Ocean doomed and fire:
And now the tideless water idly laves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crownèd merchants' graves.

WILLIAM MAGINN

THIS brilliant Irish journalist, the editor of Fraser's Magazine in its best days, was the original of Thackeray's Captain Shandon in 'Pendennis,' and was released from the debtors' prison by the Insolvency Act in 1842 only to die of consumption, penniless and almost starving, broken in health and spirit. His attachment to another famous literary figure of the time, "L. E. L." sent her to die by suicide on the West Coast of Africa — strange figures both of them of that era of romance of less than a century ago.

SAINT PATRICK

A FIG for St. Denis of France,
 He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
 A fig for St. George and his lance,
 Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
 And the saints of the Welshman or Scot
 Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
 Both of whom may just travel to pot,
 Compared with the patron of swipers,
 St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle
 On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;
 The steamboat he beat to a mile,
 Which mighty good sailing was counted:
 Says he, "The salt water, I think,
 Has made me most bloodily thirsty;
 So bring me a flagon of drink,
 To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye,—
 Of drink that is fit for a saint."

He preached then with wonderful force,
 The ignorant natives a-teaching;
 With a pint he washed down his discourse,
 "For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching."
 The people, with wonderment struck
 At a pastor so pious and civil,
 Exclaimed, "We're for you, my old buck,
 And we pitch our blind gods to the Devil,
 Who dwells in hot water below."

This ended, our worshipful spoon
 Went to visit an elegant fellow,
 Whose practice each cool afternoon
 Was to get most delightfully mellow.
 That day, with a black-jack of beer,
 It chanced he was treating a party:
 Says the saint, "This good day, do you hear,
 I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty,
 So give me a pull at the pot."

The pewter he lifted in sport
(Believe me, I tell you no fable);
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then planted it full on the table.
"A miracle!" every one said,
And they all took a haul at the stingo:
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo!
The pot still frothed over the brim.

Next day quoth his host, "'Tis a fast,
But I've naught in my larder but mutton;
And on Fridays who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton?"
Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg;
What you tell me is nothing but gammon:
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!"
And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes in a manner most antic
He marched to the County Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence not to use water for drink
The people of Ireland determine;
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick had filled it with vermin,
And vipers, and other such stuff.

Oh, he was an elegant blade
As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper;
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here, that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But as he is not, why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish —
Because all the liquor is out!

SONG OF THE SEA

"Woe to us when we lose the watery wall!" — Timothy Tickler.

IF e'er that dreadful hour should come — but God avert the day! —
 When England's glorious flag must bend, and yield old Ocean's sway;
 When foreign ships shall o'er that deep, where she is empress, lord;
 When the cross of red from boltsprit-head is hewn by foreign sword;
 When foreign foot her quarter-deck with proud stride treads along;
 When her peaceful ships meet haughty check from hail of foreign tongue:
 One prayer, one only prayer is mine, — that ere is seen that sight,
 Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

If ever other prince than ours wield scepter o'er that main,
 Where Howard, Drake, and Frobisher the Armada smote of Spain;
 Where Blake, in Cromwell's iron sway, swept tempest-like the seas,
 From North to South, from East to West, resistless as the breeze;
 Where Russell bent great Louis's power, which bent before to none,
 And crushed his arm of naval strength, and dimmed his Rising Sun:
 One prayer, one only prayer is mine, — that ere is seen that sight,
 Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

If ever other keel than ours triumphant plow that brine,
 Where Rodney met the Count de Grasse, and broke the Frenchman's line;
 Where Howe upon the first of June met the Jacobins in fight,
 And with old England's loud huzzas broke down their godless might;
 Where Jervis at St. Vincent's felled the Spaniards' lofty tiers,
 Where Duncan won at Camperdown, and Exmouth at Algiers:
 One prayer, one only prayer is mine, — that ere is seen that sight,
 Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

But oh! what agony it were, when we should think on thee,
 The flower of all the Admirals that ever trod the sea!
 I shall not name thy honored name; but if the white-cliffed Isle
 Which reared the Lion of the deep, the Hero of the Nile, —
 Him who 'neath Copenhagen's self o'erthrew the faithless Dane,
 Who died at glorious Trafalgar, o'ervanquished France and Spain, —
 Should yield her power, one prayer is mine, — that ere is seen that sight,
 Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

MANGAN died in June 1849 in the workhouse hospital of Dublin, his native city, at the age of forty-six, a victim to the struggle against adverse circumstances and his own weakness for drink.

THE NAMELESS ONE

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river
 That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
 God will inspire me while I deliver
 My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
 Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
 That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
 No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night hour;
 How shone for *him*, through his griefs and gloom,
 No star of all heaven sends to light our
 Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
 Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
 He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
 The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
 And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
 He fled for shelter to God, who mated
 His soul with song —

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
 Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
 Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid —
 A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
 To herd with demons from hell beneath,
 Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
 For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
 Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
 With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
 He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
 And some whose hands should have wrought for *him*
 (If children live not for sires and mothers),
 His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,—
 The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,—
 And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
 Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
 And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
 When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
 Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
 And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
 He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
 That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes: old and hoary
 At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
 He lives, enduring what future story
 Will never know.

Him grant a grave too, ye pitying noble,
 Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
 He too had tears for all souls in trouble
 Here and in hell.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

THE best work of Beddoes remained unpublished until after his death by poison in 1849, although none of it appears to have been written after his completion of 'Death's Jest Book, or The Fool's Tragedy' in 1829. The son of a distinguished physician, educated at Charterhouse and Pembroke College, Oxford, he was still an undergraduate when he published

'The Bride's Tragedy' in 1822. A strange independent genius, he was dissatisfied with his own work and spent the latter half of his life on the Continent as a wandering student, not of literature, but of science. Yet no one of his contemporaries came nearer than he to the spirit of the Elizabethans, and the intense simplicity and imaginative charm of his dramatic lyrics are surpassed only by those of Shelley and Keats.

SONG

O LD Adam, the carrion crow,
The old crow of Cairo;
He sat in the shower, and let it flow
Under his tail and over his crest;
And through every feather
Leaked the wet weather;
And the bough swung under his nest;
For his beak it was heavy with marrow.
Is that the wind dying? O no;
It's only two devils, that blow
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
In the ghosts' moonshine.

Ho! Eve, my gray carrion wife,
When we have supped on king's marrow,
Where shall we drink and make merry our life?
Our nest it is Queen Cleopatra's skull,
'Tis cloven and cracked,
And battered and hacked,
But with tears of blue eyes it is full:
Let us drink then, my raven of Cairo.
Is that the wind dying? O no;
It's only two devils, that blow
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
In the ghosts' moonshine.

DIRGE

IF thou wilt ease thine heart
 Of love and all its smart,
 Then sleep, dear, sleep;
 And not a sorrow
 Hang any tear on your eye-lashes;
 Lie still and deep,
 Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
 The rim o' the sun tomorrow,
 In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
 Of love and all its smart,
 Then die, dear, die;
 'Tis deeper, sweeter,
 Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
 With folded eye;
 And then alone, amid the beaming
 Of love's stars, thou'l meet her
 In eastern sky.

BALLAD OF HUMAN LIFE

WHEN we were girl and boy together,
 We tossed about the flowers,
 And wreathed the blushing hours
 Into a posy green and sweet,
 I sought the youngest, best,
 And never was at rest
 Till I had laid them at thy fairy feet.
 But the days of childhood they were fleet,
 And the blooming sweet-briar-breathed weather,
 When we were boy and girl together.

Then we were lad and lass together,
 And sought the kiss of night
 Before we left aright,
 Sitting and singing soft and sweet.

The dearest thought of heart
 With thee 'twas joy to part,
 And the greater half was thine, as meet.
 Still my eyelid's dewy, my veins they beat
 At the starry summer-evening weather,
 When we were lad and lass together.

And we are man and wife together,
 Although thy breast, once bold
 With song, be closed and cold
 Beneath flowers' roots and birds' light feet.
 Yet sit I by thy tomb,
 And dissipate the gloom
 With songs of loving faith and sorrow sweet.
 And fate and darkling grave kind dreams do cheat,
 That, while fair life, young hope, despair and death are,
 We're boy and girl, and lass and lad, and man and wife together.

DREAM-PEDLARY

If there were dreams to sell,
 What would you buy?
 Some cost a passing bell;
 Some a light sigh,
 That shakes from Life's fresh crown
 Only a rose-leaf down.
 If there were dreams to sell,
 Merry and sad to tell,
 And the crier rang the bell,
 What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
 Shadowy, my woes to still,
 Until I die.
 Such pearls from Life's fresh crown
 Fain would I shake me down.
 Were dreams to have at will,
 This would best heal my ill,
 This would I buy.

But there were dreams to sell
 Ill did'st thou buy;
 Life is a dream, they tell,
 Waking to die.

Dreaming a dream to prize,
 Is wishing ghosts to rise;
 And if I had the spell
 To call the buried well,
 Which one would I?

If there are ghosts to raise,
 What shall I call,
 Out of hell's murky haze,
 Heaven's blue pall?
 Raise my loved long-lost boy,
 To lead me to his joy.—
 There are no ghosts to raise;
 Out of death lead no ways;
 Vain is the call.

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue,
 No love thou hast.
 Else lie, as I will do,
 And breathe thy last.
 So out of Life's fresh crown
 Fall like a rose-leaf down.
 Thus are the ghosts to woo;
 Thus are all dreams made true;
 Ever to last!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

BORN in 1802, the son of a leading London barrister, W. M. Praed was educated at Eton and Oxford, called to the bar in 1829, won a seat in the House of Commons in 1830, and died at the age of thirty-seven. As a writer of humorous society verse, he is without a rival for ease and naturalness, even when the claims of Prior, Pope, and Austin Dobson are duly weighed.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE

"Rien n'est changé, mes amis." — Charles X.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter;
The Old Year went with mourning by —
The New came dancing after!
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle;
Mutes to wait on the funeral state;
Pages to pour the wine:
A requiem for Twenty-Eight,
And a health to Twenty-Nine!

Alas for human happiness!
Alas for human sorrow!
Our yesterday is nothingness,
What else will be our morrow?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses;
Still cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses;
While sages prate and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine:
And the world, as it rolled through Twenty-Eight,
Must roll through Twenty-Nine.

Some king will come, in Heaven's good time,
To the tomb his father came to;
Some thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to;
Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her;
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine:
And much where we were in Twenty-Eight,
We shall be in Twenty-Nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
 And the God of Cups his orgies;
 And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
 And weddings in St. George's;
 And mendicants will sup like kings,
 And lords will swear like lackeys;
 And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
 And rings will lead to black eyes;
 And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
 In a dialect all divine,—
 Alas! they married in Twenty-Eight,
 They will part in Twenty-Nine.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
 All thoughts and things look older;
 How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
 And the heart of Friendship colder;
 But still I shall be what I have been,
 Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
 And seldom troubled with the spleen,
 And fond of talking treason;
 I shall buckle my skate, and leap my gate,
 And throw and write my line:
 And the woman I worshiped in Twenty-Eight
 I shall worship in Twenty-Nine.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams
 Had been of being wise or witty;
 Ere I had done with writing themes,
 Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;
 Years, years ago, while all my joys
 Were in my fowling-piece and filly,—
 In short, while I was yet a boy
 I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball;
 There, when the sound of flute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall
 Of hands across and down the middle,

Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star,
And when she danced — O heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white,
Her voice was exquisitely tender,
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows:
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,
Of Southe's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,
Of daggers or of dancing bears,
Of battles or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle,—
If these bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
My mother laughed, — I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frowned; — but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cent,
And mortgages and great relations,
And India bonds and tithes and rents,—
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?

Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
 Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
 He cares as little for the stocks
 As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched — the vale, the wood, the beach,
 Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
 She botanized — I envied each
 Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
 She warbled Handel — it was grand,
 She made the Catalina jealous;
 She touched the organ — I could stand
 For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

And she was flattered, worshiped, bored;
 Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
 Her poodle dog was quite adored,
 Her sayings were extremely quoted.
 She laughed — and every heart was glad
 As if the taxes were abolished;
 She frowned — and every look was sad
 As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun —
 I knew that there was nothing in it;
 I was the first, the only one,
 Her heart had thought of for a minute.
 I knew it, for she told me so,
 In phrase which was divinely molded;
 She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
 How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves:
 A little glow, a little shiver,
 A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
 And 'Fly not Yet' upon the river;
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
 A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows — and then we parted.

We parted — months and years rolled by;
 We met again four summers after;
 Our parting was all sob and sigh,
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:

For in my heart's most secret cell
 There had been many other lodgers;
 And she was not the ball-room belle,
 But only Mrs. — Something — Rogers.

A LETTER OF ADVICE

From Miss Medora Trevilian, at Padua, to
 Miss Araminta Vavasour, in London.

YOU tell me you're promised a lover,
 My own Araminta, next week?
 Why cannot my fancy discover
 The hue of his coat and his cheek?
 Alas! if he look like another,
 A vicar, a banker, a beau,
 Be deaf to your father and mother,
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
 Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
 And we loved one another with passion,
 Before we had been there a week:
 You gave me a ring for a token;
 I wear it wherever I go;
 I gave you a chain,—is it broken?
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

O think of our favorite cottage,
 And think of our dear Lalla Rookh!
 How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
 And drank of the stream from the brook;
 How fondly our loving lips faltered,
 "What further can grandeur bestow?"
 My heart is the same;—is yours altered?
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

Remember the thrilling romances
 We read on the bank in the glen;
 Remember the suitors our fancies
 Would picture for both of us then.

They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
 They had vanquished and pardoned their foe—
 Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage,
 Drove off with your Cousin Justine,
 You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
 And whispered "How base she has been!"
 You said you were sure it would kill you,
 If ever your husband looked so;
 And you will not apostatize, — will you?
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

When I heard I was going abroad, love,
 I thought I was going to die;
 We walked arm in arm to the road, love,
 We looked arm in arm to the sky;
 And I said "When a foreign postilion
 Has hurried me off to the Po,
 Forget not Medora Trevilian:
 My own Araminta, say 'No!'"

We parted! but sympathy's fetters
 Reach far over valley and hill;
 I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
 And feel that your heart is mine still;
 And he who would share it with me, love,—
 The richest of treasures below,—
 If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
 If he comes to you riding a cob,
 If he talks of his baking or brewing,
 If he puts up his feet on the hob,
 If he ever drinks port after dinner,
 If his brow or his breeding is low,
 If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
 My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers
 While you are preparing the tea,
 If he talks of the damps or the vapors
 While moonlight lies soft on the sea,

If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werther delicious,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the City
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk — like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile — like the sun in his glory
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh! from its ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow! —
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN

AYTOUN was proud of his descent from Sir Robert Aytoun, the poet-friend of Ben Jonson, and still prouder of the suggestion (which he accepted) that he was "the literary man of Scotland" after the death of John Wilson. He was from 1845 till his death in 1865 Professor of Literature in the University of Edinburgh and a constant contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, for which, in collaboration with Sir Theodore Martin, he wrote the 'Bon Gaultier Ballads,' which now constitute his chief claim to remembrance.

THE BROKEN PITCHER

From the 'Bon Gaultier Ballads'

IT was a Moorish maiden was sitting by a well,
And what that maiden thought of, I cannot, cannot tell,
When by there rode a valiant knight, from the town of Oviedo—
Alphonso Guzman was he hight, the Count of Desparedo.

"O maiden, Moorish maiden! why sitt'st thou by the spring?
Say, dost thou seek a lover, or any other thing?
Why gazest thou upon me, with eyes so large and wide,
And wherefore doth the pitcher lie broken by thy side?"

"I do not seek a lover, thou Christian knight so gay,
Because an article like that hath never come my way;
But why I gaze upon you, I cannot, cannot tell,
Except that in your iron hose you look uncommon swell."

"My pitcher it is broken, and this the reason is—
A shepherd came behind me, and tried to snatch a kiss;
I would not stand his nonsense, so ne'er a word I spoke,
But scored him on the costard, and so the jug was broke."

"My uncle, the Alcaydè, he waits for me at home,
And will not take his tumbler until Zorayda come.
I cannot bring him water,—the pitcher is in pieces;
And so I'm sure to catch it, 'cos he wallops all his nieces."

"O maiden, Moorish maiden! wilt thou be ruled by me?
So wipe thine eyes and rosy lips, and give me kisses three;
And I'll give thee my helmet, thou kind and courteous lady,
To carry home the water to thy uncle, the Alcaydè."

He lighted down from off his steed—he tied him to a tree—
He bowed him to the maiden, and took his kisses three:
"To wrong thee, sweet Zorayda, I swear would be a sin!"
He knelt him at the fountain, and dipped his helmet in.

Up rose the Moorish maiden—behind the knight she steals,
And caught Alphonso Guzman up tightly by the heels;
She tipped him in, and held him down beneath the bubbling water,—
"Now, take thou that for venturing to kiss Al Hamet's daughter!"

A Christian maid is weeping in the town of Oviedo;
She waits the coming of her love, the Count of Desparedo.
I pray you all in charity, that you will never tell
How he met the Moorish maiden beside the lonely well.

WILLIAM BARNES

BORN in 1801 in the Vale of Blackmore, far up the valley of the Stour, and living from his ordination in 1847 to his death in 1886 in the small Dorset parishes of which he was rector, William Barnes led a life apart from his contemporaries in English poetry and pursued his own path. He held that the dialect of Dorset was the least corrupted form of surviving English, and in 'Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect,' and two other small volumes he made this quaint speech the medium for poetry which has been not unfitly compared with that of Burns, although it appeals to a smaller audience. Thomas Hardy, who used the Dorset dialect to such effect in the Wessex novels, has paid his tribute to the genius of Barnes, and those who have the patience to triumph over a few initial difficulties in the language will find the poetry will amply repay the effort.

BLACKMWORE MAIDENS

THE primrwose in the sheäde do blow,
 The cowslip in the zun,
 The thyme upon the down do grow,
 The clote where streams do run;
 An' where do pretty maïdens grow
 An' blow, but where the tow'r
 Do rise among the bricken tuns,
 In Blackmwore by the Stour?

If you could zee their comely gaït,
 An' pretty feäces' smiles,
 A-trippèn on so light o' waïght,
 An' steppèn off the stiles;
 A-gwain to church, as bells do swing
 An' ring 'ithin the tow'r,
 You'd own the pretty maïdens' pleäce
 Is Blackmwore by the Stour?

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
 To Stower or Paladore,
 An' all the farmers' housen show'd
 Their daughters at the door;
 You'd cry to bachelors at hwome —
 "Here, come: 'ithin an hour
 You'll vind ten maïdens to your mind,
 In Blackmwore by the Stour."

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door, . . .
 To zee em in their pleäce,
 A-doën housework up avore
 Their smilèn mother's feäce;
 You'd cry, — "Why, if a man would wive
 An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r,
 Then let en look en out a wife
 In Blackmwore by the Stour."

As I upon my road did pass
 A school-house back in May,
 There out upon the beäten grass
 Wer maïdens at their play;

An' as the pretty souls did tweil
 An' smile, I cried, "The flow'r
 O' beauty, then, is still in bud
 In Blackmwore by the Stour."

THE SURPRISE

AS there I left the road in May,
 And took my way along a ground,
 I found a glade with girls at play,
 By leafy boughs close-hemmed around,
 And there, with stores of harmless joys,
 They plied their tongues, in merry noise;
 Though little did they seem to fear
 So queer a stranger might be near;
 Teeh-hee! Look here! Hah! ha! Look there!
 And oh! so playsome, oh! so fair.

And one would dance as one would spring,
 Or bob or bow with leering smiles,
 And one would swing, or sit and sing,
 Or sew a stitch or two at whiles,
 And one skipped on with downcast face,
 All heedless, to my very place,
 And there, in fright, in one foot out,
 Made one dead step and turned about.
 Heeh, hee, oh! oh! ooh! oo! — Look there!
 And oh! so playsome, oh, so fair.

Away they scampered all, full speed,
 By boughs that swung along their track,
 As rabbits out of wood at feed,
 At sight of men all scamper back,
 And one pulled on behind her heel,
 A thread of cotton, off her reel,
 And oh! to follow that white clue,
 I felt I fain could scamper too.
 Teeh, hee, run here. Eeh! ee! Look there!
 And oh! so playsome, oh! so fair.

MILKÈN TIME

TWER when the busy birds did vlee,
 Wi' sheenèn wings, vrom tree to tree,
 To build upon the mossy lim'
 Their hollow nestes' rounded rim;
 The while the zun, a-zinkèn low,
 Did roll along his evenèn bow,
 I come along where wide-horn'd cows,
 'Ithin a nook, a-screen'd by boughs,
 Did stan' an' flip the white-hooped pails
 Wi' heäiry tufts o' swingèn taïls;
 An' there were Jenny Coom a-gone
 Along the path a vew steps on,
 A-beärèn on her head, upstraïght,
 Her païl, wi' slowly-ridèn waïght,
 An hoops a-sheenèn, lily-white,
 Ageän the evenèn's slantèn light;
 An' zo I took her païl, an' left
 Her neck a-freed vrom all his heft;
 An' she a-lookèn up an' down,
 Wi' sheäply head an' glossy crown,
 Then took my zide, an' kept my peäce,
 A-talkèn on wi' smilèn feäce,
 An' zettèn things in sich a light,
 I'd faïn ha' heär'd her talk all night;
 An' when I brought her milk avore
 The geäte, she took it in to door,
 An' if her païl had but allow'd
 Her head to vall, she would ha' bow'd;
 An' still, as 'twer, I had the zight
 Ov' her sweet smile, droughout the night.

JESSIE LEE

ABOVE the timber's bendèn sh'ouds,
 The western wind did softly blow;
 An' up avore the knap, the clouds
 Did ride as white as driven snow.

Vrom west to east the clouds did zwim
 Wi' wind that plied the elem's lim';
 Vrom west to east the stream did glide,
 A sheenèn wide, wi' windèn brim.

How feäir, I thought, avore the sky
 The slowly-zwimmèn clouds do look;
 Hów soft the win's.a-streamèn by;
 How bright do roll the weävy brook:
 When there, a-passèn on my right,
 A-walkèn slow, an' treadèn light,
 Young Jessie Lee come by, an' there
 Took all my ceäre, an' all my zight.

Vor lovely wer the looks her feäce
 Held up avore the western sky:
 An' comely wer the steps her peäce
 Did meäke a-walkèn slowly by:
 But I went east, wi' beatèn breast,
 Wi' wind, an' cloud, an' brook, vor rest,
 Wi' rest a-lost, vor Jessie gone . . .
 So lovely on, toward the west.

Blow on, O winds, athirt the hill;
 Zwig on, O clouds; O waters vall,
 Down mæshy rocks, vrom mill to mill:
 I now can overlook ye all.
 But roll, O zun, an' bring to me
 My day, if such a day there be,
 When zome dear path to my abode
 Shall be the road o' Jessie Lee.

THE TURNSTILE

AH! sad wer we as we did peäce
 The wold church road, wi' downcast feäce,
 The while the bells, that mwoan'd so deep
 Above our child a-left asleep,
 Wer now a-zingèn all alive
 Wi' tother bells to meäke the vive.

But up at woone pleäce we come by,
'Twere hard to keep woone's two eyes dry;
On Steän-cliff road, 'ithin the drong,
Up where, as vo'k do pass along,
The turnèn stile, a-painted white,
Do sheen by day an' show by night.
Vor always there, as we did goo
To church, thik stile did let us drough,
Wi' spreadèn eärms that wheel'd to guide
Us each in turn to tother zide.
An' vu'st ov all the traïn he took
My wife, wi' winsome gait an' look;
An' then zent on my little maïd,
A-skippèn onward, overjäy'd
To reach ageän the pleäce o' pride,
Her comely mother's left han' zide.
An' then, a-wheelen roun' he took
On me, 'ithin his third white nook.
An' in the fourth, a-sheäken wild,
He zent us on our giddy child.
But eesterday he guided slow
My downcast Jenny, vull o' woe,
An' then my little maïd in black,
A-walkèn softly on her track;
An' after he'd a-turn'd ageän,
To let me goo along the leäne,
He had noo little bwoy to vill
His last white eärms, an' they stood still.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, the most widely read of English essayists and historians, was born near London on October 25, 1800. His early education was received at private schools: but in 1818 he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated with honors, and was elected a fellow in 1824. Out of deference to the wishes of his father he read law, and was called to the bar in 1826. But the labors of the profession were little to his liking; no business of consequence came to him, and he was soon deep in literature and politics, for the pursuit of which his tastes, his habits, and his parts pre-eminently fitted him.

His nephew and biographer has gathered a mass of anecdotes and reminiscences, which go far to show that while still a lad Macaulay displayed in a high degree many of the mental characteristics which later in life made him famous. The eagerness with which he devoured books of every sort; the marvelous memory which enabled him to recall for years whole pages and poems, read but once; the quickness of perception by the aid of which he could at a glance extract the contents of a printed page; his love of novels and poetry; his volubility, his positiveness of assertion, and the astonishing amount of information he could pour out on matters of even trivial importance,—were as characteristic of the boy as of the man.

As might have been expected from one so gifted, Macaulay began to write while a mere child; but his first printed piece was an anonymous letter defending novel-reading and lauding Fielding and Smollett. It was written at the age of sixteen; was addressed to his father, then editor of the *Christian Observer*, was inserted in utter ignorance of the author, and brought down on the periodical the wrath of a host of subscribers. One declared that he had given the obnoxious number to the flames, and should never again read the magazine. At twenty-three Macaulay began to write for *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, and contributed to it articles some of which—as 'The Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the Great Civil War'; his criticism of Dante and Petrarch; that on Athenian Orators; and the 'Fragments of a Roman Tale'—are still given a place in his collected writings. In themselves these pieces are of small value; but they served to draw attention to the author just at the time when Jeffrey, the editor of the great Whig *Edinburgh Review*, was eagerly and anxiously searching for "some clever young man" to write for it. Macaulay was such a clever young man. Overtures were therefore made to him; and in 1825, in the August number of the *Review*, appeared his essay on John Milton. The effect

was immediate. Like Byron, he awoke one morning to find himself famous; was praised and complimented on every hand, and day after day saw his table covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every part of London. And well he might be praised; for no English magazine had ever before published so readable, so eloquent, so entertaining an essay. Its very faults are pleasing. Its merits are of a high order; but the passage which will best bear selection as a specimen of the writing of Macaulay at twenty-five is the description of the Puritan.

Macaulay had now found his true vocation, and entered on it eagerly and with delight. In March 1827 came the essay on Machiavelli; and during 1828 those on John Dryden, on History, and on Hallam's 'Constitutional History.' During 1829 he wrote and published reviews of James Mill's 'Essay on Government' (which involved him in an unseemly wrangle with the Westminster Review, and called forth two more essays on the Utilitarian Theory of Government), Southey's 'Colloquies on Society,' Sadler's 'Law of Population,' and the reviews of Robert Montgomery's poems. The reviews of Moore's 'Life of Byron' and of Southey's edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' appeared during 1831. In the previous year Macaulay entered Parliament, and for a time the essays came forth less frequently. A reply to a pamphlet by Sadler written in reply to Macaulay's review, the famous article in which Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson was pilloried, and the essay on John Hampden, were all he wrote in 1831. In 1832 came 'Burleigh and his Times,' and 'Mirabeau'; in 1833 'The War of the Succession in Spain,' and 'Horace Walpole'; in 1834 'William Pitt, Earl of Chatham'; in 1835 'Sir James Mackintosh'; in 1837 'Lord Bacon,' the finest yet produced; in 1838 'Sir William Temple'; in 1839 'Gladstone on Church and State'; and in 1840 the greatest of all his essays, those on Von Ranke's 'History of the Popes' and on 'Lord Clive.' 'The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration,' 'Warren Hastings,' and a short sketch of Lord Holland, were written in 1841; 'Frederick the Great' in 1842; 'Madame D'Arblay' and 'Addison' in 1843; 'Barère' and 'The Earl of Chatham' in 1844: and with these the long list closes.

Never before in any period of twenty years had the British reading public been instructed and amused by so splendid a series of essays. Taken as a whole the series falls naturally into three classes: the critical, the biographical, and the historical. Each has merits and peculiarities of its own; but all have certain characteristics in common which enable us to treat them in a group.

Whoever will take the pains to read the six-and-thirty essays we have mentioned,—and he will be richly repaid for his pains,—cannot fail to perceive that sympathy with the past is Macaulay's ruling passion. Concerning the present he knew little and cared less. The range of topics covered by him was enormous; art, science, theology, history, literature, poetry, the drama, philosophy—all were passed in review. Yet he has never once failed to treat his

subjects historically. We look in vain for the faintest approach to a philosophical or analytical treatment. He reviewed Mill's essay on Government, and Hallam's 'Constitutional History'; but he made no observations on government in the abstract, nor expressed any opinions as to what sort of government is best suited for civilized communities in general. He wrote about Bacon; yet he never attempted to expound the principles or describe the influences of the Baconian philosophy. He wrote about Addison and Johnson, Hastings and Clive, Machiavelli and Horace Walpole and Madame D'Arblay; yet in no case did he analyze the works, or fully examine the characteristics, or set forth exhaustively the ideas, of one of them. They are to him mere pegs on which to hang a splendid historical picture of the times in which these people lived. Thus the essay on Milton is a review of the Cromwellian period; Machiavelli, of Italian morals in the sixteenth century; that on Dryden, of the state of poetry and the drama in the days of Charles the Second; that on Johnson, of the state of English literature in the days of Walpole. In the essays on Clive and Hastings, we find little of the founders of British India beyond the enumeration of their acts. But the Mogul empire, and the rivalries and struggles which overthrew it, are all depicted in gorgeous detail. No other writer has ever given so fine an account of the foreign policy of Charles the Second as Macaulay has done in the essay on Sir William Temple; nor of the Parliamentary history of England for the forty years preceding our Revolution, as is to be found in the essays on Lord Chatham. In each case the image of the man whose name stands at the head of the essay is blurred and indistinct. We are told of the trial of John Hampden; but we do not see the fearless champion of popular liberty as he stood before the judges of King Charles. We are introduced to Frederick the Great, and are given a summary of his characteristics and a glowing narrative of the wars in which he won fame; but the real Frederick, the man contending "against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune," is lost in the mass of accessories. He describes the outward man admirably: the inner man is never touched.

But however faulty the 'Essays' may be in respect to the treatment accorded to individual men, they display a prodigious knowledge of the facts and events of the periods they cover. Macaulay's wonderful memory, stored with information gathered from a thousand sources, his astonishing power of arranging facts and bringing them to bear on any subject, whether it called for description or illustration, joined with a clear and vigorous style, enabled him to produce historical scenes with a grouping, a finish, and a splendor to which no other writer can approach. His picture of the Puritan in the essay on Milton, and of Loyola and the Jesuits in the essay on the Popes; his description of the trial of Warren Hastings; of the power and magnificence of Spain under Philip the Second; of the destiny of the Church of Rome; of the character of Charles the Second in the essay on Sir James Mackintosh,—are but a few of many of his bits of word-painting which cannot be surpassed. What is thus

true of particular scenes and incidents in the essays is equally true of many of them in the whole. Long periods of time, great political movements, complicated policies, fluctuations of ministries, are sketched with an accuracy, animation, and clearness not to be met with in any elaborate treatise covering the same period.

While Macaulay was writing two and three essays a year, he won renown in a new field by the publication of 'The Lays of Ancient Rome.' They consist of four ballads—'Horatius'; 'The Battle of the Lake Regillus'; 'Virginius'; and 'The Prophecy of Capys'—which are supposed to have been sung by Roman minstrels, and to belong to a very early period in the history of the city. In them are repeated all the merits and all the defects of the essays. The men and women are mere enumerations of qualities; the battle pieces are masses of uncombined incidents: but the characteristics of the periods treated have been caught and reproduced with perfect accuracy. The setting of 'Horatius,' which belongs to the earliest days of Rome, is totally different from the setting of 'The Prophecy of Capys,' which belongs to the time when Rome was fast acquiring the mastery over Italy; and in each case the setting is studiously and remarkably exact. In these poems, again, there is the same prodigious learning, the same richness of illustration, which distinguish the essays; and they are adorned with a profusion of metaphor and aptness of epithets which is most admirable.

The 'Lays' appeared in 1842, and at once found their way into popular favor. Macaulay's biographer assures us that in ten years 18,000 copies were sold in Great Britain; 40,000 copies in twenty years; and before 1875 nearly 100,000 had passed into the hands of readers.

Meantime the same popularity attended the 'Essays.' Again and again Macaulay had been urged to collect and publish them in book form, and had stoutly refused. But when an enterprising publisher in Philadelphia not only reprinted them but shipped copies to England, Macaulay gave way; and in the early months of 1843 a volume was issued. Like the 'Lays,' the 'Essays' rose at once into popular favor, and in the course of thirty years 120,000 copies were sold in the United Kingdom by one publisher.

But the work on which he was now intent was the 'History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living.' The idea of such a narrative had long been in his mind; but it was not till 1841 that he began seriously to write, and not till 1848 that he published the first and second volumes. Again his success was instant. Nothing like it had been known since the days of Waverley. Of 'Marmion' 2,000 were sold in the first month; of Macaulay's 'History' 3,000 copies were sold in ten days. Of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' 2,250 copies were disposed of in the course of the first year; but the publishers sold 13,000 copies of Macaulay in four months. In the United States the success was greater yet.

"We beg you to accept herewith a copy of our cheap edition of your work," wrote Harper & Brothers in 1849. "There have been three other editions published by different houses, and another is now in preparation; so there will be six different editions in the market. We have already sold 40,000 copies, and we presume that over 60,000 copies have been disposed of. Probably within three months of this time the sale will amount to 200,000 copies. No work of any kind has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm."

Astonishing as was the success, it never flagged; and year after year the London publisher disposed of the work at the rate of seventy sets a week. In November 1855 the third and fourth volumes were issued. Confident of an immense sale, 25,000 copies were printed as a first edition, and were taken by the trade before a copy was bound. In the United States the sale, he was assured by Everett, was greater than that of any book ever printed, save the Bible and a few school-books in universal use. Prior to 1875, his biographer states, 140,000 copies of the '*History*' were sold in the United Kingdom. In ten weeks from the day of the issue 26,500 copies were taken, and in March 1856, \$100,000 was paid him as a part of the royalty due in December.

Honors of every sort were now showered on him. He was raised to the peerage; he was rich, famous, and great. But the enjoyment of his honors was short-lived; for in December 1859 he was found in his library, seated in his easy-chair, dead. Before him on the table lay a copy of the *Cornhill Magazine*, open at the first page of Thackeray's story of '*Lovel the Widower*'.

All that has been said regarding the '*Essays*' and the '*Lays*' applies with equal force to the '*History of England*'. No historian who has yet written has shown such wide familiarity with the facts of English history, no matter what the subject in hand may be: the extinction of villeinage, the Bloody Assizes, the appearance of the newspaper, the origin of the national debt, or the state of England in 1685. Macaulay is unrivaled in the art of arranging and combining his facts, and of presenting in a clear and vigorous narrative the spirit of the epoch he treats. Nor should we fail to mention that both '*Essays*' and '*History*' abound in remarks, general observations, and comment always clear, vigorous, and shrewd, and in the main just.

JOHN BACH McMaster

THE COFFEE-HOUSE

From the 'History of England'

THE coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became what the journalists of our time have been called, a Fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the State. An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee-houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an unusual outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influences of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris, and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments,—his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued in the mouth of Lord Fopping-

ton to excite the mirth of theaters. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor indeed would he have had far to go. For in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether '*Paradise Lost*' ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that '*Venice Preserved*' ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Dr. John Radcliffe, who in the year 1685 rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's; and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned over their cups another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

THE DIFFICULTY OF TRAVEL IN ENGLAND, 1685

From the 'History of England'

THE chief cause which made the fusion of the different elements of society so imperfect was the extreme difficulty which our ancestors found in passing from place to place. Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially; and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies, and to bind together all the branches of the great human family. In the seventeenth century the inhabitants of London were, for almost every practical purpose, farther from Reading than they now are from Edinburgh, and farther from Edinburgh than they now are from Vienna.

The subjects of Charles the Second were not, it is true, quite unacquainted with that principle which has, in our own time, produced an unprecedented revolution in human affairs; which has enabled navies to advance in face of wind and tide, and brigades of troops, attended by all their baggage and artillery, to traverse kingdoms at a pace equal to that of the fleetest race-horse. The Marquess of Worcester had recently observed the expansive power of moisture rarefied by heat. After many experiments he had succeeded in constructing a rude steam-engine, which he called a fire-water work, and which he pronounced to be an admirable and most forcible instrument of propulsion. But the Marquess was suspected to be a madman, and known to be a Papist. His inventions therefore found no favorable reception. His fire-water work might perhaps furnish matter for conversation at a meeting of the Royal Society, but was not applied to any practical purpose. There were no railways, except a few made of timber, on which coals were carried from the mouths of the Northumbrian pits to the banks of the Tyne. There was very little internal communication by water. A few attempts had been made to deepen and embank the natural streams, but with slender success. Hardly a single navigable canal had been even projected. The English of that day were in the habit of talking with mingled admiration and despair of the immense trench by which Lewis the Fourteenth had made a junction between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. They little thought that their country would, in the course of a few generations, be intersected, at the cost of private adventurers, by artificial rivers making up more than four times the length of the Thames, the Severn, and the Trent together.

It was by the highways that both travelers and goods generally passed from place to place; and those highways appear to have been far worse than might

have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the uninclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. Ralph Thoresby the antiquary was in danger of losing his way on the Great North Road, between Barnby Moor and Tuxford, and actually lost his way between Doncaster and York. Pepys and his wife, traveling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain. It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left; and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened, almost every day, that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighboring farm, to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveler had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of traveling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded, in his Diary, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, and that a higgler had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings he turned out of the high-road, and was conducted across some meadows, where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle skirts in water. In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterwards detained at Stamford four days, on account of the state of the roads; and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House of Commons, who were going up in a body to Parliament with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company. On the roads of Derbyshire, travelers were in constant fear for their necks, and were frequently compelled to alight and lead their beasts. The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that in 1685, a viceroy going to Ireland was five hours in traveling fourteen miles, from St. Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to walk a great part of the way; and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was, with much difficulty and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants to the Menai Straits. In some parts of Kent and Sussex, none but the strongest horses could in winter get through the bog, in which at every step they sank deep. The markets were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in an-

other place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were in this district generally pulled by oxen. When Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of Petworth in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue, several were upset and injured. A letter from one of the party has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that during fourteen hours he never once alighted, except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud.

One chief cause of the badness of the roads seems to have been the defective state of the law. Every parish was bound to repair the highways which passed through it. The peasantry were forced to give their gratuitous labor six days in the year. If this was not sufficient, hired labor was employed, and the expense was met by a parochial rate. That a route connecting two great towns, which have a large and thriving trade with each other, should be maintained at the cost of the rural population scattered between them, is obviously unjust; and this injustice was peculiarly glaring in the case of the Great North Road, which traversed very poor and thinly inhabited districts, and joined very rich and populous districts. Indeed, it was not in the power of the parishes of Huntingdonshire to mend a highway worn by the constant traffic between the West Riding of Yorkshire and London. Soon after the Restoration this grievance attracted the notice of Parliament; and an act, the first of our many turnpike acts, was passed, imposing a small toll on travelers and goods, for the purpose of keeping some parts of this important line of communication in good repair. This innovation, however, excited many murmurs; and the other great avenues to the capital were long left under the old system. A change was at length effected, but not without much difficulty. For unjust and absurd taxation to which men are accustomed is often borne far more willingly than the most reasonable impost which is new. It was not till many toll-bars had been violently pulled down, till the troops had in many districts been forced to act against the people, and till much blood had been shed, that a good system was introduced. By slow degrees reason triumphed over prejudice; and our island is now crossed in every direction by near thirty thousand miles of turnpike road.

On the best highways heavy articles were, in the time of Charles the Second, generally conveyed from place to place by stage-wagons. In the straw of these vehicles nestled a crowd of passengers, who could not afford to travel by coach or on horseback, and who were prevented by infirmity, or by the weight of their luggage, from going on foot. The expense of transmitting heavy goods in this way was enormous. From London to Birmingham the charge was seven pounds a ton; from London to Exeter twelve pounds a ton. This was about fifteen pence a ton for every mile; more by a third than was afterwards charged on turnpike roads, and fifteen times what is now de-

manded by railway companies. The cost of conveyance amounted to a prohibitory tax on many useful articles. Coal in particular was never seen except in the districts where it was produced, or in the districts to which it could be carried by sea; and was indeed always known in the south of England by the name of sea-coal.

On by-roads, and generally throughout the country north of York and west of Exeter, goods were carried by long trains of pack-horses. These strong and patient beasts, the breed of which is now extinct, were attended by a class of men who seem to have borne much resemblance to the Spanish muleteers. A traveler of humble condition often found it convenient to perform a journey mounted on a pack-saddle between two baskets, under the care of these hardy guides. The expense of this mode of conveyance was small. But the caravan moved at a foot's pace; and in winter the cold was often insupportable.

The rich commonly traveled in their own carriages, with at least four horses. Cotton, the facetious poet, attempted to go from London to the Peak with a single pair; but found at St. Albans that the journey would be insupportably tedious, and altered his plan. A coach-and-six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention therefore of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a very disagreeable necessity. People in the time of Charles the Second traveled with six horses, because with a smaller number there was great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient. Vanbrugh, in the succeeding generation, described with great humor the way in which a country gentleman, newly chosen a member of Parliament, went up to London. On that occasion all the exertions of six beasts, two of which had been taken from the plow, could not save the family coach from being imbedded in a quagmire.

Public carriages had recently been much improved. During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. At length, in the spring of 1669, a great and daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the Heads of the University, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The Vice-Chancellor, by a notice affixed in all public places, prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls College; and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at their inn in London. The emulation of the sister university was moved; and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign

of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to the chief towns. But no stage-coach, indeed no stage-wagon, appears to have proceeded further north than York, or further west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer; but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage; for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence halfpenny a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter.

This mode of traveling, which by Englishmen of the present day would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world. Their velocity is the subject of special commendation, and is triumphantly contrasted with the sluggish pace of the Continental posts. But with boasts like these was mingled the sound of complaint and invective. The interests of large classes had been unfavorably affected by the establishment of the new diligences; and as usual, many persons were, from mere stupidity and obstinacy, disposed to clamor against the innovation simply because it was an innovation. It was vehemently argued that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses and to the noble art of horsemanship; that the Thames, which had long been an important nursery of seamen, would cease to be the chief thoroughfare from London up to Windsor and down to Gravesend; that saddlers and spurriers would be ruined by hundreds; that numerous inns, at which mounted travelers had been in the habit of stopping, would be deserted, and would no longer pay any rent; that the new carriages were too hot in summer and too cold in winter; that the passengers were grievously annoyed by invalids and crying children; that the coach sometimes reached the inn so late that it was impossible to get supper, and sometimes started so early that it was impossible to get breakfast. On these grounds it was gravely recommended that no public coach should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day. It was hoped that if this regulation were adopted, all except the sick and the lame would return to the old mode of traveling. Petitions embodying such opinions as these were presented to the King in council from several companies of the City of London, from several provincial towns, and from the justices of several counties. We smile at these things. It is not impossible that our descendants, when they read the history of the opposition offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the nineteenth century, may smile in their turn.

In spite of the attractions of the flying coaches, it was still usual for men

who enjoyed health and vigor, and who were not encumbered by much baggage, to perform long journeys on horseback. If a traveler wished to move expeditiously, he rode post. Fresh saddle-horses and guides were to be procured at convenient distances along all the great lines of road. The charge was threepence a mile for each horse, and fourpence a stage for the guide. In this manner, when the ways were good, it was possible to travel, for a considerable time, as rapidly as by any conveyance known in England, till vehicles were propelled by steam. There were as yet no post-chaises; nor could those who rode in their own coaches ordinarily procure a change of horses. The King, however, and the great officers of State, were able to command relays. Thus, Charles commonly went in one day from Whitehall to Newmarket, a distance of about fifty-five miles, through a level country; and this was thought by his subjects a proof of great activity. Evelyn performed the same journey in company with the Lord Treasurer, Clifford. The coach was drawn by six horses, which were changed at Bishop Stortford and again at Chesterford. The travelers reached Newmarket at night. Such a mode of conveyance seems to have been considered as a rare luxury, confined to princes and ministers.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

From the 'History of England'

WHATEVER might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travelers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow Heath on the Great Western Road, and Finchley Common on the Great Northern Road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight. Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier by the greatest of poets as the scene of the depredations of Falstaff. The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with the plunderers. At one time it was announced in the Gazette that several persons, who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was not sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses: their horses would also be shown; and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular exhibition. On another occasion a pardon was publicly offered to a robber if he would give up some rough

diamonds, of immense value, which he had taken when he stopped the Harwich mail. A short time after appeared another proclamation, warning the innkeepers that the eye of the government was upon them. Their criminal conivance, it was affirmed, enabled banditti to infest the roads with impunity. That these suspicions were not without foundation, is proved by the dying speeches of some penitent robbers of that age, who appear to have received from the innkeepers services much resembling those which Farquhar's Boniface rendered to Gibbet.

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skilful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature, of their amours, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and, in return, not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honor to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders; how at the head of his troop he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath; how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women; how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men: how at length, in the year 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine; how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life; how the King would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect; and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax-lights, black hangings, and mutes, till the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the Crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies. In these anecdotes there is doubtless a large mixture of fable: but they are not on that account unworthy of being recorded; for it is both an authentic and an important fact that such tales, whether false or true, were heard by our ancestors with eagerness and faith.

THE DELUSION OF OVERRATING THE HAPPINESS OF OUR ANCESTORS

From the 'History of England'

THE general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of doubt. Yet in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveler in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where an hour before they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when to have a clean shirt once a week was a privilege reserved for the higher class of gentry, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall in our turn be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with twenty shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they are now to eat rye bread; that sani-

tary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty workingman. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich.

THE PURITAN

From the Essay on ' John Milton '

WE would speak first of the Puritans; the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were as a body unpopular; they could not defend themselves, and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches his subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
 Che mortali perigli in se contiene;
 Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
 Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene.

Behold the fount of mirth, behold the rill
 Containing mortal perils in itself;
 And therefore here to bridle our desires,
 And to be cautious well doth us befit.

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed out of the most unpromising materials the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth,—were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's-head and the Fool's-head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands, their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven

and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men: the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself entrusted with the scepter of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or on the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows; but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoicks; had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withheld by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that in spite

of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system,—intolerance and extravagant austerity; that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstans and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES II. OF ENGLAND

From the Essay on Mackintosh's 'History of the Revolution in England'

SUCH was England in 1660. In 1678 the whole face of things had changed. At the former of those epochs eighteen years of commotion had made the majority of the people ready to buy repose at any price. At the latter epoch eighteen years of misgovernment had made the same majority desirous to obtain security for their liberties at any risk. The fury of their returning loyalty had spent itself in its first outbreak. In a very few months they had hanged and half-hanged, quartered and emboweled, enough to satisfy them. The Roundhead party seemed to be not merely overcome, but too much broken and scattered ever to rally again. Then commenced the reflux of public opinion. The nation began to find out to what a man it had entrusted without conditions all its dearest interests, on what a man it had lavished all its fondest affection.

On the ignoble nature of the restored exile, adversity had exhausted all her discipline in vain. He had one immense advantage over most other princes. Though born in the purple, he was far better acquainted with the vicissitudes of life and the diversities of character than most of his subjects. He had known restraint, danger, penury, and dependence. He had often suffered from ingratitude, insolence, and treachery. He had received many signal proofs of faithful and heroic attachment. He had seen, if ever man saw, both sides of human nature. But only one side remained in his memory. He had learned only to despise and to distrust his species; to consider integrity in men, and modesty in women, as mere acting: nor did he think it worth while to keep his opinion to himself. He was incapable of friendship; yet he was perpetually led by favorites, without being in the smallest degree duped by them. He knew that their regard to his interests was all simulated; but from a certain easiness which had no connection with humanity, he submitted, half laughing at himself, to be made the tool of any woman whose person attracted him or of any man whose tattle diverted him. He thought little and cared less about religion. He seems to have passed his life in dawdling suspense between Hobism and Popery. He was crowned in his youth with the Covenant in his hand; he died

at last with the Host sticking in his throat; and during most of the intermediate years was occupied in persecuting both Covenanters and Catholics. He was not a tyrant from the ordinary motives. He valued power for its own sake little, and fame still less. He does not appear to have been vindictive, or to have found any pleasing excitement in cruelty. What he wanted was to be amused, to get through the twenty-four hours pleasantly without sitting down to dry business. Sauntering was, as Sheffield expresses it, the true Sultana Queen of his Majesty's affections. A sitting in council would have been insupportable to him if the Duke of Buckingham had not been there to make mouths at the Chancellor. It has been said, and is highly probable, that in his exile he was quite disposed to sell his rights to Cromwell for a good round sum. To the last, his only quarrel with his Parliaments was that they often gave him trouble and would not always give him money. If there was a person for whom he felt a real regard, that person was his brother. If there was a point about which he really entertained a scruple of conscience or of honor, that point was the descent of the crown. Yet he was willing to consent to the Exclusion Bill for six hundred thousand pounds; and the negotiation was broken off only because he insisted on being paid beforehand. To do him justice, his temper was good; his manners agreeable; his natural talents above mediocrity. But he was sensual, frivolous, false, and cold-hearted, beyond almost any prince of whom history makes mention.

Under the government of such a man, the English people could not be long in recovering from the intoxication of loyalty.

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

From the Essay on Gleig's 'Memoirs of Warren Hastings'

IN the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or

far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way,—George Elliot, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition; a treasure too often buried in the earth,

too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis* [an even mind in hardship]: such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him,—men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession: the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who near twenty years later successfully conducted in the same high court the defense of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained

an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke,—ignorant indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit,—the ingenuous, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone,—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who within the last ten years have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

HORATIUS

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
 By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.

Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
 From many a stately market-place,
 From many a fruitful plain;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beech and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
 Of purple Apennine.

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And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men;
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten.
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array:
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting day.

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But by the yellow Tiber
 Was tumult and affright:
 From all the spacious champaign
 To Rome men took their flight.
 A mile around the city,
 The throng stopped up the ways;
 A fearful sight it was to see
 Through two long nights and days.

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They held a council standing
 Before the River-Gate:
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 Out spake the Consul roundly: —
 "The bridge must straight go down;
 For since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear: —
 “ To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
 Lars Porsena is here.”
 On the low hills to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

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But the Consul’s brow was sad,
 And the Consul’s speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.
 “ Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town?”

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate: —
 “ To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his gods;

“ And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest;
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast;
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame?

“ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.

In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three:
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —
 A Ramnian proud was he:
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius —
 Of Titian blood was he:
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
 Then all were for the State;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great:
 Then lands were fairly portioned;
 Then spoils were fairly sold:
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

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Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way:

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

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But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears'-lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

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Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"

And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array;
 And on the tossing sea of steel,
 To and fro the standards reel;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

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But meanwhile ax and lever
 Have manfully been plied;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
 Herminius darted back:
 And as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream:
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free,
 And whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement and plank and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see;
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he:
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray;
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms
 Take thou in charge this day!"
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank;
 But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain:
 And fast his blood was flowing;
 And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows:
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing-place;
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bore bravely up his chin.

“ Curse on him! ” quoth false Sextus;
 “ Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town! ”
 “ Heaven help him! ” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “ And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

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And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY

[Henry the Fourth, on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March 1590 he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry. Before the battle, he addressed his troops — "My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume: you will always find it in the path to honor and glory." His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the Leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, "Save the French!" and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army.]

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah, hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"

" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray, —
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme today the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now — upon them with the lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish Count is slain;
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags and cloven mail.
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
 " Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man:
 But out spake gentle Henry then, " No Frenchman is my foe;
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
 Oh! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France that day;
 And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
 But we of the Religion have borne us best in fight,
 And our good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en —
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
 Up with it high; unfurl it wide, that all the world may know
 How God hath humbled the proud house that wrought his Church such woe.
 Then on the ground, while trumpets peal their loudest point of war,
 Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho, maidens of Vienna! ho, matrons of Luzerne!
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Geneviève, keep watch and ward tonight:
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave.
And mocked the counsel of the wise and valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

THOMAS CARLYLE

WHEN the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Carlyle — (December 4, 1795) — was commemorated, the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, which he had occupied from 1834 till his death (February 4, 1881), was handed over to trustees to be preserved as a public memorial. No house in the British islands has more remarkable associations. Thither Carlyle had come in his thirty-eighth year, still hardly recognized by the general public, though already regarded by a small circle as a man of extraordinary powers. There he went through the concluding years of the long struggle which ended by a hard-won and scarcely enjoyed victory. There he had been visited by almost all the most conspicuous men of letters of his time: by Jeffrey, Southey, and J. S. Mill; by Tennyson and Browning, the greatest poets, and by Thackeray and Dickens, the greatest novelists of his generation; by the dearest friends of his youth, Irving and Emerson and John Sterling, and by his last followers, Froude and Ruskin. There too had lived until 1866 the woman who had shared his struggles, whom he loved and admired without stint, and whom he was yet destined to remember with many bitter pangs of remorse. Their story, laid bare with singular fullness, has invested the scene of their joys and sorrows, their alienation and reconciliations, with extraordinary interest. Every one who has read the ‘Reminiscences’ and the later mass of biographical matter must be glad to see the “sound-proof” room, and the garden haunted by the “demon-fowls,” and the other dumb witnesses of a long tragi-comedy. No one was so keenly sensitive as Carlyle to the interest of the little gleams of light which reveal our ancestors not only stirred by the great passions, but absorbed like ourselves by the trivialities of the day. A similar interest will long attach to the scene of his own trials.

Carlyle’s life was a struggle and a warfare. Each of his books was wrenched from him, like the tale of the ‘Ancient Mariner,’ by a spiritual agony. The early books excited the wrath of his contemporaries, when they were not ridiculed as the grotesque outpourings of an eccentric humorist. His teaching was intended to oppose what most people take to be the general tendency of thought, and yet many who share that tendency gladly acknowledge that they owe to Carlyle a more powerful intellectual stimulus than they can attribute even to their accepted teachers. I shall try briefly to indicate the general nature of his message to mankind, without attempting to consider the soundness or otherwise of particular views.

Carlyle describes what kind of person people went to see in Cheyne Row. “The very sound of my voice,” he says, “has got something savage-pro-

phetic: I am as a John the Baptist girt about with a leather girdle, whose food is locusts and wild honey." Respectable literary society at "esthetic tea-parties" regarded him as the Scribes and Pharisees regarded the Hebrew prophet. He came among them to tear the mask from their hypocritical cant. Carlyle was not externally a Diogenes. Though the son of peasants, he had the appearance and manner of a thorough gentleman in spite of all his irritable outbreaks. But he was not the less penetrated to the core with the idiosyncrasies of his class. The father, a Davie Deans of real life, had impressed the son profoundly. Carlyle had begun life on the same terms as innumerable young Scots. Strict frugality had enabled him to get a college training and reach the threshold of the ministry. His mother could look forward to the exquisite pleasure of seeing "her own bairn wag his head in a pulpit!" But at this point Carlyle's individuality first asserted itself. He could not step into any of the ordinary grooves. His college teachers appeared to him to offer "sawdust" instead of manna from heaven. The sacred formulæ of their ancestral creed had lost their savor. Words once expressive of the strongest faith were either used to utter the bigotry of narrow pedants, or were adopted only to be explained away into insipid commonplace. Carlyle shared the intellectual movement of his time too much to profess any reverence for what he called the "Hebrew old-clothes." Philosophers and critics had torn them to rags. His quarrel however was with the accidental embodiment, not with the spirit of the old creeds. The old morality was ingrained in his very nature; nor was he shocked, like some of his fellows, by the sternness of the Calvinistic views of the universe and life. The whole problem was with him precisely to save this living spirit. The sceptics, he thought, were, in the German phrase, "emptying out the baby with the bath." They were at war with the spirit as well as with the letter; trying to construct a Godless universe; to substitute a dead mechanism for the living organism; and therefore to kill down at the root every noble aspiration which could stimulate the conscience, or strengthen a man to bear the spectacle of the wrongs and sufferings of mankind.

The crisis of this struggle happened in 1821. After giving up the ministry, Carlyle had tried "schoolmastering," and found himself to be least fitted of mankind for a function which demands patience with stupidity. He had just glanced at the legal profession only to be disgusted with its chicaneries. Hack authorship was his only chance. The dyspeptic disorder which tormented him through life was tormenting him. "A rat was gnawing at the pit of his stomach." Then he was embittered by the general distress of his own class. Men out of work were threatening riots and the yeomanry being called out to suppress them. Carlyle was asked by a friend why he too did not come out with a musket. "Hm! yes," he replied, "but I haven't quite settled on which side." It was while thus distracted, that after three weeks of sleeplessness he experienced what he called his "conversion." The universe had seemed to him "void of life, of purpose, of volition, even of hostility; it was one huge and

immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. Oh, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha and mill of death!" And then he suddenly resolved to resist. Why go on trembling like a coward? — "As I so thought, there rushed a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me for ever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit; almost a god: ever from that time the temper of my misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was in it, but indignation and grim, fell-eyed defiance." These are the phrases of his imaginary hero in '*Sartor Resartus*.' In the '*Reminiscences*' he repeats the statement in his own person. He had won "an immense victory"; he had escaped from the "foul mud gods" and soared into the "eternal blue of ether" where he had "for the spiritual part ever since lived." He could look down upon his fellow creatures still "weltering in that fatal element," "pitying the religious part of them and indignant against the frivolous"; enjoying an inward and supreme happiness which still remained to him, though often "eclipsed" in later years.

To understand this crisis is to understand his whole attitude. The change was not of the purely logical kind. Carlyle was not converted by any philosophical system. Coleridge, not long before, had found in Kant and Schelling an answer to similar perplexities. Carlyle, though he respected the German metaphysicians, could never find their dogmas satisfactory to his shrewd Scottish sense. His great helper, he tells us, in the strait, was not Kant but Goethe. The contrast between that serene prophet of culture and the rugged Scottish Puritan is so marked that one may be tempted to explain the influence partly by personal accident. Carlyle grew up at a time when the British public was just awaking to the existence of Germany; and not only promoted the awakening but was recognized by the great Goethe himself. He may well have been inclined in later years to exaggerate a debt due to so welcome a recognition. And yet it is intelligible that in Goethe, Carlyle saw what he most required. A man of the highest genius and a full representative of the most advanced thought could yet recognize what was elevating in the past as clearly as what was the true line of progress for us to pursue; and while casting aside the dead trappings as decidedly as Carlyle, could reach serene heights above the petty controversies where men wrangled over extinct issues. Goethe had solved the problem which vexed Carlyle's soul, and set an inspiring example of the true spirit and its great reward.

Carlyle, however, was not qualified by temperament or mental characteristics to follow Goethe's steps. If not primarily a reasoner, and too impatient perhaps for slow logical processes, he was also not a poet. Some of the greatest English teachers of his period embodied their conceptions of the world in poetry. Wordsworth and Shelley and Byron, in particular, were more effective representatives of the chief spiritual influences of the day than the few speculative writers. Carlyle thought for a time that he could utter himself in verse, or at least in prose fiction. He tried, only to feel his incompetence. As

Froude observes, he had little ear for metrical composition. There were other and perhaps greater obstacles. A poet must be capable of detachment from the actual world in which he lives, however profound his interest in its great problems. He must be able to dwell with "seraph contemplation" and stand aside from the actual contest. To Carlyle such an attitude was partly impossible, partly contemptible. He had imbibed the Puritan aversion to esthetic enjoyments. He had been brought up in circles where it was thought wrong for a child to read the 'Arabian Nights,' and where Milton could only obtain a doubtful admission as a versifier of the Scriptural narrative. Carlyle retained the prejudice. He always looked askance at poetry which had no immediate bearing upon conduct, and regarded "esthetic" as equivalent to frivolous. "May the devil fly away with the fine arts" is a sentiment which he quotes with cordial sympathy. This view was congenial to his inborn characteristics.

One striking peculiarity was his extraordinary "receptivity" of all outward impressions. The strange irritability which he set down to the "hag Dyspepsia" made him resemble a patient in whom disease has produced a morbidly excessive sensibility. Little annoyances were magnified into tragic dimensions. The noises in a next-door house affected him as an earthquake might affect others. His memory was as retentive as his impressions were strong. Froude testifies that his account of a little trip to Paris, written forty years later without reference to memoranda, is verified down to the minutest details by contemporary letters. Scenes instantaneously photographed on his memory never faded. No one had a keener eye for country. When he visited Germany he brought back pictures of the scenes of Frederick's battles, which enabled him to reproduce them with such startling veracity that after reading you seem to remember the reality, not the book. In history he seeks to place before us a series of visions as distinct as actual eyesight: to show us Cromwell watching the descent of the Scottish army at Dunbar, or the human whirlpool raging round the walls of the Bastille. We — the commonplace spectators — should not, it is true, even at present see what was visible to Carlyle, any more than we see a landscape as Turner saw it. We may wish that we could. At any rate, we have the conviction of absolute truthfulness to the impression made on a powerful idiosyncrasy. We perceive, as by the help of a Rembrandt, vast chaotic breadths of gloomy confusion, with central figures thrown out by a light of extraordinary brilliancy. Carlyle, indeed, always has it in mind that what we call reality is but a film on the surface of mysterious depths. We are such stuff, to repeat his favorite quotation, as dreams are made of. Past history is a series of dreams; the magic of memory may restore them for an instant to our present consciousness. But the most vivid picture of whatever is not irrecoverably lost always brings, too, the pathetic sense that we are after all but ephemeral appearances in the midst of the eternities and infinities. Overwhelmed by this sense of the unsubstantiality even of the most real ob-

jects, Carlyle clutches, as it were with the energy of despair, every fading image; and tries to invest it with something of its old brightness. Carlyle was so desirous to gain this distinctness of vision that he could not be happy in personal descriptions till, if possible, he had examined the portrait of his hero and satisfied himself that he could reproduce the actual bodily appearance. The face, he holds, shows the soul. And then his shrewd Scottish sagacity never deserts him. If the hero sometimes becomes, like most heroes, a little too free from human infirmities, the actors in his dramas never become mere walking gentlemen. In *Dryasdust* he gives us lay figures, bedizened at times with shallow paradoxes; but Carlyle always deals in genuine human nature. His judgment may not be impartial, but at least it is not nugatory. He sees the man from within and makes him a credible individual, not a mere bit of machinery worked by colorless formulæ. With this eye for character goes the keen sense of grim humor which keeps him in touch with reality. Little incidents bring out the absurd side of even the heroic. The most exciting scenes of his ‘French Revolution’ are heightened by the vision of the shivering usher who “accords the grand entries” when the ferocious mob is rushing into the palace — not “finding it convenient,” as Carlyle observes, “to refuse them”; and of the gentleman who continues for an hour to “demand the arrestment of knaves and dastards” — most comprehensive of all known petitions. Carlyle’s “mannerism” is one result of this strain to be graphic. It has been attributed to readings of Jean Paul, and by Carlyle himself, partly to Irving and partly to the early talk in his father’s home. It appears at any rate as soon as Carlyle gets confidence enough in himself to trust to his own modes of impression; and if it may fairly be called a mannerism, was not an affectation. It was struck out in the attempt to give most effective utterance to his genuine thought, and may be compared, as Burke said of Johnson’s conversation, to the “contortions of the Sibyl.”

It is time, however, to try to say what was the prophetic message thus delivered. Carlyle, I have said, had no logical system of philosophy, and was too much of a “realist” (in one sense) to find poetry congenial. He has to preach by pictures of the past; by giving us history, though history transfused with poetry; an account of the external fact which shall reveal the real animating principle, quietly omitted by statisticians and constitutional historians. The doctrine so delivered appears to be vague. What, the ordinary believer may ask, would be left of a religion if its historical statements should turn out to be mere figments and its framework of dogmas to be nonsense? He would naturally reply, Nothing. Carlyle replies, Everything. The spirit may survive, though its whole visible embodiment should be dissolved into fiction and fallacy. But to define this spirit is obviously impossible. It represents a tone of thought, a mode of contemplating life and the world, not any distinct set of definite propositions. Carlyle was called a “mystic,” and even, as he says, was made into a “mystic school.” We may accept the phrase, so far as mysticism

means the substitution of a "logic of the heart" for a "logic of the head"—an appeal to sentiment rather than to any definite reasoning process. The "mystic" naturally recognizes the inner light as shining through many different and even apparently contradictory forms. But most mystics retain, in a new sense perhaps, the ancient formulæ. Carlyle rejected them so markedly that he shocked many believers, otherwise sympathetic. His early friend Irving, who tried to restore life to the old forms, and many who accepted Coleridge as their spiritual guide, were scandalized by his utterances. He thought, conversely, that they were still masquerading in "Hebrew old-clothes," or were even like the apes who went on chattering by the banks of the Dead Sea, till they ceased to be human. He regards the "Oxford movement" with simple contempt. His dictum that Newman had "no more brain than a in moderate-sized rabbit" must have been followed, as no one will doubt who heard him talk, by one of those gigantic explosions of laughter which were signals of humorous exaggeration. But it meant in all seriousness that he held Newman to be reviving superstitions unworthy of the smallest allowance of brain.

Yet Carlyle's untiring denunciation of "shams" and "unrealities" of this, as of other varieties, does not mean unqualified antipathy. He feels that the attempt to link the living spirit to the dead externals is a fatal enterprise. That may be now a stifling encumbrance, which was once the only possible symbol of a living belief. Accordingly, though Carlyle's insistence upon the value of absolute intellectual truthfulness is directed against this mode of thought, his attack upon the opposite error is more passionate and characteristic. The '*Sartor Resartus*' (1833-34) announced and tried to explain his "conversion." To many readers it still seems his best work, as it certainly contains some of his noblest passages. It was unpopular in England, and (an Englishman must say it with regret) seems to have been first appreciated in America. It gave indeed many sharp blows at English society: it expresses his contempt for the upper literary strata, who like Jeffrey complained of him for being so "desperately in earnest"; and for the authors, who were not "prophets," but mere caterers to ephemeral amusement. But the satire, I cannot but think, is not quite happy. The humor of the "Clothes Philosophy" is a little strained; to me, I confess, rather tiresome: and the impressive passages just those where he forgets it.

His real power became obvious beyond all cavil on the publication of the '*French Revolution*' (1837). Not for a hundred years, he declared, had the public received any book that "came more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man." That expresses, as I think, the truth. The book is not to be "read for information." The facts would now require much restatement; and moreover, the narrative is too apt to overleap prosaic but necessary facts in order to fasten upon the picturesque passages. But considered as what it is, a "prose epic," a moving panorama, drawn with astonishing force and

perception of the tremendous tragi-comedy involved, it is unequaled in English literature. The doctrine inculcated is significant. Carlyle's sympathies were in one sense with the Revolution. He felt, he says, that the Radicals were "guild-brothers," while the Whigs were mere "amateurs." He was even more thoroughly convinced than the Radicals that a thoroughgoing demolition of the old order was essential. The Revolution was but the first volcanic outburst of the great forces still active below the surface. Europe, he says ('Chartism'), lay "hag-ridden" and "quack-ridden." The quack is the most hideous of hags; he is a "falsehood incarnate." To blow him and his to the four winds was the first necessity. The French Revolution was "the inevitable stern end of much: the fearful but also wonderful, indispensable, and sternly beneficent beginning of much." So far, Carlyle was far more in agreement with Paine than with Burke. But what was to follow when the ground was cleared? When you have cut off your king's head and confiscated the estates of the nobility and the church, you have only begun. A new period is to be born with death-throes and birth-throes, and there are, he guesses ('French Revolution,' Book iv, chapter 4), some two centuries of fighting before "Democracy go through its dire, most baleful stage of 'Quackocracy.'" The radicals represent this coming "Quackocracy." What was their root error? Briefly (I try to expound, not to enlarge), that they were materialists. Their aim was low. They desired simply a multiplication of physical comforts, or as he puts it, a boundless supply of "pigs-wash." Their means too were futile. Society, on their showing, was a selfish herd hungering for an equal distribution of pigs-wash. They put unlimited faith in the mere mechanism of constitution-mongering; in ballot-boxes and manipulation of votes and contrivances by which a number of mean and selfish passions might be somehow so directed as to balance each other. It is not by any such devices that society can really be regenerated. You must raise men's souls, not alter their conventions. They must not simply abolish kings, but learn to recognize the true king, the man who has the really divine right of superior strength and wisdom, not the sham divine right of obsolete tradition. You require not paper rules, but a new spirit which spontaneously recognizes the voice of God. The true secret of life must be to him, as to every "mystic," that we should follow the dictates of the inner light which speaks in different dialects to all of us.

But this implies a difficulty. Carlyle, spite of his emergence into "blue ether," was constitutionally gloomy. He was more alive than any man since Swift to the dark side of human nature. The dullness of mankind weighed upon him like a nightmare. "Mostly fools" is his pithy verdict upon the race at large. Nothing then could be more idle than the dream of the revolutionists that the voice of the people could be itself the voice of God. From millions of fools you can by no constitutional machinery extract anything but folly. Where then is the escape? The millions, he says (essay on John-

son), "roll hither and thither, whithersoever they are led"; they seem "all sightless and slavish," with little but "animal instincts." The hope is that, here and there, are scattered the men of power and of insight, the heaven-sent leaders; and it is upon loyalty to them and capacity for recognizing and obeying them that the future of the race really depends. This was the moral of the lectures on 'Hero-Worship' (1840). Odin, Mahomet, Dante, Shakespeare, Luther, Cromwell, and Napoleon, are types of the great men who now and then visit the earth as prophets or rulers. They are the brilliant centers of light in the midst of the surrounding darkness; and in loyal recognition of their claims lies our security for all external progress. By what signs, do you ask, can they be recognized? There can be no sign. You can see the light if you have eyes; but no other faculty can supply the want of eyesight. And hence arise some remarkable points both of difference from and coincidence with popular beliefs.

In the 'Chartism,' 'Past and Present,' and 'Latter-Day Pamphlets' (1839, 1843, and 1850), Carlyle applied his theories to the problems of the day. They had the disadvantage which generally attaches to the writings of an outsider in politics. They were, said the average reader, "unpractical." Carlyle could not recommend any definite measures; an objection easy to bring against a man who urges rather a change of spirit than of particular measures. Yet it is noticeable that he recommends much that has since become popular. Much of his language might be used by modern Socialists. In 'Past and Present,' for example (Book iii, Chapter 8), he gives the principle of "land nationalization." The great capitalist is to be turned into a "captain of industry," and government is to undertake to organize labor, to protect health, and to enforce education. Carlyle so far sympathizes with the Socialist, not only as agreeing that the great end of government is the raising of the poor, but as denouncing the *laissez-faire* doctrine. The old-fashioned English Radical had regarded all government as a necessary evil, to be minimized as much as possible. When it had armed the policemen, it had fulfilled its whole duty. But this, according to Carlyle, was to leave the "dull multitude" to drift into chaos. Government should rest upon the loyalty of the lower to the higher. Order is essential; and good order means the spontaneous obedience to the heaven-sent hero. He, when found, must supply the guiding and stimulating force. The Socialist, like Carlyle, desires a strong government, but not the government of the "hero." Government of which the moving force comes from above instead of below will be, he thinks, a government of mere force. And here occurs the awkward problem to which Carlyle is constantly referring. He was generally accused of identifying "right" with "might." Against this interpretation he always protested. Right and Might, he says often, are in the long run identical. That which is right and that alone is ultimately lasting. Your rights are the expression of the divine will; and for that reason, whatever endures must be right. Work lasts so far as it is

based upon eternal foundations. The might, therefore, is in the long run the expression of the right. The Napoleonic empire, according to a favorite illustration, could not last because it was founded upon injustice. The two tests then must coincide: what is good proves itself by lasting, and what lasts, lasts because good; but the test of endurance cannot, it is clear, be applied when it is wanted. Hence arises an ambiguity which often gives to Carlyle the air of a man worshiping mere success; when, if we take his own interpretation, he takes the success to be the consequence, not the cause, of the rightness. The hero is the man who sees the fact and disregards the conventional fiction; but for the moment he looks very like the man who disregards principles and attends to his own interest.

Here again Carlyle approximates to a doctrine to which he was most averse, the theory of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. The Darwinian answers in this way Carlyle's problem, how it is to come to pass that the stupidity of the masses comes to blunder into a better order? Here and there, as in his accounts of the way in which the intensely stupid British public managed to blunder into the establishment of a great empire, Carlyle seems to fall in with the Darwinian view. That view shocked him because he thought it mechanical. To him the essence of history was to be found not in the blind striving of the dull, but in the lives of great men. They represent the incarnate wisdom which must guide all wholesome aspiration. History is really the biography of the heroes. All so-called philosophies of history, attempts to discover general laws and to dispense with the agency of great men, are tainted with materialism. They would substitute "blind laws" for the living spirit which really guides the development of the race. But if you ask how your hero is to be known, the only answer can be, Know him at your peril.

Carlyle's most elaborate books, the 'Cromwell' and the 'Frederick,' are designed to give an explicit answer to the "right" and "might" problem. Carlyle in both cases seems to be toiling amid the dust-heaps of some ancient ruin, painfully disinterring the shattered and defaced fragments of a noble statue and reconstructing it to be hereafter placed in a worthy Valhalla. Cromwell, according to the vulgar legend, was a mere hypocrite, and Frederick a mere cynical conqueror. The success of both—that is Carlyle's intended moral—was in proportion to the clearness with which they recognized the eternal laws of the universe. Cromwell probably is the more satisfactory hero, as more really sympathetic to his admirer. But each requires an interpreter. Cromwell's gifts did not lie in the direction of lucid utterance; and Frederick, if he could have read, would certainly have scorned, the doctrine of his eulogist. Carlyle, that is, has to dig out in the actions of great men a true significance, certainly not obvious to the actors themselves. Their recognition of the eternal laws was in one case embodied in obsolete formulæ, and in the other, it might seem, altogether unconscious. The hero's recognition of divine

purposes does not imply then that his own vision is purged from error, or that his aim is distinctly realized. He may, like Mahomet or the Abbot Sampson, be full of superstition. His "veracity" does not mean that his beliefs are true; only that they are sincere and such a version of the truth as is possible in his dialect. This is connected with Carlyle's constant insistence upon the superiority of silence to speech. The divine light shines through many distracting media; it enlightens many who do not consciously perceive it. It may be recognized because it gives life; because the work to which it prompts is lasting. But even the hero who tries to utter himself is sure to interpolate much that is ephemeral, confused, and imperfect; and speech in general represents the mere perplexed gabble of men who take words for thought, and raise a hopeless clamor which drowns the still small voice of true inspiration. If men are mostly fools, their talk is mostly folly; forming a wild incoherent Babel in which it is hard to pick out the few scattered words of real meaning. Carlyle has been ridiculed for preaching silence in so many words; but then Carlyle was speaking the truth; and of that, he fully admits, we can never have too much. The hero may be a prophet, or a man of letters. He is bound to speak seriously, though not to be literally silent; and his words must be judged not by the momentary pleasure, but by their ultimate influence on life.

Carlyle's message to his fellows, which I have tried imperfectly to summarize, may be condemned on grounds of taste and of morality. Translated into logical formulæ it becomes inconsistent, and it embodies some narrow prejudices in exaggerated terms. Yet I think that it has been useful even by the shock it has given to commonplace optimism. It has been far more useful because in his own dialect, Carlyle—as I think—expresses some vital truths with surpassing force. Whatever our creeds, religious or political, he may stimulate our respect for veracity, in the form of respect for honest work or contempt for hypocritical conventions; our loyalty to all great leaders, in the worlds both of thought and action; and our belief that to achieve any real progress, something is required infinitely deeper than any mere change in the superficial arrangements of society. These lessons are expressed, too, as the merely literary critic must admit, by a series of historical pictures, so vivid and so unique in character that for many readers they are in the full sense fascinating. They are revelations of new aspects of the world, never, when once observed, to be forgotten. And finally, I may add that Carlyle's autobiographical writings—in which we must include the delightful 'Life of Sterling'—show the same qualities in a shape which, if sometimes saddening, is profoundly interesting. No man was more reticent in his life, though he has been made to deliver a posthumous confession of extraordinary fullness. We hear all the groans once kept within the walls of Cheyne Row. After making all allowance for the fits of temper, the harshness of judgment, and the wilful exaggeration, we see at last a man who under extraordinary diffi-

culties was unflinchingly faithful to what he took to be his vocation, and struggled through a long life, full of anxieties and vexations, to turn his genius to the best account.

LESLIE STEPHEN,

THE WORLD IN CLOTHES

From 'Sartor Resartus'

AS Montesquieu wrote a 'Spirit of Laws,' " observes our Professor, " so could I write a 'Spirit of Clothes'; thus, with an 'Esprit des Lois,' properly an 'Esprit de Coutumes,' we should have an 'Esprit de Costumes.' For neither in tailoring nor in legislating does man proceed by mere Accident, but the hand is ever guided on by mysterious operations of the mind. In all his Modes, and habilitatory endeavors, an Architectural Idea will be found lurking; his Body and the Cloth are the site and materials whereon and whereby his beautified edifice, of a Person, is to be built. Whether he flow gracefully out in folded mantles, based on light sandals; tower-up in high headgear, from amid peaks, spangles, and bell-girdles; swell-out in starched ruffs, buckram stuffings, and monstrous tuberosities; or girth himself into separate sections, and front the world an Agglomeration of four limbs,—will depend on the nature of such Architectural Idea: whether Grecian, Gothic, Later-Gothic, or altogether Modern, and Parisian or Anglo-Dandiacal. Again, what meaning lies in Color! From the soberest drab to the high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in choice of color: if the cut betoken Intellect and Talent, so does the Color betoken Temper and Heart. In all which, among nations as among individuals, there is an incessant, indubitable, though infinitely complex working of Cause and Effect: every snip of the Scissors has been regulated and prescribed by ever-active Influences, which doubtless to Intelligences of a superior order are neither invisible nor illegible.

"For such superior Intelligences a Cause-and-Effect Philosophy of Clothes, as of Laws, were probably a comfortable winter-evening entertainment: nevertheless, for inferior Intelligences, like men, such Philosophies have always seemed to me uninstructive enough. Nay, what is your Montesquieu himself but a clever infant spelling Letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic Book, the lexicon of which lies in Eternity, in Heaven?—Let any Cause-and-Effect Philosopher explain, not why I wear such and such a Garment, obey such and such a Law; but even why *I* am *here*, to wear and obey anything! — Much therefore, if not the whole, of that same 'Spirit of Clothes' I shall suppress as hypothetical, ineffectual, and even impertinent: naked Facts, and Deduc-

tions drawn therefrom in quite another than that omniscient style, are my humbler and proper province."

Acting on which prudent restriction, Teufelsdröckh has nevertheless contrived to take-in a well-nigh boundless extent of field; at least, the boundaries too often lie quite beyond our horizon. Selection being indispensable, we shall here glance over his First Part only in the most cursory manner. This First Part is, no doubt, distinguished by omnivorous learning, and utmost patience and fairness: at the same time, in its results and delineations, it is much more likely to interest the Compilers of some Library of General, Entertaining, Useful, or even Useless Knowledge than the miscellaneous readers of these pages. Was it this Part of the Book which Heuschrecke had in view, when he recommended us to that joint-stock vehicle of publication, "at present the glory of British Literature"? If so, the Library Editors are welcome to dig in it for their own behoof.

To the First Chapter, which turns on Paradise and Fig-leaves, and leads us into interminable disquisitions of a mythological, metaphorical, cabalistico-sartorial, and quite antediluvian cast, we shall content ourselves with giving an unconcerned approval. Still less have we to do with "Lilis, Adam's first wife, whom, according to the Talmudists, he had before Eve, and who bore him, in that wedlock, the whole progeny of aërial, aquatic, and terrestrial Devils," — very needlessly, we think. On this portion of the Work, with its profound glances into the *Adam-Kadmon*, or Primeval Element, here strangely brought into relation with the *Nifl* and *Muspel* (Darkness and Light) of the antique North, it may be enough to say, that its correctness of deduction and depth of Talmudic and Rabbinical lore have filled perhaps not the worst Hebraist in Britain with something like astonishment.

But quitting this twilight region, Teufelsdröckh hastens from the Tower of Babel, to follow the dispersion of Mankind over the whole habitable and habilable globe. Walking by the light of Oriental, Pelasgic, Scandinavian, Egyptian, Otaheitean, Ancient and Modern researches of every conceivable kind, he strives to give us in compressed shape (as the Nürnbergers give an *Orbis Pictus*) an *Orbis Vestitus*; or view of the costumes of all mankind, in all countries, in all times. It is here that to the Antiquarian, to the Historian, we can triumphantly say: Fall to! Here is learning: an irregular Treasury, if you will; but inexhaustible as the Hoard of King Nibelung, which twelve wagons in twelve days, at the rate of three journeys a day, could not carry off. Sheepskin cloaks and wampum belts; phylacteries, stoles, albs; chlamydes, togas, Chinese silks, Afghan shawls, trunk-hose, leather breeches, Celtic philibegs (though breeches, as the name *Gallia Braccata* indicates, are the more ancient), Hussar cloaks, Vandyke tippets, ruffs, fardingales, are brought vividly before us, — even the Kilmarnock nightcap is not forgotten. For most part, too, we must admit that the Learning, heterogeneous as it is, and

tumbled-down quite pell-mell, is true, concentrated and purified Learning, the drossy parts smelted out and thrown aside.

Philosophical reflections intervene, and sometimes touching pictures of human life. Of this sort the following has surprised us. The first purpose of Clothes, as our Professor imagines, was not warmth or decency, but ornament. "Miserable indeed," says he, "was the condition of the Aboriginal Savage, glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair, which with the beard reached down to his loins, and hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest of his body sheeted in its thick natural fell. He loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, living on wild-fruits; or, as the ancient Caledonian, squatted himself in morasses, lurking for his bestial or human prey; without implements, without arms, save the ball of heavy Flint, to which, that his sole possession and defense might not be lost, he had attached a long cord of plaited thongs; thereby recovering as well as hurling it with deadly unerring skill. Nevertheless, the pains of Hunger and Revenge once satisfied, his next care was not Comfort but Decoration (*Putz*). Warmth he found in the toils of the chase; or amid dried leaves, in his hollow tree, in his bark shed, or natural grotto: but for Decoration he must have Clothes. Nay, among wild people, we find tattooing and painting even prior to Clothes. The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is Decoration, as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilized countries.

"Reader, the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; loftiest Serene Highness; nay, thy own amber-locked, snow-and-rose-bloom Maiden, worthy to glide sylph-like almost on air, whom thou lovest, worshippest as a divine Presence, which, indeed, symbolically taken, she is,—has descended, like thyself, from that same hair-mantled, flint-hurling Aboriginal Anthropophagus! Out of the eater cometh forth meat; out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. What changes are wrought, not by Time, yet in Time! For not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, regenesis and self-perfected vitality. Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into the ever-living, ever-working Universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed today (says one), it will be found flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a Hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years.

"He who first shortened the labor of Copyists by device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired Armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new Democratic world: he had invented the Art of Printing. The first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling: what will the last do? Achieve the final undisputed prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal courage under Spiritual. A simple invention it was in the old-world Grazier,—sick of lugging his slow Ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil,—to take a piece of Leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*); put it in his pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, Money.

Yet hereby did Barter grow Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden and Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled: for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts; and whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence.—Clothes too, which began in foolishest love of Ornament, what have they not become! Increased Security and pleasurable Heat soon followed: but what of these? Shame, divine Shame (*Scham*, Modesty), as yet a stranger to the Anthropophagous bosom, arose there mysteriously under Clothes; a mystic grove-encircled shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes gave us individuality, distinction, social polity; Clothes have made Men of us; they are threatening to make Clothes-screens of us.

"But, on the whole," continues our eloquent Professor, "Man is a Tool-using Animal (*Handthierendes Thier*). Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, insecurely enough; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds! Three quintals are a crushing load for him; the steer of the meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless he can use Tools, can devise Tools: with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him; he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. Nowhere do you find him without Tools; without Tools he is nothing, with Tools he is all."

Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of Oratory with a remark, that this Definition of the Tool-using Animal appears to us, of all that Animal-sort, considerably the precisest and best? Man is called a Laughing Animal: but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it: and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher? Teufelsdröckh himself, as we said, laughed only once. Still less do we make of that other French Definition of the Cooking Animal: which, indeed, for rigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless. Can a Tartar be said to cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what Cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing-up his whale-blubber, as a marmot, in the like case, might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude prosper among those Orinoco Indians who, according to Humboldt, lodge in crow-nests, on the branches of trees; and, for half the year, have no victuals but pipe-clay, the whole country being under water? But on the other hand, show us the human being, of any period or climate, without his Tools: those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their Flint-ball, and Thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

"Man is a Tool-using Animal," concludes Teufelsdröckh in his abrupt way, "of which truth Clothes are but one example: and surely if we consider the interval between the first wooden Dibble fashioned by man, and those Liverpool Steam-carriages, or the British House of Commons, we shall note what progress he has made. He digs up certain black stones from the bosom

of the earth, and says to them, *Transport me and this luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour*; and they do it: he collects, apparently by lot, six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, *Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow and sin for us*; and they do it."

CROMWELL

From 'Heroes and Hero-Worship'

POOR Cromwell,—great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chilling-worths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semi-madness; and yet such a clear determinate man's-energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *unformed black* of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things,—the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him,—wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utterance was not there. He had *lived silent*; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough;—he did harder things than writing of Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicizing; it is seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus*, manhood, *hero-hood*, is not fair-spoken immaculate regularity; it is first of all, what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend*, *dow-ing*, or *Dough-tiness*), Courage and the Faculty to *do*. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands moreover how, though he could not speak in Parliament,

he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching; above all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart: method is not required in them; warmth, depth, sincerity are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark inextricable-looking difficulties, his Officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some "door of hope," as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish,—they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the Cause that was His. The light which now rose upon them,—how could a human soul, by any means at all, get better light? Was not the purpose so formed like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendor in the waste-howling darkness; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate perilous way. *Was* it not such? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same,—devout prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light: be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one? There is no other method. "Hypocrisy"? One begins to be weary of all that. They who call it so, have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went about balancing expediencies, plausibilities; gathering votes, advices; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all.—Cromwell's prayers were likely to be "eloquent," and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual Speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an impressive speaker, even in Parliament; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude passionate voice of his, he was always understood to *mean* something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, nay despised and disliked it; spoke always without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters, too, in those days seem to have been singularly candid; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own note-paper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world, that to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches! How came he not to study his words a little, before flinging them out to the public? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's "lying," we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns-out to have been meaning *that!* He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far! There is no use for any man's taking-up his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be himself the judge how much of his mind he will show to other men; even to those he would have work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made: your rule is, to leave the inquirer *uninformed* on that matter; not, if you can help it, *misinformed*, but precisely as dark as he was!

This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties; uttered to them a *part* of his mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party, but of his own party! Was it his blame? At all seasons of his history he must have felt, among such people, how if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more; nay perhaps they could not have now worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and open only my little finger."

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice! He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practice any considerable thing whatever. And we call it "dissimulation," all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything? — Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning "corporals" rolled confusedly round him through his whole course; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this too. Not one proved falsehood,

as I said; not one! Of what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much?

But in fact there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their "ambition," "falsity," and suchlike. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting-point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was plowing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped-out: a program of the whole drama; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on,—the hollow scheming Υποκριτής, or Play-actor, that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *unwound* skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Program, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view;—but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakespeare for faculty; or more than Shakespeare; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw; in short, *know* his course and him, as few "Historians" are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell, will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so; in sequence, as they *were*; not in the lump, as they are thrown down before us.

But a second error which I think the generality commit refers to this same "ambition" itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great Men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live.

It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be "noticed" by noisy crowds of people? God his Maker already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make *him* other than he already was. Till his hair was grown gray; and Life from the down-hill slope was all seen to be limited, not infinite but finite, and all a measurable matter *how* it went,—he had been content to plow the ground, and read his Bible. He in his old days could not support it any longer, without selling himself to Falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with bundles of papers haunting him, "Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendor as of Heaven itself? His existence there as man set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, Judgment, and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought or did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man "ambitious," to figure him as the prurient wind-bag described above, seems to me the poorest solecism. Such a man will say: "Keep your gilt carriages and huzzaing mobs, keep your red-tape clerks, your influentailities, your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone; there is *too much of life* in me already!" Old Samuel Johnson, the greatest soul in England in his day, was not ambitious. "Corsica Boswell" flaunted at public shows with printed ribbons round his hat; but the great old Samuel stayed at home. The world-wide soul, wrapt-up in its thoughts, in its sorrows;—what could paradings and ribbons in the hat, do for it?

Ah yes, I will say again: The great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his own department; silently thinking; silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no *roots*; which had all turned into leaves and boughs;—which must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great; all else is small.—I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence*. Let others that cannot do without

standing on barrel-heads, to spout, and be seen of all the market-place, cultivate speech exclusively,—become a most green forest without roots! Solomon says, There is a time to speak; but also a time to keep silence. Of some great silent Samuel, not urged to writing, as old Samuel Johnson says he was, by *want of money* and nothing other, one might ask, "Why do not you too get up and speak; promulgate your system, found your sect?" "Truly," he will answer, "I am *continent* of my thought hitherto; happily I have yet had the ability to keep it in me, no compulsion strong enough to speak it. My 'system' is not for promulgation first of all; it is for serving myself to live by. That is the great purpose of it to me. And then the 'honor'? Alas, yes;—but as Cato said of the statue: So many statues in that Forum of yours, may it not be better if they ask, Where is Cato's statue?"

But now, by way of counterpoise to this of Silence, let me say that there are two kinds of ambition: one wholly blamable, the other laudable and inevitable. Nature has provided that the great silent Samuel shall not be silent too long. The selfish wish to shine over others, let it be accounted altogether poor and miserable. "Seekest thou great things, seek them not:" this is most true. And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak out, to act out, what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay, it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence. Coleridge beautifully remarks that the infant learns to *speak* by this necessity it feels.—We will say therefore: To decide about ambition, whether it is bad or not, you have two things to take into view. Not the coveting of the place alone, but the fitness for the man of the place withal: that is the question. Perhaps the place was *his*, perhaps he had a natural right, and even obligation to seek the place! Mirabeau's ambition to be Prime Minister, how shall we blame it, if he were "the only man in France that could have done any good there"? Hopefuler perhaps had he not so clearly *felt* how much good he could do! But a poor Necker, who could do no good, and had even felt that he could do none, yet sitting broken-hearted because they had flung him out and he was now quit of it, well might Gibbon mourn over him.—Nature, I say, has provided amply that the silent great man shall strive to speak withal; too amply, rather!

Fancy, for example, you had revealed to the brave old Samuel Johnson, in his shrouded-up existence, that it was possible for him to do priceless divine work for his country and the whole world. That the perfect Heavenly Law might be made Law on this Earth; that the prayer he prayed daily, "Thy kingdom come," was at length to be fulfilled! If you had convinced

his judgment of this; that it was possible, practicable; that he the mournful silent Samuel was called to take a part in it! Would not the whole soul of the man have flamed-up into a divine clearness, into noble utterance and determination to act; casting all sorrows and misgivings under his feet, counting all affliction and contradiction small,—the whole dark element of his existence blazing into articulate radiance of light and lightning? It were a true ambition this! And think now how it actually was with Cromwell. From of old, the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous Preachers of the truth flung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropt-off, God's Gospel-cause trodden under foot of the unworthy: all this had lain heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it in silence, in prayer; seeing no remedy on Earth; trusting well that a remedy in Heaven's goodness would come,—that such a course was false, unjust, and could not last forever. And now behold the dawn of it; after twelve years' silent waiting, all England stirs itself; there is to be once more a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself: inexpressible well-grounded hope has come again into the Earth. Was not such a Parliament worth being a member of? Cromwell threw down his plow, and hastened thither.

He spoke there,—rugged bursts of earnestness, of a self-seen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked there; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon-tumult and all else,—on and on, till the Cause *triumphed*, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty. That *he* stood there as the strongest soul of England, the undisputed Hero of all England,—what of this? It was possible that the Law of Christ's Gospel could now establish itself in the world! The Theocracy which John Knox in his pulpit might dream of as a "devout imagination," this practical man, experienced in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being *realized*. Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest wisest men, were to rule the land: in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not *true*, God's truth? And if *true*, was it not then the very thing to do? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes! This I call a noble true purpose; is it not, in its own dialect, the noblest that could enter into the heart of Statesman or man? For a Knox to take it up was something; but for a Cromwell, with his great sound sense and experience of what our world *was*,—History, I think, shows it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism; the most heroic phasis that "Faith in the Bible" was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it: that it were made manifest to one of us, how we could make the Right supremely victorious over Wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands, an attainable fact!

Well, I must say, the *vulpine* intellect, with its knowingness, its alertness

and expertness in “detecting hypocrites,” seems to me a rather sorry business. We have had but one such Statesman in England; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen hundred years; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him,—why, then, England might have been a *Christian* land! As it is, vulpine knowingness sits yet at its hopeless problem, “Given a world of Knaves, to educe an Honesty from their united action;”—how cumbrous a problem, you may see in Chancery Law-Courts, and some other places! Till at length, by Heaven’s just anger, but also by Heaven’s great grace, the matter begins to stagnate; and this problem is becoming to all men a *palpably* hopeless one.

THE SIEGE OF THE BASTILLE

From ‘The French Revolution’

BUT, to the living and the struggling, a new, Fourteenth morning dawns. Under all roofs of this distracted City is the nodus of a Drama, not untragedical, crowding toward solution. The bustlings and preparations, the tremors and menaces; the tears that fell from old eyes! This day, my sons, ye shall quit you like men. By the memory of your fathers’ wrongs; by the hope of your children’s rights! Tyranny impends in red wrath: help for you is none, if not in your own right hands. This day ye must do or die.

From earliest light, a sleepless Permanent Committee has heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous: Arms. Arms! Provost Flesselles, or what traitors there are among you, may think of those Charleville Boxes. A hundred-and-fifty thousand of us, and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike! Arms are the one thing needful: with arms we are an unconquerable man-defying National Guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grape-shot.

Happily the word has arisen, for no secret can be kept,—that there lie muskets at the Hôtel des Invalides. Thither will we: King’s Procureur M. Ethys de Corny, and whatsoever of authority a Permanent Committee can lend, shall go with us. Besenval’s Camp is there; perhaps he will not fire on us; if he kill us, we shall but die.

Alas! poor Besenval, with his troops melting away in that manner, has not the smallest humor to fire! At five o’clock this morning, as he lay dreaming, oblivious in the École Militaire, a “figure” stood suddenly at his bedside; “with face rather handsome, eyes inflamed, speech rapid and curt, air auda-

cious: " such a figure drew Priam's curtains! The message and monition of the figure was that resistance would be hopeless; that if blood flowed, woe to him who shed it. Thus spoke the figure: and vanished. "Withal there was a kind of eloquence that struck one." Besenval admits that he should have arrested him, but did not. Who this figure with inflamed eyes, with speech rapid and curt, might be? Besenval knows, but mentions not. Camille Desmoulins? Pythagorean Marquis Valadi, inflamed with " violent motions all night at the Palais Royal "? Fame names him " Young M. Meillar "; then shuts her lips about him forever.

In any case, behold, about nine in the morning, our National Volunteers, rolling in long wide flood south-westward to the Hôtel des Invalides, in search of the one thing needful. King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny and officials are there; the Curé of Saint-Étienne du Mont marches unpacific at the head of his militant Parish; the Clerks of the Basoche in red coats we see marching, now Volunteers of the Palais Royal; — National Volunteers, numerable by tens of thousands; of one heart and mind. The King's Muskets are the Nation's; think, old M. de Sombreuil, how, in this extremity, thou wilt refuse them! Old M. de Sombreuil would fain hold parley, send couriers, but it skills not: the walls are scaled, no Invalide firing a shot; the gates must be flung open. Patriotism rushes in tumultuous, from grunsel up to ridge-tile, through all rooms and passages; rummaging distractedly for arms. What cellar or what cranny can escape it? The arms are found; all safe there, lying packed in straw, — apparently with a view to being burnt! More ravenous than famishing lions over dead prey, the multitude, with clangor and vociferation, pounces on them; struggling, dashing, clutching, — to the jamming-up, to the pressure, fracture, and probable extinction of the weaker Patriot. And so, with such protracted crash of deafening, most discordant Orchestra-music, the Scene is changed; and eight-and-twenty thousand sufficient firelocks are on the shoulders of as many National Guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light.

Let Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets as they flash by! Gardes Françaises, it is said, have cannon leveled on him; ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the river. Motionless sits he; " astonished," one may flatter one's self, " at the proud bearing (*fière contenance*) of the Parisians." And now to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! There grape-shot still threatens; thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending.

Old De Launay, as we hinted, withdrew " into his interior " soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hôtel-de-Ville " invites " him to admit National Soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, his Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss; his walls, indeed, are nine feet thick; he has cannon and powder, but alas! only

one day's provision of victuals. The city, too, is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do!

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere: To the Bastille! Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms, whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance, finds De Launay indisposed for surrender, nay, disposed for blowing up the place, rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements; heaps of paving-stones, old iron, and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly leveled; in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street, tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale*; the suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly as one man! Such vision (spectral, yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of what other Phantasmagories and loud-gibbering Spectral Realities which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt! "Que voulez-vous?" said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral-sublime, "what mean you? Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height,"—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fumescent, then descends, departs with protest, with warning addressed also to the Invalides, on whom however it produces but a mixed, indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, De Launay has been profuse of beverages (*prodigue des buissons*). They think they will not fire—if not fired on—if they can help it; but must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, rule circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve, hard grape-shot is questionable, but hovering between the two is unquestionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The Outer Drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the Outer Court; soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter, which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos, made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless, rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration;—and over head, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grape-shot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatso-

ever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite thou, Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy ax strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up forever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemière (also an old soldier) seconding him; the chain yields, breaks; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious! and yet, alas! it is still but the outworks. The Eight Grim Towers, with their *Invalide* musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact; — Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* toward us; the Bastille is still to take!

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Forecourts (*Cour Avancé*), *Cour de l'Orme*, arched gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers: a labyrinthic Mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty; — beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere Chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibers; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer; seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in colored clothes; half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic patriots pick up the grape-shots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville: — Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is "pale to the very lips," for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool, — strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Maelstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine-merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget of the marine service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like). Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years; yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Françaises, also, will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so

thick! — Upward from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighboring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through port-holes show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess-rooms. A distracted "Peruke-maker with two fiery torches" is for burning "the saltpeters of the Arsenal," had not a woman run screaming; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized, escaping, in these Outer Courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight; she lies, swooned, on a *paillasson*; but again a Patriot — it is brave Aubin Bonnemère, the old soldier — dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled hither, go up in white smoke; almost to the choking of Patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart, and Réole the "gigantic haberdasher" another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the Crack of Doom!

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas! how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville; Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway, and stand, rolling their drum, but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them; they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The Firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides cannon, to wet the touch-holes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous Brewer of the Suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired by a "mixture of phosphorus and oil of turpentine spouted up through forcing-pumps." O Spinola-Santerre, hast thou the mixture ready? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not; even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come; real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin, rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court, there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled One when the firing began, and is now pointing toward Five, and still the firing slakes not. — Far down, in their vaults, the seven Prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their Turnkeys answer vaguely.

Woe to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy; Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoitering, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the Captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him; and croaks, "Alight then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the barriers and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, It is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific 'Avis au Peuple'! Great, truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth; and yet this same day come four years! — But let the curtains of the Future hang.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's-length of the Powder-Magazine; motionless, like old Roman Senator, or Bronze Lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was: — Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should in nowise be surrendered save to the King's Messenger; one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honor; but think, ye brawling *cannaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward? In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red clerks of the Basoche, Curé of Saint-Stephen, and all the tagrag and bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And, yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men? Hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage in one of his noblest Operas was the voice of the populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser, Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men, the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*; it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his Fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, Jailoring, and Jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared; call it the World-Chimera, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets; they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very

Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge; a port-hole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huisier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots, he hovers perilous; such a Dove toward such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher; one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not; deftly, unerring, he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his port-hole; the shifty Usher snatches it and returns. Terms of surrender, Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted? "Foi d'officier, On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin, or half-pay Elie — for men do not agree on it — "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge, — Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge; the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

Why dwell on what follows? Hulin's *foi d'officier* should have been kept, but could not. The Swiss stand drawn up, disguised in white canvas smocks; the Invalides without disguise, their arms all piled against the wall. The first rush of victors, in ecstasy that the death peril is passed, "leaps joyfully on their necks"; but new victors rush, and ever new, also in ecstasy not wholly of joy. As we said, it was a living deluge, plunging headlong; had not the Gardes Françaises, in their cool military way, "wheeled round with arms leveled," it would have plunged suicidally, by the hundred or the thousand, into the Bastille-ditch.

And so it goes plunging through court and corridor; billowing uncontrollable, firing from windows — on itself; in hot frenzy of triumph, of grief and vengeance for its slain. The poor Invalides will fare ill; one Swiss, running off in his white smock, is driven back, with a death-thrust. Let all prisoners be marched to the Town-hall to be judged! Alas, already one poor Invalid has his right hand slashed off him; his maimed body dragged to the Place de Grève, and hanged there. This same right hand, it is said, turned back De Launay from the Powder-Magazine, and saved Paris.

De Launay, "discovered in gray frock with poppy-colored riband," is for killing himself with the sword of his cane. He shall to the Hôtel-de-Ville; Hulin, Maillard, and others escorting him, Elie marching foremost, "with the capitulation-paper on his sword's point." Through roarings and cursings; through hustlings, clutchings, and at last through strokes! Your escort is hustled aside, felled down; Hulin sinks exhausted on a heap of stones. Miserable De Launay! He shall never enter the Hôtel-de-Ville; only his "bloody hair-queue, held up in a bloody hand"; that shall enter, for a sign. The bleeding trunk lies on the steps there; the head is off through the streets, ghastly, aloft on a pike.

Rigorous De Launay has died; crying out, "O friends, kill me fast!" Merciful De Losme must die; though Gratitude embraces him, in this fear-

ful hour, and will die for him, it avails not. Brothers, your wrath is cruel! Your Place de Grève is become a Throat of the Tiger, full of mere fierce bellowings, and thirst of blood. One other officer is massacred; one other Invalid is hanged on the Lamp-iron; with difficulty, with generous perseverance, the Gardes Françaises will save the rest. Provost Flesselles, stricken long since with the paleness of death, must descend from his seat, "to be judged at the Palais Royal"; alas, to be shot dead by an unknown hand at the turning of the first street!

O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out on the silent main; on Balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged Dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar-Officers; — and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hôtel-de-Ville! Babel Tower, with the confusion of tongues, were not Bedlam added with the conflagration of thoughts, was no type of it. One forest of distracted steel bristles, endless, in front of an Electoral Committee; points itself, in horrid radii, against this and the other accused breast. It was the Titans warring with Olympus; and they, scarcely crediting it, have *conquered*; prodigy of prodigies; delirious, — as it could not but be. Denunciation, vengeance; blaze of triumph on a dark ground of terror; all outward, all inward things fallen into one general wreck of madness!

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

From 'The French Revolution'

IN the leafy months of June and July, several French Départments germinate a set of rebellious *paper-leaves*, named Proclamations, Resolutions, Journals, or Diurnals, "of the Union for Resistance to Oppression." In particular, the Town of Caen, in Calvados, sees its paper-leaf of Bulletin de Caen suddenly bud, suddenly establish itself as Newspaper there; under the Editorship of Girondin National Representatives!

For among the proscribed Girondins are certain of a more desperate humor. Some, as Vergniaud, Valazé, Gensonné, "arrested in their own houses," will await with stoical resignation what the issue may be. Some, as Brissot, Rabaut, will take to flight, to concealment; which, as the Paris Barriers are opened again in a day or two, is not yet difficult. But others there are who will rush, with Buzot, to Calvados; or far over France, to Lyons, Toulon, Nantes and elsewhither, and then rendezvous at Caen: to awaken as with war-trumpet the respectable Departments; and strike down an anarchic Mountain Faction; at least not yield without a stroke at it. Of this latter temper we count some

score or more, of the Arrested, and of the Not-yet-arrested: a Buzot, a Barbaroux, Louvet, Guadet, Pétion, who have escaped from Arrestment in their own homes; a Salles, a Pythagorean Valady, a Duchâtel, the Duchâtel that came in blanket and night-cap to vote for the life of Louis, who have escaped from danger and likelihood of Arrestment. These, to the number at one time of Twenty-seven, do accordingly lodge here, in the "Intendance," or Departmental Mansion, of the town of Caen in Calvados; welcomed by Persons in Authority; welcomed and defrayed, having no money of their own. And the Bulletin de Caen comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs: How the Bordeaux Department, the Lyons Department, this Department after the other is declaring itself; sixty, or say sixty-nine, or seventy-two respectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare. Nay, Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need be. So has Marseilles Town said that she will march. But on the other hand, that Montélimart Town has said, No thoroughfare; and means even to "bury herself" under her own stone and mortar first, — of this be no mention in Bulletin de Caen.

Such animating paragraphs we read in this new Newspaper; and fervors and eloquent sarcasm: tirades against the Mountain, from the pen of Deputy Salles; which resemble, say friends, Pascal's "Provincials." What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez; also a secondary questionable General Puisaye, and others; and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Volunteers, whosoever is of right heart: gather in, ye National Volunteers, friends of Liberty; from our Calvados Townships, from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near: forward to Paris, and extinguish Anarchy! Thus at Caen, in the early July days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and consulting: Staff and Army; Council; Club of Carabots, Anti-jacobin friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, and the editing of Bulletins, a National Representative has his hands full.

At Caen it is most animated; and, as one hopes, more or less animated in the "Seventy-two Departments that adhere to us." And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, and torn with an internal La Vendée, *this* is the conclusion we have arrived at: To put down Anarchy by Civil War! *Durum et durum*, the Proverb says, *non faciunt murum*. La Vendée burns; Santerre can do nothing there; he may return home and brew beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege of Mentz is become famed; — lovers of the Picturesque (as Goethe will testify), washed country-people of both sexes, stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work and counterwork; "you only duck a little while the shot whizzes past." Condé is capitulating to the Austrians; Royal Highness of York, these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes. For, alas, our fortified Camp of Famars was stormed; General Dampierre was killed; General Custine was blamed, — and indeed is now come to Paris to give "explanations."

Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must even make head as they can. They, anarchic Convention as they are, publish Decrees, expostulatory, explanatory, yet not without severity: they ray-forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, the olive-branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other. Commissioners come even to Caen; but without effect. Mathematical Romme, and Prieur named of the Côte d'Or, venturing thither, with their olive and sword, are packed into prison: there may Romme lie, under lock and key, "for fifty days"; and meditate his New Calendar, if he please. Cimmeria, La Vendée, and Civil War! Never was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb.

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendance, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure: in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure: "By energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic splendor; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries! — Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering twenty-five million within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the 9th of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte Corday demands a room: hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hands; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent friend of Charlotte's, has need of;

which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday: — yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat! — The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. — Charlotte, returning to her Inn, dispatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-laborers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold according to its vague wont; this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,— toward a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day, — when "M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then"; and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has traveled: — and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever, — of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven-pence-half-penny of ready-money, in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid — Washer-woman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity: yet surely on the way toward that? — Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you. — Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen? — Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-friend, clutching his tablets to write: Barbaroux, Pétion, writes he with bare shrunk

arm, turning aside in the bath: Pétion, and Louvet, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "*A moi, chère amie* (Help, dear)!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washer-woman running in—there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washer-woman, left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below!

And so Marat, People's-friend, is ended; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his pillar—*whitherward* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; reechoed by patriot France; and the Convention, "Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honors, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honor to call "the good Sans-culotte,"—whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into beautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death-Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise: but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old Moniteur Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given to him." For Marat too had a brother and natural affections; and was wrapped once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men!—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie*, and the neighbors of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some moveables," intrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation?—"By no one's." "What tempted you, then?" "His crimes. I killed one man," added she,

raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderer. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tip-toe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying toward death,—alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her; the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck, a blush of maidenly shame overspreads her fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes; the Police imprisoned him for it."

In this manner have the Beautifulest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. "Day of the Preparation of Peace"? Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises and the light of Life, but of Codrus's-sacrifices and Death well-earned? That twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this is the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this, whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete: angelic-demonic: like a Star!

THE SCAPEGOAT

From 'The French Revolution'

TO this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine; dead, blind; not what it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures, — like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-headed Brazen Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man; injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return "always *home*," wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations: he too experiences that man's tribunal is not in this Earth; that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom it is not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat: the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more*? Lally went on his hurdle; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all: thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied!

A Confessor has come; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King; it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet still remains: the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us; to be left *here*! Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches; and see the cruelest of scenes: —

"At half-past eight, the door of the ante-room opened: the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand; then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth: they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes; interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty towards the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting un-

known to them: ‘No,’ said the King, ‘let us go into the dining-room; it is there only that I can see you.’ They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince remained standing between his Father’s legs. They all leaned toward him, and often held him embraced. This scene of woe lasted an hour and three-quarters; during which we could hear nothing; we could see only that always when the King spoke, the sobbing of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that then the King began again to speak.” And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our loves and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more! — NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. “Promise that you will see us on the morrow.” He promises: — Ah yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me! — It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the ante-room, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and with woman’s vehemence, said through her tears, “*Vous êtes tous des scélérats*” [You are all scoundrels].

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair: while this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Sacrament; and continued in devotion, and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter: the King gives them his Will, and messages and effects; which they at first brutally refuse to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, 125 louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. “Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers: ‘*Pârtons*’ (Let us go).” — How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife; soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King’s Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover: all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d’Angoulême, will live, — not happily.

At the Temple gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women: “*Grâce! Grâce!*” [Mercy!] Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there: the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbors.

All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets, but one only. Eighty thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone: one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze: the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men: spectators crowding in the rear; D'Orléans Égalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, *hoquetons*, speed to the Town-hall, every three minutes: near by is the Convention sitting, — vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the Carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Maelstrom and descent of Death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

The drums are beating: "*Taisez-vous* (Silence)!" he cries "in a terrible voice (*d'une voix terrible*)."
He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Savior, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, "his face very red," and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France —" A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: "*Tambours!*" The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Axe clanks down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday, the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days.

Executioner Samson shows the Head: fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orléans drives off in his cabriolet: the Town-hall Councillors rub their hands, saying,

"It is done, It is done." There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterward denied it, sells locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings. And so, in some half-hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries, the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

A grave thing it indisputably is; and will have consequences. On the morrow morning, Roland, so long steeped to the lips in disgust and chagrin, sends in his demission. His accounts lie all ready, correct in black-on-white to the utmost farthing: these he wants but to have audited, that he might retire to remote obscurity, to the country and his books. They will never be audited, those accounts; he will never get retired thither.

It was on Tuesday that Roland demitted. On Thursday comes Lepelletier St.-Fargeau's Funeral, and passage to the Pantheon of Great Men. Notable as the wild pageant of a winter day. The Body is borne aloft, half-bare; the winding-sheet disclosing the death-wound; saber and bloody clothes parade themselves; a "lugubrious music" wailing harsh næniae. Oak-crowns shower down from windows; President Vergniaud walks there, with Convention, with Jacobin Society, and all Patriots of every color, all mourning brother-like.

Notable also for another thing this Burial of Lepelletier; it was the last act these men ever did with concert! All parties and figures of Opinion, that agitate this distracted France and its Convention, now stands, as it were, face to face, and dagger to dagger; the King's Life, round which they all struck and battled, being hurled down. Dumouriez, conquering Holland, growls ominous discontent, at the head of Armies. Men say Dumouriez will have a King; that young D'Orléans Egalité shall be his King. Deputy Fauchet, in the Journal des Amis, curses his day more bitterly than Job did; invokes the poniards of Regicides, of "Arras Vipers" or Robespierres, of Pluto Dantons, of horrid Butchers Legendre and Simulacra d'Herbois, to send him swiftly to another world than *theirs*. This is Te-Deum Fauchet, of the Bastille Victory, of the Cercle Social. Sharp was the death-hail rattling round one's Flag-of-truce, on that Bastille day: but it was soft to such wreckage of high Hope as this; one's New Golden Era going down in leaden dross, and sulphurous black of the Everlasting Darkness!

LABOR

From 'Past and Present'

FOR there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself": long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "An endless significance lies in Work;" a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it revolving, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself by mere force of gravity into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead noth-

ing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,— a mere enameled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;— draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,— to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there, and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, red-tape Officials, idle Nell-Gwynn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory, are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen up to the idle Nell-Gwynn Defenders, to blustering red-tape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these,— if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her,— Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak and say, "I am here";— must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediments, contradictions manifold, are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and

front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these,— and on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there!

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men of Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "Impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon, thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature: — work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king,— Columbus, my hero, royalest Seaking of all! it is no friendly environment, this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the equal, unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep basin (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward: — and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa-Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling, wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad Southwester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defense, the while: valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favoring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage: thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself; — how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles

deep: a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a great man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service,—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is; thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on,—to new Americas, or whither God wills!

JOHN RUSKIN

PERHAPS no one in the nineteenth century suffered so much from misunderstanding and indiscriminate criticism as John Ruskin. And even when his work was done and he himself had passed from the field of activity, the value of that work and the place of the worker were far from being accurately estimated. The world persisted in considering him only as an art critic; while he himself thought his best endeavor to have been in the field of political economy. It is not impossible that both of these conclusions are wide of the mark. One may venture to think that his greatest service to mankind was his revelation of the beauties of nature; and that his enduring fame will rest upon no theories of art or of human well-being, but upon his masterful handling of the English language. Whatever feature of his activity may be thought the best, it cannot be denied that he was a powerful force in many departments: a prophet with a denunciatory and enunciatory creed, a leader who counted his followers by the thousands, a writer who left a deeper stamp upon the language than almost any Englishman of his century.

Ruskin's parentage, early training, and education are recorded in '*Præterita*' (1885-89), — his fascinating but incomplete autobiography. In his childhood his Scotch mother made him read the Bible again and again; and to this he thought was due his habit of taking pains, and his literary taste. Peace, obedience, and faith, with fixed attention in both mind and eye, were the virtues inculcated by his early training. The defects of that training he puts down as — nothing to love, nothing to endure of either pain, patience, or misery, nothing taught him in a social way, no independence of action, and no responsibility. At fourteen Mr. Telford, one of his father's partners in the wine trade, gave him a copy of Rogers's '*Italy*' with Turner's illustrations; and his parents forever after held Mr. Telford personally responsible for the art tastes of the son. They had predestined him to the Church. "He might have been a bishop," was the elder Ruskin's sigh.

His study of art practically began with an admiration for Turner. He knew a great deal about nature, and had met his great passion, the Alps, before he was twenty; and he had also studied drawing under Runciman, Copley Fielding, and Harding. His earliest writings were poetical; and as an Oxford student he wrote the pretty story, '*The King of the Golden River*' (1841), besides making some contributions to magazine literature: but his first important effort was when as the Oxford graduate he put forth the first volume of '*Modern Painters*' (1843). Ostensibly this was an inquiry into the object and means of landscape painting, the spirit which should govern its production,

the appearances of nature, the discussion of what is true in art as revealed by nature; but in reality it was a defense of Turner at the expense of almost every other landscape painter, ancient or modern. It came at a time when people knew very little about art, and thought it a mystery understood only by the priests of the craft; but Ruskin burst the door wide open, and talked about the contents of the high altar in a language that anyone could understand. It was an energetic and eloquent statement of what he believed to be truth. From his studies of nature he came to think that truth was the one and only desideratum in art; and the whole argument and illustration of 'Modern Painters' is hinged upon nature-truth and its appearance in the works of Turner. It was nearly twenty years before the five volumes of the work were completed, and during that time Ruskin's views had broadened and changed, so that there is something of contradiction in the volumes; but it today stands among his most forceful work. Philosophical it is not, because lacking in system; scientific it is not, because lacking in fundamental principles. The logic of it is often weak, the positiveness of statement often annoying, the digressions and side issues often wearisome; yet with all this it contains some of his keenest observations on nature, his most suggestive conceits, and his most brilliant prose passages. It made something of a sensation, and Ruskin came into prominence at once.

While 'Modern Painters' was being written, he made frequent journeys to Switzerland to study the Alps, and to Italy to study the old Italian masters. From being at first a naturalist and a prophet of modernity, he soon became an admirer of Gothic and Renaissance art. Turner and Fra Angelico were almost antithetical. He tried to reconcile them on the principle of their truthfulness; but one had put forth an individual truth, the other a symbolic truth, and Ruskin never brought them together without the appearance of incongruity. The more he studied Italian painting, the more he became impregnated with the moral and the religious in art. In a letter he has put it down that what is wanted in English art is a "total change of character. It is Giotto and Ghirlandajo and Angelico that you want and must want until this disgusting nineteenth century has—I can't say breathed, but steamed, its last." The moral element and the sincerity of fifteenth-century work quite captivated him, and he began to fail in sympathy for modern products. He started the hopeless task of turning the art world backward, and reviving the truth and faith of the early Italians. But the world never turns backward successfully. Italian art was good art because it did not turn backward; because it revealed its own time and people, and was imbued with the spirit of its age. That spirit died with the Renaissance. The nineteenth century could not revive it. It had a spirit of its own which it revealed, and which Ruskin opposed all his life. It was not moral enough or reverent enough or true enough; in short, it was not like the old, and therefore it was wrong.

About 1850 the Pre-Raphaelites began to attract attention. They were not

followers of Ruskin, though they were a part of the new movement which he more than any other man had started. His advice to go to nature — selecting nothing, rejecting nothing, scorning nothing — had been accepted by many landscapists, and it undoubtedly affected the Pre-Raphaelites. He defended their work against popular ridicule in his spirited '*Pre-Raphaelitism*' (1851); and tried to show that they and Turner were on the same naturalistic basis, and that his old ideas of nature and his new ideas of Italian art were not contradictory. In principle he seemed to have eliminated the personal equation (the dominant factor in nineteenth-century art); and what really attracted him in Pre-Raphaelitism was the combination of literal detail with the imitated sincerity of the early Italians. The Pre-Raphaelites as a body soon drifted apart; and Ruskin's teaching, as regards their work, was condemned as impractical and impossible. It did not reckon with the nineteenth-century spirit.

Painting alone was not sufficient to occupy so active and many-sided an intellect; and Ruskin's first twenty years of authorship produced many books on many subjects. He wrote on the Alps, published his '*Poems*' (1850), reviewed books, issued '*Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*' (1851), — the misleading title of a plea for church unity in England, — and wrote his '*Seven Lamps of Architecture*' (1849) and his '*Stones of Venice*' (1850–53). The last-named work is not a manual of history or a traveler's guide; but the expression of Ruskin's ideas of life, society, and nationality as shown in architecture. The ideas are almost smothered by beautiful language, and many side issues in parenthesis; but they are at least original, and the result of his own observations. He spent much time and labor in Venice taking measurements and trying to reconcile conflicting styles on a single basis; but the task was too colossal. Venetian architecture is a medley of all styles. Ruskin did what he could, and the '*Stones of Venice*' was the result. It excited opposition and was sharply attacked. He had been too erratic, too rhetorical, too violently independent of architectural laws; but at least he had explained Gothic architecture in a new way, and made an impression on the lay mind. Other works on art came out one by one: the '*Elements of Drawing*' (1857), the '*Political Economy of Art*' (1857), the '*Elements of Perspective*' (1859), and yearly '*Notes on the Royal Academy*'; but Ruskin's art teaching was practically summed up in '*Modern Painters*', the '*Seven Lamps*', and the '*Stones of Venice*'. His other art writings were desultory, scattered, lacking in plan and unity. At forty years of age his career as an art critic closed, though he never ceased to write about art until he ceased writing altogether; but after 1860 he became interested in the human problem, and his mind turned to political economy.

As an art critic Ruskin was never unreservedly accepted. He felt aggrieved that his readers cared more for the 'pretty passages' in the second volume of '*Modern Painters*' than for the ideas; but his readers were more than half right. Criticism calls for more of the calm philosophical spirit than Ruskin

ever possessed. All his life he was not so much a judge as a partisan advocate, an enthusiast,—a man praising indiscriminately where he admired, and condemning indiscriminately where he lacked sympathy. His passion of praise, his vehemence of attack, his brilliancy of style, attracted and still attract attention; but the feeling that they are too brilliant to be true underlies all. Nevertheless, the multiplicity and clearness of his ideas are astonishing, and their stimulating power incalculable. Today one may disagree with him at every page and yet be the gainer by the opposition excited. No writer of our times has been quite so helpful by suggestion. Moreover, many of his ideas are true and sound. It is only his art teaching as a whole to which objection may be taken. This is thought to be too erratic, too inconsiderate of existing conditions,—in other words, too impractical.

The services which Ruskin rendered humanity as an art writer should not, however, be overlooked. First, he brought art positively and permanently before the public, explained it to the average intelligence, and created a universal interest in it by subjecting it to inquiry. Secondly, he elevated the rank and relative importance of the artist, and showed that he was a most useful factor in civilization. Many of the artists who are today sneering at Ruskin for some hasty opinion uttered in anger, appreciate but poorly what a great preacher and priest for the craft he was, and what importance his winged words gave to art in the nineteenth century. Thirdly, though he did not make Turner, yet he made the public look at him; and though he did not discover Italian art, he turned people's eyes toward it. Before Ruskin's utterances, Giotto and Botticelli and Carpaccio and Tintoretto were practically unknown and unseen. Ruskin was the pioneer of Renaissance art study; and though modern critics may have much amusement over his occasional false attribution of a picture, they should not forget that when Ruskin went to Italy in the 1840's there was no established body of Italian art criticism to lean upon. He stood quite alone; and the wonder is not that he made so many mistakes, but that he made so few. Generally speaking, his estimate of Italian art was just enough, and his appreciations of certain men well founded.

But Ruskin's greatest discovery was picturesque nature; and for that, humanity is more indebted to him than for anything else. Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron had dabbled in nature beauty in a romantic associative way; but Ruskin, following them and in a measure their pupil, began its elaborate study. To enforce his argument for truth in art, he drew for illustration on truth in nature. With rare knowledge, keenness of observation, and facility in description, he displayed the wonder-world of clouds, skies, mountains, trees, grasses, waters, holding them up in all their colors, lights, shadows, and atmospheric settings. In youth his predilection for mountain forms, rock structure, crystals, and scientific facts was well marked; and in his art writings his sympathy is always with the landscape at the expense of the figure composition. Indeed, it was to prove Turner true to nature that he first began writing upon

art; and his most profound studies were made in the field of natural phenomena. Well trained and specially equipped for this field, he pointed out the beauties of nature in the infinitely little and the infinitely great with such masterful insight and skill that people followed him willy-nilly. Almost instantly he created a nature cult—a worship of beauty in things inanimate. People's eyes were opened to the glories of the world about them. They have not been closed since; and the study of nature is with succeeding generations a growing passion and an unwearying source of pleasurable good. Ruskin is to be thanked for it. This great service alone should more than counterbalance in popular judgment any artistic or political vagaries into which he may have fallen.

About 1860, as already noted, his art and nature studies were pushed aside by what he thought more urgent matter. His moral sense and intense humanity went out to the workingmen of England, and he courageously devoted the rest of his life to an attempt to better their condition. This was the natural leaning of his mind. He was always an intensely sensitive and sympathetic man, with moral ideas of truth, justice, and righteousness opposed to the ideas of his times. He should have been a bishop, as his parents desired, or a preacher at least; for he had the Savonarola equipment. Denunciation and invective were his most powerful weapons; and lacking a pulpit, he now sent forth letters against the prevailing social system, written as eloquently as though he were describing sunsets and Alpine peaks. His '*Unto this Last*' (1860), "the truest, rightest-worded, and most serviceable things I have ever written," was followed by '*Munera Pulveris*' (1862-63), '*Time and Tide*' (1867), and '*Fors Clavigera*' (1871-84). These books contain the substance of his political economy, which is as impossible to epitomize as his art teachings. It was written for the workingmen of England, but it shot over their heads; and is moreover marked by inconsistencies, the result of Ruskin's changing views and waning strength—for much of his work in the 1880's is hectic and spasmodic from pain of mind and body. He believed in a mild form of socialism or collectivism,—a pooling of interests, a stopping of competition, and a doing away of interest upon money. So earnest was he in his beliefs that he did not write only, but strove for practical results. He established St. George's Guild, the Sheffield museum, an agricultural community, a tea store, and a factory. He even had the streets of London swept clean to show that it could be done, and lent a helping hand wherever he could. Like Tolstoy, he tried to live his beliefs; but British materialism was too strong for him. After giving away his whole fortune, upwards of £200,000, he had to stop; broken physically and mentally as well as financially. His political economy was not a success practically, but no one who loves his fellow-man will ever cast a stone at him for it. It was a noble effort to benefit humanity.

During all the years of his political-economy struggles, his restless mind and pen found many other fields in which to labor. He lectured at Oxford; wrote

'Sesame and Lilies' (1865), a series of miscellaneous essays; 'Ethics of the Dust' (1866), lectures on crystallization; 'The Crown of Wild Olive' (1866), three lectures on work, traffic, and war; 'The Queen of the Air' (1869), a study of Greek myths of cloud and storm; 'Aratra Pentelici' (1872), on the elements of sculpture; 'Love's Meinie' (1873); 'Ariadne Florentina' (1873); 'Val d'Arno' (1874); 'Mornings in Florence' (1875-77); 'Proserpina' (1875-86); 'Deucalion' (1875-83); 'St. Mark's Rest' (1877-84); 'The Bible of Amiens' (1880-85); 'The Art of England' (1883); and a vast quantity of lectures, addresses, letters, catalogues, prefaces, and notes. In sheer bulk alone this work was enormous. Finally body and mind both failed him; and the last thing he wrote, 'Præterita,' his autobiography, was done at intervals of returning strength after severe illnesses.

Ruskin has stated that his literary work was "always done as quietly and methodically as a piece of tapestry. I knew exactly what I had got to say, put the words firmly in their places like so many stitches, hemmed the edges of chapters round with what seemed to me graceful flourishes, and touched them finally with my cunningest points of color." His poems are all youthful and of small consequence. His prose is marked by two styles. The first is dramatic, vehement, rhetorical, full of imagery, some over-exuberance of language, and long-drawn sentences. This is the style of 'Modern Painters' and the 'Seven Lamps.' After 1860, when he took up political writing, he strove for more simplicity; and his 'Fors Clavigera' is an excellent example of his more moderate style. But he never attained reserve either in thinking or in writing. It was not in his temperament. He had almost everything else—purity, elasticity, dramatic force, wit, passion, imagination, nobility. In addition his vocabulary was almost limitless, his rhythm and flow of sentences almost endless, his brilliancy in illustration, description, and argument almost exhaustless. Indeed, his facility in language has been fatal only too often to his logic and philosophy. Words and their limpid flow ran away with his sobriety, lusciousness in illustration and heaped-up imagery led him into rambling sentences, and the long reverberating roll of numbers at the close of his chapters often smacks of the theater. Alliteration and assonance, the use of the adjective in description, the antithesis in argument, the climax in dramatic effect,—all these Ruskin well understood and used with powerful effect.

How he came by his style would be difficult to determine. He said he got it from the Bible and Carlyle: but he was a part of the romantic, poetic, and Catholic revival of his century; and Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Newman, Tennyson, Carlyle, were influences upon him. The impetuosity of romanticism was his heritage; and the great bulk of his writing is headlong, feverish, brilliant as a meteor, but self-consuming. His prose cannot be judged by rules of rhetoric or composition, any more than the pictures of Turner can be measured by the academic yardstick. They both defy rules and measurements. 'Modern Painters' and the 'Ulysses and Polyphemus' blaze with arbitrary color, and

are in parts false in tone, value, and perspective; yet behind each work there is the fire of genius—the energy of overpowering individuality. Ruskin's style is his creation as an artist, as distinguished from his exposition as a teacher; and perhaps it is as an artist in language that he will live longest in human memory.

A whole library of books on many subjects—art, science, history, poetry, ethics, theology, agriculture, education, economy—came from his pen. Few even among the learned classes realize how much the nineteenth century owed to Ruskin for suggestion, stimulus, and hopeful inspiration in many fields. He taught several generations to see with their eyes, think with their minds, and work with their hands. And the beautiful language of that teaching will remain with many generations to come. He was in the right and he was in the wrong. Apples of discord and olive-branches of peace—he planted both, and both have borne fruit; but the good outbalances the bad, the true outweighs the false.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE

ON WOMANHOOD

From 'Sesame and Lilies'

GENERALLY we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home, and a public work or duty—which is the expansion of the other—relating to the State. So a woman has a personal work and duty relating to her own home, and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that.

Now, the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defense; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty as a member of a commonwealth is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defense of the State. The woman's duty as a member of the commonwealth is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and the beautiful adornment of the State.

What the man is at his own gate,—defending it if need be against insult and spoil, that also,—not in a less but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country; leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the center of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty, that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loneliness more rare. . . .

It is now long since the women of England arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only; and having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of "Lady," which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord."

I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it. Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and Lord means "maintainer of laws"; and both titles have reference not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household, but to law maintained for the multitude and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to this title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her title only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master himself; and when she is known, as he himself once was, in breaking of bread.

And this beneficent and legal dominion, this power of the Dominus, or House-Lord, and of the Domina, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway; it is always regarded with reverent worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition co-relative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals. Be it so: you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed *you*; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed,—whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

THE USES OF ORNAMENT

From 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture'

WHAT is the place for ornament? Consider first that the characters of natural objects which the architect can represent are few and abstract. The greater part of those delights by which Nature recommends herself to man at all times cannot be conveyed by him into his imitative work. He cannot make his grass green and cool and good to rest upon, which in nature is its chief use to man; nor can he make his flowers tender and full of color and of scent, which in nature are their chief powers

of giving joy. Those qualities which alone he can secure are certain severe characters of form, such as men only see in nature on deliberate examination, and by the full and set appliance of sight and thought: a man must lie down on the bank of grass on his breast and set himself to watch and penetrate the intertwining of it, before he finds that which is good to be gathered by the architect. So then while Nature is at all times pleasant to us, and while the sight and sense of her work may mingle happily with all our thoughts and labors and times of existence, that image of her which the architect carries away represents what we can only perceive in her by direct intellectual exertion; and demands from us, wherever it appears, an intellectual exertion of a similar kind in order to understand it and feel it. It is the written or sealed impression of a thing sought out; it is the shaped result of inquiry and bodily expression of thought.

Now let us consider for an instant what would be the effect of continually repeating an expression of a beautiful thought to any other of the senses, at times when the mind could not address that sense to the understanding of it. Suppose that in time of serious occupation, of stern business, a companion should repeat in our ears continually some favorite passage of poetry, over and over again all day long. We should not only soon be utterly sick and weary of the sound of it, but that sound would at the end of the day have so sunk into the habit of the ear, that the entire meaning of the passage would be dead to us, and it would ever thenceforward require some effort to fix and recover it. The music of it would not meanwhile have aided the business in hand, while its own delightfulness would thenceforward be in a measure destroyed. It is the same with every other form of definite thought. If you violently present its expression to the senses, at times when the mind is otherwise engaged, that expression will be ineffective at the time, and will have its sharpness and clearness destroyed forever. Much more if you present it to the mind at times when it is painfully affected or disturbed, or if you associate the expression of pleasant thought with incongruous circumstances, you will affect that expression thenceforward with a painful color forever.

Apply this to expressions of thought received by the eye. Remember that the eye is at your mercy more than the ear. "The eye, it cannot choose but see." Its nerve is not so easily numbed as that of the ear, and it is often busied in tracing and watching forms when the ear is at rest. Now if you present lovely forms to it when it cannot call the mind to help it in its work, and among objects of vulgar use and unhappy position, you will neither please the eye nor elevate the vulgar object. But you will fill and weary the eye with the beautiful form, and you will infect that form itself with the vulgarity of the thing to which you have violently attached it. It will never be of much use to you any more: you have killed or defiled it; its freshness and purity are gone. You will have to pass it through the fire of much thought before you will cleanse it, and warm it with much love before it will revive.

Hence then a general law, of singular importance in the present day, a law of simple common-sense,—not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then rest. Work first, and then gaze; but do not use golden plowshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails; nor put bas-reliefs on millstones. What! it will be asked, are we in the habit of doing so? Even so; always and everywhere. The most familiar position of Greek moldings is in these days on shop fronts. There is not a tradesman's sign nor shelf nor counter in all the streets of all our cities, which has not upon it ornaments which were invented to adorn temples and beautify kings' palaces. There is not the smallest advantage in them where they are. Absolutely valueless, utterly without the power of giving pleasure, they only satiate the eye and vulgarize their own forms. Many of these are in themselves thoroughly good copies of fine things; which things themselves we shall never, in consequence, enjoy any more. Many a pretty beading and graceful bracket there is in wood or stucco above our grocers' and cheesemongers' and hosiers' shops: how is it that the tradesmen cannot understand that custom is to be had only by selling good tea and cheese and cloth; and that people come to them for their honesty, and their readiness, and their right wares, and not because they have Greek cornices over their windows, or their names in large gilt letters on their house fronts? How pleasurable it would be to have the power of going through the streets of London, pulling down those brackets and friezes and large names, restoring to the tradesmen the capital they had spent in architecture, and putting them on honest and equal terms; each with his name in black letters over his door, not shouted down the street from the upper stories, and each with a plain wooden shop casement, with small panes in it that people would not think of breaking in order to be sent to prison! How much better for them would it be, how much happier, how much wiser, to put their trust upon their own truth and industry, and not on the idiocy of their customers! It is curious, and it says little for our national probity on the one hand, or prudence on the other, to see the whole system of our street decoration based on the idea that people must be baited to a shop as moths are to a candle.

But it will be said that much of the best wooden decoration of the Middle Ages was in shop fronts. No: it was in *house* fronts, of which the shop was a part, and received its natural and consistent portion of the ornament. In those days men lived, and intended to live, *by* their shops, and over them, all their days. They were contented with them and happy in them: they were their palaces and castles. They gave them therefore such decoration as made themselves happy in their own habitation, and they gave it for their own sake. The upper stories were always the richest; and the shop was decorated chiefly about the door, which belonged to the house more than to it. And when our

tradesmen settle to their shops in the same way, and form no plans respecting future villa architecture, let their whole houses be decorated, and their shops too, but with a national and domestic decoration. However, our cities are for the most part too large to admit of contented dwelling in them throughout life: and I do not say there is harm in our present system of separating the shop from the dwelling-house; only where they are so separated, let us remember that the only reason for shop decoration is removed, and see that the decoration be removed also.

Another of the strange and evil tendencies of the present day is to the decoration of the railroad station. Now, if there be any place in the world in which people are deprived of that portion of temper and discretion which is necessary to the contemplation of beauty, it is there. It is the very temple of discomfort; and the only charity that the builder can extend to us is to show us, plainly as may be, how soonest to escape from it. The whole system of railroad traveling is addressed to people who, being in a hurry, are therefore, for the time being, miserable. No one would travel in that manner who could help it,—who had time to go leisurely over hills and between hedges, instead of through tunnels and between banks; at least those who would, have no sense of beauty so acute as that we need consult it at the station. The railroad is in all its relations a matter of earnest business, to be got through as soon as possible. It transmutes a man from a traveler into a living parcel. For the time, he has parted with the nobler characteristics of his humanity for the sake of a planetary power of locomotion. Do not ask him to admire anything. You might as well ask the wind. Carry him safely, dismiss him soon: he will thank you for nothing else. All attempts to please him in any other way are mere mockery, and insults to the things by which you endeavor to do so. There never was more flagrant nor impudent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railroads or near them. Keep them out of the way, take them through the ugliest country you can find, confess them the miserable things they are, and spend nothing upon them but for safety and speed. Give large salaries to efficient servants, large prices to good manufacturers, large wages to able workmen; let the iron be tough, and the brickwork solid, and the carriages strong. The time is perhaps not distant when these first necessities may not be easily met: and to increase expense in any other direction is madness. Better bury gold in the embankments than put it in ornaments on the stations. Will a single traveler be willing to pay an increased fare on the South-Western because the columns of the terminus are covered with patterns from Nineveh?—he will only care less for the Ninevite ivories in the British Museum: or on the North-Western, because there are Old-English-looking spandrels to the roof of the station at Crewe?—he will only have less pleasure in their prototypes at Crewe House. Railroad architecture has, or would have, a dignity of its own if it were only left to its work. You would not put rings on the fingers of a smith at his anvil.

It is not however only in these marked situations that the abuse of which I speak takes place. There is hardly, at present, an application of ornamental work which is not in some sort liable to blame of the same kind. We have a bad habit of trying to disguise disagreeable necessities by some form of sudden decoration, which is in all other places associated with such necessities. I will name only one instance, that to which I have alluded before—the roses which conceal the ventilators in the flat roofs of our chapels. Many of those roses are of very beautiful design, borrowed from fine works: all their grace and finish are invisible when they are so placed, but their general form is afterwards associated with the ugly buildings in which they constantly occur; and all the beautiful roses of the early French and English Gothic, especially such elaborate ones as those of the triforium of Coutances, are in consequence deprived of their pleasurable influence, and this without our having accomplished the smallest good by the use we have made of the dishonored form. Not a single person in the congregation ever receives one ray of pleasure from those roof roses; they are regarded with mere indifference, or lost in the general impression of harsh emptiness.

Must not beauty, then, it will be asked, be sought for in the forms which we associate with our every-day life? Yes, if you do it consistently, and in places where it can be calmly seen; but not if you use the beautiful form only as a mask and covering of the proper conditions and uses of things, nor if you thrust it into the places set apart for toil. Put it in the drawing-room, not into the workshop; put it upon domestic furniture, not upon tools of handicraft. All men have sense of what is right in this matter, if they would only use and apply that sense; every man knows where and how beauty gives him pleasure, if he would only ask for it when it does so, and not allow it to be forced upon him when he does not want it. Ask any one of the passengers over London Bridge at this instant whether he cares about the forms of the bronze leaves on its lamps, and he will tell you, No. Modify these forms of leaves to a less scale, and put them on his milk-jug at breakfast, and ask him whether he likes them, and he will tell you, Yes. People have no need of teaching, if they could only think and speak truth, and ask for what they like and want, and for nothing else; nor can a right disposition of beauty be ever arrived at except by this common-sense, and allowance for the circumstances of the time and place. It does not follow, because bronze leafage is in bad taste on the lamps of London Bridge, that it would be so on those of the Ponte della Trinità; nor because it would be a folly to decorate the house fronts of Gracechurch Street, that it would be equally so to adorn those of some quiet provincial town. The question of greatest external or internal decoration depends entirely on the conditions of probable repose. It was a wise feeling which made the streets of Venice so rich in external ornament; for there is no couch of rest like the gondola. So again, there is no subject of street ornament so wisely chosen as the fountain, where it is a fountain of

use; for it is just there that perhaps the happiest pause takes place in the labor of the day, when the pitcher is rested on the edge of it, and the breath of the bearer is drawn deeply, and the hair swept from the forehead, and the uprightness of the form declined against the marble ledge, and the sound of the kind word or light laugh mixes with the trickle of the falling water, heard shriller and shriller as the pitcher fills. What pause is so sweet as that—so full of the depth of ancient days, so softened with the calm of pastoral solitude?

THE THRONE

From the 'Stones of Venice'

IN the olden days of traveling, now to return no more, in which distance could not be vanquished without toil, but in which that toil was rewarded, partly by the power of deliberate survey of the countries through which the journey lay, and partly by the happiness of the evening hours, when, from the top of the last hill he had surmounted, the traveler beheld the quiet village where he was to rest, scattered among the meadows beside its valley stream; or from the long-hoped-for turn in the dusty perspective of the causeway, saw for the first time the towers of some famed city, faint in the rays of sunset,—hours of peaceful and thoughtful pleasure, for which the rush of the arrival in the railway station is perhaps not always, or to all men, an equivalent,—in those days, I say, when there was something more to be anticipated and remembered in the first aspect of each successive halting-place than a new arrangement of glass roofing and iron girder, there were few moments of which the recollection was more fondly cherished by the traveler than that which, as I endeavored to describe in the close of the last chapter, brought him within sight of Venice, as his gondola shot into the open lagoon from the canal of Mestre. Not but that the aspect of the city itself was generally the source of some slight disappointment; for, seen in this direction, its buildings are far less characteristic than those of the other great towns of Italy: but this inferiority was partly disguised by distance, and more than atoned for by the strange rising of its walls and towers out of the midst, as it seemed, of the deep sea; for it was impossible that the mind or the eye could at once comprehend the shallowness of the vast sheet of water which stretched away in leagues of rippling luster to the north and south, or trace the narrow line of islets bounding it to the east. The salt breeze, the white moaning sea-birds, the masses of black weed separating and disappearing gradually, in knots of heaving shoal, under the advance of the steady tide, all proclaimed it to be indeed the ocean on whose bosom the great city rested so calmly; not such blue, soft, lakelike ocean as bathes

the Neapolitan promontories, or sleeps beneath the marble rocks of Genoa, but a sea with the bleak power of our own northern waves, yet subdued into a strange spacious rest, and changed from its angry pallor into a field of burnished gold, as the sun declined behind the belfry tower of the lonely island church, fitly named "St. George of the Seaweed." As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveler had just left sank behind him into one long, low, sad-colored line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows: but at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of Arqua rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon; two or three smooth surges of inferior hill extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Vicenza, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north—a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of Cadore, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, where the sun struck opposite upon its snow, into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the barred clouds of evening, one after another, countless, the crown of the Adrian Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles of Murano, and on the great city, where it magnified itself along the waves as the quick silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer. And at last, when its walls were reached, and the outmost of its untrodden streets was entered, not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian sea; when first upon the traveler's sight opened the long ranges of columned palaces, each with its black boat moored at the portal, each with its image cast down beneath its feet upon that green pavement which every breeze broke into new fantasies of rich tessellation; when first, at the extremity of the bright vista, the shadowy Rialto threw its colossal curve slowly forth from behind the palace of the Camerlenghi—that strange curve, so delicate, so adamantine, strong as a mountain cavern, graceful as a bow just bent; when first, before its moonlike circumference was all risen, the gondolier's cry, "Ah, Stali!" struck sharp upon the ear, and the prow turned aside under the mighty cornices that half met over the narrow canal, where the plash of the water followed close and loud, ringing along the marble by the boat's side; and when at last that boat darted forth upon the breadth of silver sea, across which the front of the Ducal Palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our Lady of Salvation,—it was no marvel that the mind should be so deeply entranced by the visionary charm of a scene so beautiful and so strange, as to forget the darker truths of its history and its being. Well might it seem that such a city had owed her existence rather to the rod of the enchanter than the fear of the fugitive; that the waters which encircled her had been chosen for the mirror of her state, rather than the shelter of her nakedness; and that all which in nature was wild or merciless,—Time and Decay,

as well as the waves and tempests,—had been won to adorn her instead of to destroy, and might still spare, for ages to come, that beauty which seemed to have fixed for its throne the sands of the hour-glass as well as of the sea.

And although the last few eventful years, fraught with change to the face of the whole earth, have been more fatal in their influence on Venice than the five hundred that preceded them; though the noble landscape of approach to her can now be seen no more, or seen only by a glance as the engine slackens its rushing on the iron line; and though many of her palaces are forever defaced, and many in desecrated ruins,—there is still so much of magic in her aspect that the hurried traveler, who must leave her before the wonder of that first aspect has been worn away, may still be led to forget the humility of her origin, and to shut his eyes to the depth of her desolation. They at least are little to be envied, in whose hearts the great charities of the imagination lie dead, and for whom the fancy has no power to repress the importunity of painful impressions, or to raise what is ignoble and disguise what is discordant in a scene so rich in its remembrances, so surpassing in its beauty. But for this work of the imagination there must be no permission during the task which is before us. The impotent feelings of romance, so singularly characteristic of this century, may indeed gild, but never save, the remains of those mightier ages to which they are attached like climbing flowers; and they must be torn away from the magnificent fragments, if we would see them as they stood in their own strength. Those feelings, always as fruitless as they are fond, are in Venice not only incapable of protecting, but even of discerning, the objects to which they ought to have been attached. The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that "Bridge of Sighs" which is the center of the Byronic ideal of Venice; no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveler now passes with breathless interest; the statue which Byron makes Faliero address as of one of his great ancestors was erected to a soldier of fortune a hundred and fifty years after Faliero's death; and the most conspicuous parts of the city have been so entirely altered in the course of the last three centuries, that if Henry Dandolo or Francis Foscari could be summoned from their tombs, and stood each on the deck of his galley at the entrance of the Grand Canal,—that renowned entrance, the painter's favorite subject, the novelist's favorite scene, where the water first narrows by the steps of the Church of La Salute,—the mighty Doges would not know in what spot of the world they stood, would literally not recognize one stone of the great city for whose sake, and by whose ingratitude, their gray hairs had been brought down with bitterness to the grave. The remains of *their* Venice lie hidden behind the cumbrous masses which were the delight of the nation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-grown court

and silent pathway, and lightless canal, where the slow waves have sapped their foundations for five hundred years, and must soon prevail over them forever. It must be our task to glean and gather them forth, and restore out of them some faint image of the lost city, more gorgeous a thousandfold than that which now exists, yet not created in the day-dream of the prince, nor by the ostentation of the noble, but built by iron hands and patient hearts, contending against the adversity of nature and the fury of man; so that its wonderfulness cannot be grasped by the indolence of imagination, but only after frank inquiry into the true nature of that wild and solitary scene whose restless tides and trembling sands did indeed shelter the birth of the city, but long denied her dominion. . . .

The average rise and fall of the tide is about three feet (varying considerably with the seasons); but this fall, on so flat a shore, is enough to cause continual movement in the waters, and in the main canals to produce a reflux which frequently runs like a mill-stream. At high water no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages. There is a channel some three miles wide between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide between it and the sandy breakwater called the Lido, which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic, but which is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean; although the secret of its true position is partly, yet not painfully, betrayed by the clusters of piles set to mark the deep-water channels, which undulate far away in spotty chains like the studded backs of huge sea-snakes, and by the quick glittering of the crisped and crowded waves that flicker and dance before the strong winds upon the unlifted level of the shallow sea. But the scene is widely different at low tide. A fall of eighteen or twenty inches is enough to show ground over the greater part of the lagoon; and at the complete ebb the city is seen standing in the midst of a dark plain of seaweed of gloomy green, except only where the larger branches of the Brenta and its associated streams converge towards the port of the Lido. Through this salt and somber plain the gondola and the fishing-boat advance by tortuous channels, seldom more than four or five feet deep, and often so choked with slime that the heavier keels furrow the bottom till their crossing tracks are seen through the clear sea-water like the ruts upon a wintry road, and the oar leaves blue gashes upon the ground at every stroke, or is entangled among the thick weed that fringes the banks with the weight of its sullen waves, leaning to and fro upon the uncertain sway of the exhausted tide. The scene is often profoundly oppressive, even at this day, when every plot of higher ground bears some fragment of fair building: but in order to know what it was once, let the traveler follow in his boat at evening the windings of some unfrequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the

walls and towers from the islands that are near; and so wait until the bright investiture and sweet warmth of the sunset are withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the night, pathless, comfortless, infirm, lost in dark languor and fearful silence, except where the salt runlets splash into the tideless pools, or the sea-birds flit from their margins with a questioning cry,— and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride; and yet, in the great natural laws that rule that sorrowful wilderness, let it be remembered what strange preparation had been made for the things which no human imagination could have foretold, and how the whole existence and fortune of the Venetian nation were anticipated or compelled, by the setting of those bars and doors to the rivers and the sea. Had deeper currents divided their islands, hostile navies would again and again have reduced the rising city into servitude; had stronger surges beaten their shores, all the richness and refinement of the Venetian architecture must have been exchanged for the walls and bulwarks of an ordinary seaport. Had there been no tide, as in other parts of the Mediterranean, the narrow canals of the city would have become noisome, and the marsh in which it was built pestiferous. Had the tide been only a foot or eighteen inches higher in its rise, the water access to the doors of the palaces would have been impossible: even as it is, there is sometimes a little difficulty, at the ebb, in landing without setting foot upon the lower and slippery steps; and the highest tides sometimes enter the court-yards, and overflow the entrance halls. Eighteen inches more of difference between the level of the flood and ebb would have rendered the doorsteps of every palace, at low water, a treacherous mass of weeds and limpets, and the entire system of water carriage for the higher classes, in their easy and daily intercourse, must have been done away with. The streets of the city would have been widened, its network of canals filled up, and all the peculiar character of the place and the people destroyed.

The reader may perhaps have felt some pain in the contrast between this faithful view of the site of the Venetian Throne, and the romantic conception of it which we ordinarily form; but this pain, if he have felt it, ought to be more than counter-balanced by the value of the instance thus afforded to us at once of the inscrutableness and the wisdom of the ways of God. If, two thousand years ago, we had been permitted to watch the slow settling of the slime of those turbid rivers into the polluted sea, and the gaining upon its deep and fresh waters of the lifeless, impassable, unvoyageable plain, how little could we have understood the purpose with which those islands were shaped out of the void, and the torpid waters inclosed with their desolate walls of sand! How little could we have known, any more than of what now

seems to us most distressful, dark, and objectless, the glorious aim which was then in the mind of Him in whose hand are all the corners of the earth! how little imagined that in the laws which were stretching forth the gloomy margins of those fruitless banks, and feeding the bitter grass among their shallows, there was indeed a preparation, and *the only preparation possible*, for the founding of a city which was to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth, to write her history on the white scrolls of the sea surges, and to word it in their thunder, and to gather and give forth in world-wide pulsation the glory of the West and of the East, from the burning heart of her Fortitude and Splendor.

DESCRIPTION OF ST. MARK'S

From the 'Stones of Venice'

AYARD or two farther we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle: and glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply molded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the Bocca di Piazza, and then we forget them all: for between those pillars there opens a great light, and in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of checkered stones; and on each side the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away; — a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory, — sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and

grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and in the midst of it the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground, through the leaves beside them,—interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones,—jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, “their bluest veins to kiss,”—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life,—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark’s Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars: until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark’s porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendor on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark’s, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats, not “of them that sell doves” for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge and read empty journals; in its center the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march

drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening round them, — a crowd which if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarded children — every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing — gamble and fight and snarl and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised *centesimi* upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and his angels look down upon it continually.

That we may not enter the church out of the midst of the horror of this, let us turn aside under the portico which looks towards the sea, and passing round within the two massive pillars brought from St. Jean d'Acre, we shall find the gate of the Baptistry: let us enter there. The heavy door closes behind us instantly; and the light, and the turbulence of the Piazzetta, are together shut out by it.

We are in a low vaulted room; vaulted not with arches, but with small cupolas starred with gold and checkered with gloomy figures: in the center is a bronze font charged with rich bas-reliefs; a small figure of the Baptist standing above it in a single ray of light, that glances across the narrow room, dying as it falls, from a window high in the wall — and the first thing that it strikes, and the only thing that it strikes brightly, is a tomb. We hardly know if it be a tomb indeed: for it is like a narrow couch set beside the window, low-roofed and curtained; so that it might seem, but that it has some height above the pavement, to have been drawn towards the window, that the sleeper might be wakened early, — only there are two angels who have drawn the curtain back, and are looking down upon him. Let us look also, and thank that gentle light that rests upon his forehead forever, and dies away upon his breast.

The face is of a man in middle life, but there are two deep furrows right across the forehead, dividing it like the foundations of a tower; the height of it above is bound by the fillet of the ducal cap. The rest of the features are singularly small and delicate, the lips sharp, — perhaps the sharpness of death being added to that of the natural lines; but there is a sweet smile upon them, and a deep serenity upon the whole countenance. The roof of the canopy above has been blue, filled with stars; beneath, in the center of the tomb on which the figure rests, is a seated figure of the Virgin, and the border of it all around is of flowers and soft leaves, growing rich and deep as if in a field in summer.

It is the Doge Andrea Dandolo; a man early great among the great of Venice, and early lost. She chose him for her king in his thirty-sixth year; he died ten years later, leaving behind him that history to which we owe half of what we know of her former fortunes.

Look round at the room in which he lies. The floor of it is of rich mosaic,

encompassed by a low seat of red marble; and its walls are of alabaster, but worn and shattered and darkly stained with age, almost a ruin,—in places the slabs of marble have fallen away altogether, and the rugged brickwork is seen through the rents: but all beautiful,—the ravaging fissures fretting their way among the islands and channeled zones of the alabaster, and the time stains on its translucent masses darkened into fields of rich golden brown, like the color of seaweed when the sun strikes on it through deep sea. The light fades away into the recess of the chamber towards the altar, and the eye can hardly trace the lines of the bas-relief behind it of the baptism of Christ: but on the vaulting of the roof the figures are distinct, and there are seen upon it two great circles,—one surrounded by the “principalities and powers in heavenly places,” of which Milton has expressed the ancient division in the single massive line —

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers, —

and around the other the Apostles; Christ the center of both: and upon the walls, again and again repeated, the gaunt figure of the Baptist, in every circumstance of his life and death; and the streams of the Jordan running down between their cloven rocks; the axe laid to the root of a fruitless tree that springs upon their shore. “Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire.” Yes, verily: to be baptized with fire or to be cast therein,—it is the choice set before all men. The march notes still murmur through the grated window, and mingle with the sounding in our ears of the sentence of judgment which the old Greek has written on that Baptistry wall. Venice has made her choice.

He who lies under that stony canopy would have taught her another choice, in his day, if she would have listened to him; but he and his counsels have long been forgotten by her, and the dust lies upon his lips.

Through the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels: the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into an-

other, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal: the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapt round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble,—a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her “Mother of God,”—she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always, burning in the center of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment.

Nor is this interior without effect on the minds of the people. At every hour of the day there are groups collected before the various shrines, and solitary worshipers scattered through the darker places of the church,—evidently in prayer both deep and reverent, and for the most part profoundly sorrowful. The devotees at the greater number of the renowned shrines of Romanism may be seen murmuring their appointed prayers with wandering eyes and unengaged gestures: but the step of the stranger does not disturb those who kneel on the pavement of St. Mark’s; and hardly a moment passes, from early morning to sunset, in which we may not see some half-veiled figure enter beneath the Arabian porch, cast itself into long abasement on the floor of the temple, and then, rising slowly with more confirmed step, and with a passionate kiss and clasp of the arms given to the feet of the crucifix, by which the lamps burn always in the northern aisle, leave the church as if comforted.

But we must not hastily conclude from this that the nobler characters of the building have at present any influence in fostering a devotional spirit. There is distress enough in Venice to bring many to their knees, without excitement from external imagery; and whatever there may be in the temper of the worship offered in St. Mark’s more than can be accounted for by reference to the unhappy circumstances of the city, is assuredly not owing either to the beauty of its architecture or to the impressiveness of the Scripture histories embodied in its mosaics. That it has a peculiar effect, however slight, on the popular mind, may perhaps be safely conjectured from the number of worshipers which it attracts, while the churches of St. Paul and the Frari, larger in size and more central in position, are left comparatively empty. But this effect is altogether to be ascribed to its richer assemblage of those sources

of influence which address themselves to the commonest instincts of the human mind, and which, in all ages and countries, have been more or less employed in the support of superstition. Darkness and mystery; confused recesses of building; artificial light employed in small quantity, but maintained with a constancy which seems to give it a kind of sacredness; preciousness of material easily comprehended by the vulgar eye; close air loaded with a sweet and peculiar odor associated only with religious services, solemn music, and tangible idols or images having popular legends attached to them,—these, the stage properties of superstition, which have been from the beginning of the world, and must be to the end of it, employed by all nations, whether openly savage or nominally civilized, to produce a false awe in minds incapable of apprehending the true nature of the Deity, are assembled in St. Mark's to a degree, as far as I know, unexampled in any other European church. The arts of the Magus and the Brahmin are exhausted in the animation of a paralyzed Christianity; and the popular sentiment which these arts excite is to be regarded by us with no more respect than we should have considered ourselves justified in rendering to the devotion of the worshipers at Eleusis, Ellora, or Edfou.

Indeed, these inferior means of exciting religious emotion were employed in the ancient Church as they are at this day; but not employed alone. Torchlight there was, as there is now; but the torchlight illuminated Scripture histories on the walls, which every eye traced and every heart comprehended, but which, during my whole residence in Venice, I never saw one Venetian regard for an instant. I never heard from anyone the most languid expression of interest in any feature of the church, or perceived the slightest evidence of their understanding the meaning of its architecture; and while therefore the English cathedral, though no longer dedicated to the kind of services for which it was intended by its builders, and much at variance in many of its characters with the temper of the people by whom it is now surrounded, retains yet so much of its religious influence that no prominent feature of its architecture can be said to exist altogether in vain, we have in St. Mark's a building apparently still employed in the ceremonies for which it was designed, and yet of which the impressive attributes have altogether ceased to be comprehended by its votaries. The beauty which it possesses is unfelt, the language it uses is forgotten; and in the midst of the city to whose service it has so long been consecrated, and still filled by crowds of the descendants of those to whom it owes its magnificence, it stands in reality more desolate than the ruins through which the sheep-walk passes unbroken in our English valleys; and the writing on its marble walls is less regarded and less powerful for the teaching of men than the letters which the shepherd follows with his finger, where the moss is lightest on the tombs in the desecrated cloister.

LEAVES MOTIONLESS

From 'Modern Painters'

LEAVES motionless. The strong pines wave above them, and the weak grasses tremble beside them: but the blue stars rest upon the earth with a peace as of heaven; and far along the ridges of iron rock, moveless as they, the rubied crests of Alpine rose flush in the low rays of morning. Nor these yet the stillest leaves. Others there are subdued to a deeper quietness, the mute slaves of the earth, to whom we owe perhaps thanks and tenderness the most profound of all we have to render for the leaf ministries.

It is strange to think of the gradually diminished power and withdrawn freedom among the orders of leaves,—from the sweep of the chestnut and gadding of the vine, down to the close shrinking trefoil and contented daisy, pressed on earth; and at last to the leaves that are not merely close to earth, but themselves a part of it,—fastened down to it by their sides, here and there only a wrinkled edge rising from the granite crystals. We have found beauty in the tree yielding fruit, and in the herb yielding seed. How of the herb yielding *no* seed,¹ the fruitless, flowerless lichen of the rock?

Lichen, and mosses (though these last in their luxuriance are deep and rich as herbage, yet both for the most part humblest of the green things that live),—how of these? Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin,—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green,—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass,—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time; but these do service forever. Trees

¹ The reader must remember always that my work is concerning the *aspects* of things only. Of course a lichen has seeds, just as other plants have; but not effectually or visibly, for man.

for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance: and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest starlike on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

CLOUD-BALANCINGS

From 'Modern Painters'

WE have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for the habitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and insensibility of the earth and the passion and perishing of mankind.

But the heavens also had to be prepared for his habitation.

Between their burning light — their deep vacuity — and man, as between the earth's gloom of iron substance and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being; — which should appease the unendurable glory to the level of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude.

Between earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapor.

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? We had some talk about them long ago, and perhaps thought their nature, though at that time not clear to us, would be easily enough understandable when we put ourselves seriously to make it out. Shall we begin with one or two easiest questions?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation, — why is it so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning, when the sun has

shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks, — why are *they* so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet — and yet, slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone: we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill,—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest, — how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow; nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it, poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire; — how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. The sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening, — what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came? . . .

How is a cloud outlined? Granted whatever you choose to ask, concerning its material or its aspect, its loftiness and luminousness, — how of its limitation? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold is usually shapeless, I suppose; extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have, in the open air, angles and wedges and coils and cliffs of cold. Yet the vapor stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or thrusts itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a brazen bar; or braids itself in and out, and across and across, like a tissue of tapestry; or falls into ripples, like sand; or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On what anvils and wheels is the vapor pointed, twisted, hammered, whirled, as the potter's clay? By what hands is the incense of the sea built up into domes of marble?

TRAFFIC

[A lecture delivered in the Town Hall, Bradford, afterwards included in 'The Crown of Wild Olive']

MY good Yorkshire friends, you asked me down here among your hills that I might talk to you about this Exchange you are going to build: but earnestly and seriously asking you to pardon me, I am going to do nothing of the kind. I cannot talk, or at least can say very little, about this same Exchange. I must talk of quite other things, though not willingly; — I could not deserve your pardon, if when you invited me to speak on one subject, I *wilfully* spoke on another. But I cannot speak, to purpose, of anything about which I do not care; and most simply and sorrowfully I have to tell you, in the outset, that I do *not* care about this Exchange of yours.

If, however, when you sent me your invitation, I had answered, "I won't come, I don't care about the Exchange of Bradford," you would have been justly offended with me, not knowing the reasons of so blunt a carelessness. So I have come down, hoping that you will patiently let me tell you why, on this, and many other such occasions, I now remain silent, when formerly I should have caught at the opportunity of speaking to a gracious audience.

In a word, then, I do not care about this Exchange,—because *you* don't; and because you know perfectly well I cannot make you. Look at the essential conditions of the case, which you, as business men, know perfectly well, though perhaps you think I forget them. You are going to spend £30,000, which to you, collectively, is nothing; the buying a new coat is, as to the cost of it, a much more important matter of consideration to me than building a new Exchange is to you. But you think you may as well have the right thing for your money. You know there are a great many odd styles of architecture about; you don't want to do anything ridiculous; you hear of me, among others, as a respectable architectural man-milliner; and you send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion; and what is, in our shops, for the moment, the newest and sweetest thing in pinnacles.

Now, pardon me for telling you frankly, you cannot have good architecture merely by asking people's advice on occasion. All good architecture is the expression of national life and character; and it is produced by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire for beauty. And I want you to think a little of the deep significance of this word "taste;" for no statement of mine has been more earnestly or oftener controverted than that good taste is essentially a moral quality. "No," say many of my antagonists, "taste is one thing, morality is another. Tell us what is pretty: we shall be glad to know that; but we need no sermons even were you able to preach them, which may be doubted."

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality—it is the ONLY morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, “What do you like?” Tell me what you like, and I’ll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their “taste” is, and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. “You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?” “A pipe and a quartrein of gin.” I know you. “You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?” “A swept hearth and a clean tea-table, and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast.” Good, I know you also. “You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?” “My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths.” “You, little boy with the dirty hands and the low forehead, what do you like?” “A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch farthing.” Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask?

“Nay,” perhaps you answer: “we need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they *do* right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and if they *do* wrong, it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing; and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday School.” Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state when they *have* come to like doing it; and as long as they don’t like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thinking of the bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morning and wine in the evening, each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

But you may answer or think, “Is the liking for outside ornaments,—for pictures, or statues, or furniture, or architecture,—a moral quality?” Yes, most surely, if a rightly set liking. Taste for *any* pictures or statues is not a moral quality, but taste for good ones is. Only here again we have to define the word “good.” I don’t mean by “good,” clever—or learned—or difficult in the doing. Take a picture by Teniers, of sots quarreling over their dice: it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an “unmannered,” or “immoral” quality. It is “bad taste” in the profoundest sense—it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture

of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality — it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in fine art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving is the quality which we call "loveliness" — (we ought to have an opposite word, hateliness, to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

As I was thinking over this, in walking up Fleet Street the other day, my eye caught the title of a book standing open in a bookseller's window. It was — 'On the necessity of the diffusion of taste among all classes.' "Ah," I thought to myself, "my classifying friend, when you have diffused your taste, where will your classes be? The man who likes what you like, belongs to the same class with you, I think. Inevitably so. You may put him to other work if you choose; but, by the condition you have brought him into, he will dislike the other work as much as you would yourself. You get hold of a scavenger, or a costermonger, who enjoyed the Newgate Calendar for literature, and 'Pop goes the Weasel' for music. You think you can make him like Dante and Beethoven? I wish you joy of your lessons; but if you do, you have made a gentleman of him: — he won't like to go back to his costermongering."

And so completely and unexceptionally is this so, that, if I had time to-night, I could show you that a nation cannot be affected by any vice, or weakness, without expressing it, legibly, and forever, either in bad art, or by want of art; and that there is no national virtue, small or great, which is not manifestly expressed in all the art which circumstances enable the people possessing that virtue to produce. Take, for instance, your great English virtue of enduring and patient courage. You have at present in England only one art of any consequence — that is, iron-working. You know thoroughly well how to cast and hammer iron. Now, do you think in those masses of lava which you build volcanic cones to melt, and which you forge at the mouths of the Infernos you have created; do you think, on those iron plates, your courage and endurance are not written forever — not merely with an iron pen, but on iron parchment? And take also your great English vice — European vice — vice of all the world — vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell — the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonor into your wars — that vice which has rendered for you, and for your next neighboring nation, the daily occupations of existence no longer possible, but with the mail upon your breasts and the sword loose in its sheath; so that at last, you have realized for all the multitudes of the two great peoples who

lead the so-called civilization of the earth,— you have realized for them all, I say, in person and in policy, what was once true only of the rough Border riders of your Cheviot hills —

They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred;—

do you think that this national shame and dastardliness of heart are not written as legibly on every rivet of your iron armor as the strength of the right hands that forged it?

Friends, I know not whether this thing be the more ludicrous or the more melancholy. It is quite unspeakably both. Suppose, instead of being now sent for by you, I had been sent for by some private gentleman, living in a suburban house, with his garden separated only by a fruit-wall from his next door neighbor's; and he had called me to consult with him on the furnishing of his drawing room. I begin looking about me, and find the walls rather bare; I think such and such a paper might be desirable — perhaps a little fresco here and there on the ceiling — a damask curtain or so at the windows. "Ah," says my employer, "damask curtains, indeed! That's all very fine, but you know I can't afford that kind of thing just now!" "Yet the world credits you with a splendid income!" "Ah, yes," says my friend, "but do you know, at present, I am obliged to spend it nearly all in steel-traps?" "Steel-traps! for whom?" "Why, for that fellow on the other side of the wall, you know: we're very good friends, but we are obliged to keep our traps set on both sides of the wall; we could not possibly keep on friendly terms without them, and our spring guns. The worst of it is, we are both clever fellows enough; and there's never a day passes that we don't find out a new trap, or a new gun-barrel, or something; we spend about fifteen millions a year each in our traps, take it all together; and I don't see how we're to do with less." A highly comic state of life for two private gentlemen! but for two nations, it seems to me, not wholly comic? Bedlam would be comic, perhaps, if there were only one madman in it; and your Christmas pantomime is comic, when there is only one clown in it; but when the whole world turns clown, and paints itself red with its own heart's blood instead of vermillion, it is something else than comic, I think.

Mind, I know a great deal of this is play, and willingly allow for that. You don't know what to do with yourselves for a sensation: fox-hunting and cricketing will not carry you through the whole of this unendurably long mortal life: you liked pop-guns when you were schoolboys, and rifles and Armstrongs are only the same things better made: but then the worst of it is, that what was play to you when boys, was not play to the sparrows; and what is play to you now, is not play to the small birds of State neither; and for

the black eagles, you are somewhat shy of taking shots at them, if I mistake not.

I must get back to the matter in hand, however. Believe me, without farther instance, I could show you, in all time, that every nation's vice, or virtue, was written in its art: the soldiership of early Greece; the sensuality of late Italy; the visionary religion of Tuscany; the splendid human energy and beauty of Venice. I have no time to do this tonight (I have done it elsewhere before now); but I proceed to apply the principle to ourselves in a more searching manner.

I notice that among all the new buildings which cover your once wild hills, churches and schools are mixed in due, that is to say, in large proportion, with your mills and mansions; and I notice also that the churches and schools are almost always Gothic, and the mansions and mills are never Gothic. Will you allow me to ask precisely the meaning of this? For, remember, it is peculiarly a modern phenomenon. When Gothic was invented, houses were Gothic as well as churches; and when the Italian style superseded the Gothic, churches were Italian as well as houses. If there is a Gothic spire to the cathedral of Antwerp, there is a Gothic belfry to the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels; if Inigo Jones builds an Italian Whitehall, Sir Christopher Wren builds an Italian St. Paul's. But now you live under one school of architecture, and worship under another. What do you mean by doing this? Am I to understand that you are thinking of changing your architecture back to Gothic; and that you treat your churches experimentally, because it does not matter what mistakes you make in a church? Or am I to understand that you consider Gothic a pre-eminently sacred and beautiful mode of building, which you think, like the fine frankincense, should be mixed for the tabernacle only, and reserved for your religious services? For if this be the feeling, though it may seem at first as if it were graceful and reverent, at the root of the matter, it signifies neither more nor less than that you have separated your religion from your life.

For consider what a wide significance this fact has; and remember that it is not you only, but all the people of England, who are behaving thus just now.

You have all got into the habit of calling the church "the house of God." I have seen, over the doors of many churches, the legend actually carved, "*This is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.*" Now, note where that legend comes from, and of what place it was first spoken. A boy leaves his father's house to go on a long journey on foot, to visit his uncle; he has to cross a wild hill-desert; just as if one of your own boys had to cross the wolds to visit an uncle at Carlisle. The second or third day your boy finds himself somewhere between Hawes and Brough, in the midst of the moors, at sunset. It is stony ground, and boggy; he cannot go one foot farther that night. Down he lies, to sleep, on Wharnside, where best he may, gathering a few of the stones together to put under his head; — so wild the place is, he cannot get anything but stones. And there, lying under the broad night, he

has a dream; and he sees a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaches to heaven, and the angels of God are seen ascending and descending upon it. And when he wakes out of his sleep, he says, "How dreadful is this place; surely, this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." This *PLACE*, observe; not this church; not this city; not this stone, even, which he puts up for a memorial — the piece of flint on which his head has lain. But this *place*; this windy slope of Wharnside; this moorland hollow, torrent-bitten, snow-blighted; this *any* place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to know where that will be? or how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it always? Do you know where the lightning is to fall next? You *do* know that, partly; you can guide the lightning; but you cannot guide the going forth of the Spirit, which is as that lightning when it shines from the east to the west.

But the perpetual and insolent warping of that strong verse to serve a merely ecclesiastical purpose, is only one of the thousand instances in which we sink back into gross Judaism. We call our churches "temples." Now, you know perfectly well they are *not* temples. They have never had, never can have, anything whatever to do with temples. They are "synagogues" — "gathering places" — where you gather yourselves together as an assembly; and by not calling them so, you again miss the force of another mighty text — "Thou, when thou prayest, shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the *churches*" (we would translate it), "that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father," — which is, not in chancel nor in aisle, but "*in secret*."

Now, you feel, as I say this to you — I know you feel — as if I were trying to take away the honor of your churches. Not so; I am trying to prove to you the honor of your houses and your hills; not that the Church is not sacred — but that the whole Earth is. I would have you feel, what careless, what constant, what infectious sin there is in all modes of thought, whereby, in calling your churches only "*holy*," you call your hearths and homes "*profane*"; and have separated yourselves from the heathen by casting all your household gods to the ground, instead of recognizing, in the place of their many and feeble Lares, the presence of your One and Mighty Lord and Lar.

"But what has all this to do with our Exchange?" you ask me, impatiently. My dear friends, it has just everything to do with it; on these inner and great questions depend all the outer and little ones; and if you have asked me down here to speak to you, because you had before been interested in anything I have written, you must know that all I have yet said about architecture was to show this. The book I called '*The Seven Lamps*' was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced. '*The Stones of Venice*' had, from beginning to end, no other aim than to show that the Gothic

architecture of Venice had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith, and of domestic virtue; and that its Renaissance architecture had arisen out of, and in all its features indicated, a state of concealed national infidelity, and of domestic corruption. And now, you ask me what style is best to build in; and how can I answer, knowing the meaning of the two styles, but by another question — do you mean to build as Christians or as Infidels? And still more — do you mean to build as honest Christians or as honest Infidels? as thoroughly and confessedly either one or the other? You don't like to be asked such rude questions. I cannot help it; they are of much more importance than this Exchange business; and if they can be at once answered, the Exchange business settles itself in a moment. But, before I press them farther, I must ask leave to explain one point clearly.

In all my past work, my endeavor has been to show that good architecture is essentially religious — the production of a faithful and virtuous, not of an infidel and corrupted people. But in the course of doing this, I have had also to show that good architecture is not *ecclesiastical*. People are so apt to look upon religion as the business of the clergy, not their own, that the moment they hear of anything depending on "religion," they think it must also have depended on the priesthood; and I have had to take what place was to be occupied between these two errors, and fight both, often with seeming contradiction. Good architecture is the work of good and believing men; therefore, you say, at least some people say, "Good architecture must essentially have been the work of the clergy, not of the laity." No — a thousand times no; good architecture² has always been the work of the commonalty, *not* of the clergy. What, you say, those glorious cathedrals — the pride of Europe — did their builders not form Gothic architecture? No; they corrupted Gothic architecture. Gothic was formed in the baron's castle, and the burgher's street. It was formed by the thoughts, and hands, and powers of free citizens and warrior kings. By the monk it was used as an instrument for the aid of his superstition; when that superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts of Europe vainly dreamed and pined in the cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade — through that fury of perverted faith and wasted war, the Gothic rose also to its loveliest, most fantastic, and, finally, most foolish dreams; and, in those dreams, was lost.

I hope, now, that there is no risk of your misunderstanding me when I come to the gist of what I want to say tonight; — when I repeat, that every great national architecture has been the result and exponent of a great national religion. You can't have bits of it here, bits there — you must have it everywhere, or nowhere. It is not the monopoly of a clerical company — it is not the exponent of a theological dogma — it is not the hieroglyphic writing of an initiated priesthood; it is the manly language of a people inspired by resolute

² And all other arts, for the most part; even of incredulous and secularly-minded commonalties.

and common purpose, and rendering resolute and common fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God.

Now, there have as yet been three distinct schools of European architecture. I say, European, because Asiatic and African architectures belong so entirely to other races and climates, that there is no question of them here; only, in passing, I will simply assure you that whatever is good or great in Egypt, and Syria, and India, is just good or great for the same reasons as the buildings on our side of the Bosphorus. We Europeans, then, have had three great religions: the Greek, which was the worship of the God of Wisdom and Power; the Medieval, which was the Worship of the God of Judgment and Consolation; the Renaissance, which was the worship of the God of Pride and Beauty; these three we have had — they are past, — and now, at last, we English have got a fourth religion, and a God of our own, about which I want to ask you. But I must explain these three old ones first.

I repeat, first, the Greeks essentially worshiped the God of Wisdom; so that whatever contended against their religion, — to the Jews a stumbling block, — was, to the Greeks — *Foolishness*.

The first Greek idea of Deity was that expressed in the word, of which we keep the remnant in our words "*Di-urnal*" and "*Di-vine*" — the god of *Day*, Jupiter the revealer. Athena is his daughter, but especially daughter of the Intellect, springing armed from the head. We are only with the help of recent investigation beginning to penetrate the depth of meaning couched under the Atheniac symbols: but I may note rapidly, that her ægis, the mantle with the serpent fringes, in which she often, in the best statues, is represented as folding up her left hand for better guard, and the Gorgon on her shield, are both representative mainly of the chilling horror and sadness (turning men to stone, as it were,) of the outmost and superficial spheres of knowledge — that knowledge which separates, in bitterness, hardness, and sorrow, the heart of the full-grown man from the heart of the child. For out of imperfect knowledge spring terror, dissension, danger, and disdain; but from perfect knowledge, given by the full-revealed Athena, strength and peace, in sign of which she is crowned with the olive spray, and bears the resistless spear.

This, then, was the Greek conception of purest Deity, and every habit of life, and every form of his art developed themselves from the seeking this bright, serene, resistless wisdom; and setting himself, as a man, to do things evermore rightly and strongly;³ not with any ardent affection or ultimate

³ It is an error to suppose that the Greek worship, or seeking, was chiefly of Beauty. It was essentially of Rightness and Strength, founded on Forethought: the principal character of Greek art is not Beauty, but design: and the Dorian Apollo-worship and Athenian Virgin-worship are both expressions of adoration of divine Wisdom and Purity. Next to these great deities rank, in power over the national mind, Dionysus and Ceres, the givers of human strength and life: then, for heroic example, Hercules. There is no Venus-worship among the Greeks in the great times: and the Muses are essentially teachers of Truth, and of its harmonies. Compare Aratra Pentelici, § 200.

hope; but with a resolute and continent energy of will, as knowing that for failure there was no consolation, and for sin there was no remission. And the Greek architecture rose unerring, bright, clearly defined, and self-contained.

Next followed in Europe the great Christian faith, which was essentially the religion of Comfort. Its great doctrine is the remission of sins; for which cause it happens, too often, in certain phases of Christianity, that sin and sickness themselves are partly glorified, as if, the more you had to be healed of, the more divine was the healing. The practical result of this doctrine, in art, is a continual contemplation of sin and disease, and of imaginary states of purification from them; thus we have an architecture conceived in a mingled sentiment of melancholy and aspiration, partly severe, partly luxuriant, which will bend itself to everyone of our needs, and everyone of our fancies, and be strong or weak with us, as we are strong or weak ourselves. It is, of all architecture, the basest, when base people build it — of all, the noblest, when built by the noble.

And now note that both these religions — Greek and Medieval — perished by falsehood in their own main purpose. The Greek religion of Wisdom perished in a false philosophy — “Oppositions of science, falsely so-called.” The Medieval religion of Consolation perished in false comfort; in remission of sins given lyingly. It was the selling of absolution that ended the Medieval faith; and I can tell you more, it is the selling of absolution which, to the end of time, will mark false Christianity. Pure Christianity gives her remission of sins only by *ending* them; but false Christianity gets her remission of sins by *compounding* for them. And there are many ways of compounding for them. We English have beautiful little quiet ways of buying absolution, whether in low Church, or high, far more cunning than any of Tetzel’s trading.

Then, thirdly, there followed the religion of Pleasure, in which all Europe gave itself to luxury, ending in death. First, *bals masqués* in every saloon, and then guillotines in every square. And all these three worships issue in vast temple building. Your Greek worshiped Wisdom, and built you the Parthenon — the Virgin’s temple. The Medieval worshiped Consolation, and built you Virgin temples also — but to our Lady of Salvation. Then the Revivalist worshiped beauty, of a sort, and built you Versailles, and the Vatican. Now, lastly, will you tell me what *we* worship, and what *we* build?

You know we are speaking always of the real, active, continual, national worship; that by which men act while they live; not that which they talk of when they die. Now, we have, indeed, a nominal religion, to which we pay tithes of property and sevenths of time; but we have also a practical and earnest religion, to which we devote nine-tenths of our property and six-sevenths of our time. And we dispute a great deal about the nominal religion; but we are all unanimous about this practical one, of which I think you will admit that the ruling goddess may be best generally described as the “God-

dess of Getting-on," or "Britannia of the Market." The Athenians had an "Athena Agoraia," or Athena of the Market; but she was a subordinate type of their goddess, while our Britannia Agoraia is the principal type of ours. And all your great architectural works, are, of course, built to her. It is long since you built a great cathedral; and how you would laugh at me, if I proposed building a cathedral on the top of one of these hills of yours, to make it an Acropolis! But your railroad mounds, vaster than the walls of Babylon; your railroad stations, vaster than the temple of Ephesus, and innumerable; your chimneys how much more mighty and costly than cathedral spires! your harbor piers; your warehouses; your Exchanges! — all these are built to your great Goddess of "Getting-on"; and she has formed, and will continue to form, your architecture, as long as you worship her; and it is quite vain to ask me to tell you how to build to *her*; you know far better than I.

There might indeed, on some theories, be a conceivably good architecture for Exchanges — that is to say, if there were any heroism in the fact or deed of exchange, which might be typically carved on the outside of your building. For, you know, all beautiful architecture must be adorned with sculpture or painting; and for sculpture or painting, you must have a subject. And hitherto it has been a received opinion among the nations of the world that the only right subjects for either, were *heroisms* of some sort. Even on his pots and his flagons, the Greek put a Hercules slaying lions, or an Apollo slaying serpents, or Bacchus slaying melancholy giants, and earthborn despontencies. On his temples, the Greek put contests of great warriors in founding states, or of gods with evil spirits. On his houses and temples alike, the Christian put carvings of angels conquering devils; or of hero-martyrs exchanging this world for another; subjects inappropriate, I think, to our direction of exchange here. And the Master of Christians not only left his followers without any orders as to the sculpture of affairs of exchange on the outside of buildings, but gave some strong evidence of his dislike of affairs of exchange within them. And yet there might surely be a heroism in such affairs; and all commerce become a kind of selling of doves, not impious. The wonder has always been great to me that heroism has never been supposed to be in anywise consistent with the practice of supplying people with food, or clothes; but rather with that of quartering one's self upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armor is a heroic deed in all ages; but the selling of clothes, old or new, has never taken any color of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base business, even when engaged in on a large scale. If one could contrive to attach the notion of conquest to them anyhow! so that, supposing there were anywhere an obstinate race, who refused to be comforted, one might take some pride in giving them compulsory comfort!⁴ and as it were,

⁴ Quite serious, all this, though it reads like jest.

"occupying a country" with one's gifts, instead of one's armies? If one could only consider it as much a victory to get a barren field sown as to get an eared field stripped; and contend who should build villages, instead of who should "carry" them! Are not all forms of heroism conceivable in doing these serviceable deeds? You doubt who is strongest? It might be ascertained by push of spade, as well as push of sword. Who is wisest? There are witty things to be thought of in planning other business than campaigns. Who is bravest? There are always the elements to fight with, stronger than men; and nearly as merciless.

The only absolutely and unapproachably heroic element in the soldier's work seems to be — that he is paid little for it — and regularly: while you traffickers, and exchangers, and others occupied in presumably benevolent business, like to be paid much for it — and by chance. I never can make out how it is that a *knight-errant* does not expect to be paid for his trouble, but a *peddler-errant* always does; — that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribbons cheap; — that they are ready to go on fervent crusades to recover the tomb of a buried God, but never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living one; — that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it, and are perfectly ready to give the Gospel gratis, but never the loaves and fishes.⁵

If you choose to take the matter up on any such soldierly principle, to do your commerce, and your feeding of nations, for fixed salaries; and to be as particular about giving people the best food, and the best cloth, as soldiers are about giving them the best gunpowder, I could carve something for you on your Exchange worth looking at. But I can only at present suggest decorating its frieze with pendent purses; and making its pillars broad at the base, for the sticking of bills. And in the innermost chambers of it there might be a statue of Britannia of the Market, who may have, perhaps advisably, a partridge for her crest, typical at once of her courage in fighting for noble ideas, and of her interest in game; and round its neck the inscription in golden letters, *Perdix fovit quae non peperit*.⁶ Then, for her spear, she might have a weaver's beam; and on her shield, instead of St. George's Cross, the Milanese boar, semi-fleeced, with the town of Gennesaret proper, in the field, and the legend "In the best market,"⁷ and her corselet, of leather, folded over her heart in the shape of a purse, with thirty slits in it for a piece of money to go in at, on each day of the month. And I doubt not but that people would come to see your Exchange, and its goddess, with applause.

⁵ Please think over this paragraph, too briefly and antithetically put, but one of those which I am happiest in having written.

⁶ Jerem. xvii. 11 (best in Septuagint and Vulgate). 'As the partridge, fostering what she brought not forth, so he that getteth riches not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.'

⁷ Meaning fully, "We have brought our pigs to it."

Nevertheless, I want to point out to you certain strange characters in this goddess of yours. She differs from the great Greek and Medieval deities essentially in two things — first, as to the continuance of her presumed power; secondly, as to the extent of it.

Ist, as to the Continuance.

The Greek Goddess of Wisdom gave continual increase of wisdom, as the Christian Spirit of Comfort (or Comforter) continual increase of comfort. There was no question, with these, of any limit or cessation of function. But with your Agora Goddess, that is just the most important question. Getting on—but where to? Gathering together—but how much? Do you mean to gather always—never to spend? If so, I wish you joy of your goddess, for I am just as well off as you, without the trouble of worshiping her at all. But if you do not spend, somebody else will—somebody else must. And it is because of this (among many other such errors) that I have fearlessly declared your so-called science of Political Economy to be no science; because, namely, it has omitted the study of exactly the most important branch of the business—the study of *spending*. For spend you must, and as much as you make, ultimately. You gather corn:—will you bury England under a heap of grain; or will you, when you have gathered, finally eat? You gather gold:—will you make your house-roofs of it, or pave your streets with it? That is still one way of spending it. But if you keep it, that you may get more, I'll give you more; I'll give you all the gold you want—all you can imagine—if you can tell me what you'll do with it. You shall have thousands of gold pieces;—thousands of thousands—millions—mountains, of gold: where will you keep them? Will you put an Olympus of silver upon a golden Pelion—make Ossa like a wart? Do you think the rain and dew would then come down to you, in the streams from such mountains, more blessedly than they will down the mountains which God has made for you, of moss and whinstone? But it is not gold that you want to gather! What is it? greenbacks? No; not those neither. What is it then—is it ciphers after a capital I? Cannot you practise writing ciphers, and write as many as you want? Write ciphers for an hour every morning, in a big book, and say every evening, I am worth all those naughts more than I was yesterday. Won't that do? Well, what in the name of Plutus is it you want? Not gold, not greenbacks, not ciphers after a capital I? You will have to answer, after all, 'No; we want, somehow or other, money's *worth*.' Well, what is that? Let your Goddess of Getting-on discover it, and let her learn to stay therein.

II. But there is yet another question to be asked respecting this Goddess of Getting-on. The first was of the continuance of her power; the second is of its extent.

Pallas and the Madonna were supposed to be all the world's Pallas, and all the world's Madonna. They could teach all men, and they could comfort all men. But, look strictly into the nature of the power of your Goddess of

Getting-on; and you will find she is the Goddess — not of everybody's getting on — but only of somebody's getting on. This is a vital, or rather deathful, distinction. Examine it in your own ideal of the state of national life which this Goddess is to evoke and maintain. I asked you what it was, when I was last here;⁸ — you have never told me. Now, shall I try to tell you?

Your ideal of human life then is, I think, that it should be passed in a pleasant undulating world, with iron and coal everywhere underneath it. On each pleasant bank of this world is to be a beautiful mansion, with two wings; and stables, and coach-houses; a moderately sized park; a large garden and hot-houses; and pleasant carriage drives through the shrubberies. In this mansion are to live the favored votaries of the Goddess; the English gentleman, with his gracious wife, and his beautiful family; always able to have the boudoir and the jewels for the wife, and the beautiful ball dresses for the daughters, and hunters for the sons, and a shooting in the Highlands for himself. At the bottom of the bank, is to be the mill; not less than a quarter of a mile long, with a steam engine at each end, and two in the middle, and a chimney three hundred feet high. In this mill are to be in constant employment from eight hundred to a thousand workers, who never drink, never strike, always go to church on Sunday, and always express themselves in respectful language.

Is not that, broadly, and in the main features, the kind of thing you propose to yourselves? It is very pretty indeed, seen from above; not at all so pretty, seen from below. For, observe, while to one family this deity is indeed the Goddess of Getting-on, to a thousand families she is the Goddess of *not* Getting-on. 'Nay,' you say, 'they have all their chance.' Yes, so has everyone in a lottery, but there must always be the same number of blanks. 'Ah! but in a lottery it is not skill and intelligence which take the lead, but blind chance.' What then! do you think the old practice, that 'they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can,' is less iniquitous, when the power has become power of brains instead of fist? and that, though we may not take advantage of a child's or a woman's weakness, we may of a man's foolishness? 'Nay, but finally, work must be done, and someone must be at the top, someone at the bottom.' Granted, my friends. Work must always be, and captains of work must always be; and if you in the least remember the tone of any of my writings, you must know that they are thought unfit for this age, because they are always insisting on need of government, and speaking with scorn of liberty. But I beg you to observe that there is a wide difference between being captains or governors of work, and taking the profits of it. It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins (if it fight for treasure or land); neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the

⁸ 'The Two Paths,' p. 115 (small edition), and p. 99 of vol. x of the 'Revised Series of the Entire Works.'

profits of the nation's work. Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably by their doing quite the reverse of this,—by their taking the least possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real kinghood so infallible as that. Does the crowned creature live simply, bravely, unostentatiously? probably he *is* a King. Does he cover his body with jewels, and his table with delicacies? in all probability he is *not* a King. It is possible he may be, as Solomon was; but that is when the nation shares his splendor with him. Solomon made gold, not only to be in his own palace as stones, but to be in Jerusalem as stones. But even so, for the most part, these splendid kinghoods expire in ruin, and only the true kinghoods live, which are of royal laborers governing loyal laborers; who, both leading rough lives, establish the true dynasties. Conclusively you will find that because you are king of a nation, it does not follow that you are to gather for yourself all the wealth of that nation; neither, because you are king of a small part of the nation, and lord over the means of its maintenance — over field, or mill, or mine, — are you to take all the produce of that piece of the foundation of national existence for yourself.

You will tell me I need not preach against these things, for I cannot mend them. No, good friends, I cannot; but you can, and you will; or something else can and will. Even good things have no abiding power — and shall these evil things persist in victorious evil? All history shows, on the contrary, that to be the exact thing they never can do. Change *must* come; but it is ours to determine whether change of growth, or change of death. Shall the Parthenon be in ruins on its rock, and Bolton priory in its meadow, but these mills of yours be the consummation of the buildings of the earth, and their wheels be as the wheels of eternity? Think you that 'men may come, and men may go,' but — mills — go on forever? Not so; out of these, better or worse shall come; and it is for you to choose which.

I know that none of this wrong is done with deliberate purpose. I know, on the contrary, that you wish your workmen well; that you do much for them, and that you desire to do more for them, if you saw your way to such benevolence safely. I know that even all this wrong and misery are brought about by a warped sense of duty, each of you striving to do his best; but unhappily, not knowing for whom this best should be done. And all our hearts have been betrayed by the plausible impiety of the modern economist, that 'To do the best for yourself, is finally to do the best for others.' Friends, our great Master said not so; and most absolutely we shall find this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others, is finally to do the best for ourselves; but it will not do to have our eyes fixed on that issue. The Pagans had got beyond that. Hear what a Pagan says of this matter; hear what were, perhaps, the last written words of Plato,— if not the last actually written (for this we cannot know), yet assuredly in fact and power his parting words — in which, endeavoring to give full crowning and harmonious close to all his thoughts,

and to speak the sum of them by the imagined sentence of the Great Spirit, his strength and his heart fail him, and the words cease, broken off forever.

They are at the close of the dialogue called 'Critias,' in which he describes, partly from real tradition, partly in ideal dream, the early state of Athens; and the genesis, and order, and religion, of the fabled isle of Atlantis; in which genesis he conceives the same first perfection and final degeneracy of man, which in our own Scriptural tradition is expressed by saying that the Sons of God intermarried with the daughters of men, for he supposes the earliest race to have been indeed the children of God; and to have corrupted themselves, until 'their spot was not the spot of his children.' And this, he says, was the end; that indeed 'through many generations, so long as the God's nature in them yet was full, they were submissive to the sacred laws, and carried themselves lovingly to all that had kindred with them in divineness; for their uttermost spirit was faithful and true, and in every wise great; so that, in *all meekness of wisdom, they dealt with each other*, and took all the chances of life; and despising all things except virtue, they cared little what happened day by day, and *bore lightly the burden of gold and of possessions*; for they saw that, if *only their common love and virtue increased, all these things would be increased together with them*; but to set their esteem and ardent pursuit upon material possession would be to lose that first, and their virtue and affection together with it. And by such reasoning, and what of the divine nature remained in them, they gained all this greatness of which we have already told; but when the God's part of them faded and became extinct, being mixed again and again, and effaced by the prevalent mortality; and the human nature at last exceeded, they then became unable to endure the courses of fortune; and fell into shapelessness of life, and baseness in the sight of him who could see, having lost everything that was fairest of their honor; while to the blind hearts which could not discern the true life, tending to happiness, it seemed that they were then chiefly noble and happy, being filled with all iniquity of inordinate possession and power. Whereupon, the God of gods, whose Kinghood is in laws, beholding a once just nation thus cast into misery, and desiring to lay such punishment upon them as might make them repent into restraining, gathered together all the gods into his dwelling-place, which from heaven's center overlooks whatever has part in creation; and having assembled them, he said' —

The rest is silence. Last words of the chief wisdom of the heathen, spoken of this idol of riches; this idol of yours; this golden image high by measureless cubits, set up where your green fields of England are furnace-burnt into the likeness of the plain of Dura: this idol, forbidden to us, first of all idols, by our own Master and faith; forbidden to us also by every human lip that has ever, in any age or people, been accounted of as able to speak according to the purposes of God. Continue to make that forbidden deity your principal one, and soon no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible.

Catastrophe will come; or worse than catastrophe, slow moldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for — life good for all men as for yourselves — if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace;⁹ — then, and so sanctifying wealth into ‘commonwealth,’ all your art, your literature, your daily labors, your domestic affection, and citizen’s duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony. You will know then how to build, well enough; you will build with stone well, but with flesh better; temples not made with hands, but riveted of hearts; and that kind of marble, crimson-veined, is indeed eternal.

⁹ I imagine the Hebrew chant merely intends passionate repetition, and not a distinction of this somewhat fanciful kind; yet we may profitably make it in reading the English.

JOHN STUART MILL

THE life of John Stuart Mill is in several particulars one of the most remarkable of which we have any record; and it can scarcely be an exaggeration to call his Autobiography — in which we find presented in simple, straightforward style the main features of his life — a wonderful book. Heredity, environment, and education are the principal forces working upon our original powers and making us what we become. It may be said that John Stuart Mill was favored with respect to each one of these three forces. His father was a philosopher and historian of merit and repute. His environment naturally brought him into close relations with the most distinguished men of his day, even in early youth; and his education, conducted by his father, was an experiment both unique and marvelous.

John Stuart Mill was born in London, May 20, 1806. His father, James Mill, was a Scotchman, who four years before the birth of his son John Stuart had moved to London. When his son was thirteen years old, James Mill received an appointment at the India House, in which he finally rose to the remunerative position of Head Examiner. John Stuart Mill had just begun his eighteenth year, when on May 21, 1823, he entered the India House as junior clerk; where he remained, rising also to the position of Head Examiner, until the extinction of the East India Company and the transfer of India to the Crown, in 1858. Both of the Mills were thus associated with India in their practical activities, and one of James Mill's principal works was a 'History of British India.' Two other works by the father must be mentioned, because they both exercised important influence upon the intellectual development and the opinions of the son; viz., the 'Elements of Political Economy' and the 'Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind.'

James Mill decided what he wished his son to become, and began to train him for his destined career almost from infancy. In his Autobiography, John Stuart Mill says that he cannot remember the time when he began the study of Greek, but he was told that it was when he was three years of age. He could only faintly remember reading *Æsop's Fables*, his first Greek book. When he was eight, among other authors he had read the whole of Herodotus, the 'Cyropædia' and 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon, and six Dialogues of Plato. At the age of eight he began the study of Latin, and had read more than most college students have in their college course when he was twelve years old. Besides this he had read a marvelous amount of history. It was at the age of thirteen that he began a complete course in political economy under his father's instruction. James Mill lectured to his son during their daily

walks; and then the son wrote out an account of the lectures, which was read to his father and criticized by him. The lad was compelled to rewrite his notes again and again until they were satisfactory. These notes were used in the preparation of James Mill's 'Elements of Political Economy'; a work which was intended to present, in the form of a school-book, the principles of his friend Ricardo. Ricardo's writings and Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' were carefully studied under the father's tuition. The son was questioned, and difficulties were not explained until he had done his best to solve them himself.

An important event in Mill's education was a year spent in France, in the house of Sir Samuel Bentham, a brother of the English philosopher and jurist Jeremy Bentham, who was a friend both of father and son. While in France he acquired the French language, and gained an interest in French affairs which he never lost. He also enjoyed the beautiful mountain scenery which he visited while on the Continent. While in Paris, on his way to Sir Samuel Bentham's, he spent nine days in the house of the French political economist Jean Baptiste Say, a distinguished French disciple of Adam Smith. Mill returned to England in 1821, at the age of fifteen, and then began the study of Roman and English law. He began his writing for the press at the age of sixteen; and the day after he was seventeen, as we have seen, he entered upon a service of nearly forty years in the India House.

There has been considerable controversy about the value of the education which he received in his early years, and also about the disadvantages which attended his father's methods of instruction. John Stuart Mill himself states, and with apparent regret, that he had no real boyhood. But he does feel that otherwise his education was a success, and gave him the advantage of starting a quarter of a century ahead of his contemporaries. The following words are found in his Autobiography: —

"In the course of the instruction which I have partially retraced, the point most superficially apparent is the great effort to give, during the years of childhood, an amount of knowledge in what are considered the higher branches of education, which is seldom acquired (if acquired at all) until the age of manhood. The result of the experiment shows the ease with which this may be done, and places in a strong light the wretched waste of so many precious years as are spent in acquiring the modicum of Latin and Greek commonly taught to schoolboys; a waste which has led so many educational reformers to entertain the ill-judged proposal of discarding these languages altogether from general education. If I had been by nature extremely quick of apprehension, or had possessed a very accurate and retentive memory, or were of a remarkably active and energetic character, the trial would not be conclusive: but in all these natural gifts I am rather below than above par, — what I could do, could assuredly be done by any boy or girl of average capacity and healthy physical constitution; and if I have accomplished anything,

I owe it, among other fortunate circumstances, to the fact that through the early training bestowed on me by my father, I started, I may fairly say, with an advantage of a quarter of a century over my contemporaries."

We are quite safe in calling in question at least the statement that what John Stuart Mill did could be done by any boy or girl of "average capacity and healthy physical constitution." It may be well to quote in this connection Mill's statement about the impression produced upon him by a perusal of Dumont's '*Traité de Législation*' (*Treatise on Legislation*), which contained an exposition of the principal speculations of Jeremy Bentham: —

"The reading of this book was an epoch in my life, one of the turning-points in my mental history. My previous education had been, in a certain sense, already a course of Benthamism. The Benthamic standard of the 'greatest happiness' was that which I had always been taught to apply; I was even familiar with an abstract discussion of it, forming an episode in an unpublished dialogue on 'Government,' written by my father on the Platonic model. Yet in the first pages of Bentham it burst upon me with all the force of novelty. What thus impressed me was the chapter in which Bentham passed judgment on the common modes of reasoning in morals and legislation, deduced from phrases like 'law of nature,' 'right reason,' 'the moral sense,' 'natural rectitude,' and the like; and characterized them as dogmatism in disguise, imposing its sentiments upon others under cover of sounding expressions which convey no reason for the sentiment, but set up the sentiment as its own reason. It had not struck me before, that Bentham's principle put an end to all this. The feeling rushed upon me that all previous moralists were superseded, and that here indeed was the commencement of a new era in thought. . . . When I laid down the last volume of the '*Traité*,' I had become a different being."

All this, and much more like it, proceeded from a youth of fifteen! Assuredly his native powers were extraordinary.

Among the men with whom Mill came in contact, and who influenced him, may be mentioned Ricardo, Bentham, Grote the historian, John Austin, Macaulay, Frederick Denison Maurice, and John Sterling.

Even in so brief a sketch of John Stuart Mill as the present, mention must not fail to be made of Mill's remarkable attachment to his wife, Mrs. John Taylor, whom he married in 1851, but with whom he had already enjoyed many years of devoted and helpful friendship. Mill's demeanor in general society seems to have been cold, and perhaps almost frigid. Mention is made of his "icy reserve"; but no youth could surpass him in the ardor of his love for his wife, or in the warmth with which he expressed it. His exaggerated statements about her have brought upon him a certain reproach; and his entire relation to his wife, both before and after marriage, forms one of the strangest

passages in his remarkable career. Mrs. Mill does not appear to have impressed others with whom she came in contact very strongly; but he speaks of her "all-but unrivaled wisdom."

Mill was once elected a Member of Parliament; but his career in the House was not especially remarkable, although he appears to have made a strong impression upon Gladstone, who dubbed him the "Saint of Rationalism." "He did us all good," writes the statesman.

Mill's moral worth and elevation of character impressed all who knew him. Herbert Spencer speaks of his generosity as "almost romantic"; and his entire life was one of singular devotion to the improvement of mankind, which was with him quite as strong a passion as with Adam Smith.

Mill's intellectual activity was remarkable on account of the various fields to which it extended. He was a specialist of distinction in logic and mental philosophy generally, in moral science, in political philosophy, in political economy, and in social philosophy — of which his political economy was only a part. While attaining high rank in each one of these fields, his interests were so broad that he avoided the dangers of narrow specialism. His interests even extended beyond the humanities; for he was an enthusiastic botanist, and even contributed botanical articles to scientific magazines.

Mill took immense pains in the preparation of all his works, and also in their composition; with the result that whatever he wrote became literature. Taine in his 'History of English Literature' devotes forty pages to the 'Logic'; and the 'Political Economy' is perhaps the only economic treatise which deserves to rank as literature.

Mill's first great work was his treatise on logic, which bears the title, 'A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive: Being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation.' This was published in 1843. Along with this work should be mentioned his 'Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy and the Principal Philosophical Questions Discussed in his Writings,' although this did not appear until 1865. These two works, together with his father's 'Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind,' edited by him in 1869, give a view of his philosophy. He belongs to the school of Locke, Hartley, and Hume. Individual experience is the foundation upon which he builds his system of knowledge. The connecting principle binding together what individual experience has given is the principle of association. Innate ideas and *a priori* reason — in fact, all knowledge antecedent and prior to experience — are rejected.

The fearlessness and consistency with which Mill bases all knowledge upon individual experience cannot fail to excite a certain admiration even in those who differ widely with him. He will not acknowledge the universality of causation, but thinks it quite possible that in regions beyond our experience things may happen at random. These are the words in which he expresses this doctrine: —

"I am convinced that anyone accustomed to abstraction and analysis, who will fairly exert his faculties for the purpose, will, when his imagination has once learnt to entertain the notion, find no difficulty in conceiving that in some one, for instance, of the many firmaments into which sidereal astronomy now divides the universe, events may succeed one another at random without any fixed law; nor can anything in our experience, or in our mental nature, constitute a sufficient — or indeed any — reason for believing that this is nowhere the case."

Mill's 'Logic' has in all countries a high reputation, and must take its rank among the great treatises on logic of all times. He is frequently called the founder of the inductive logic, so great was the contribution which he made in his treatment of induction.

In his political philosophy he was an exponent of democracy. What he did for democracy in the nineteenth century has been compared with Locke's contribution to the philosophy of constitutional monarchy in the seventeenth century. His principal work in this field is entitled 'Thoughts on Representative Government.' His work on 'Liberty,' however, belongs in part to the domain of political philosophy; and the volumes entitled 'Dissertations and Discussions' contain many essays on scientific politics.

He advocated government by the people because, among other things, political activity carried with it an intellectual and ethical education. Political interests were the first, he maintained, to enlarge men's minds and thoughts beyond the narrow circle of the family. One marked feature of what he wrote on politics was his advocacy of the enfranchisement of women. He was always a champion of women's rights, and reference should be made in this connection to his work 'The Subjection of Women.' He disliked to think that there were any fundamental differences in mind and character between the sexes. One of his speeches in the House of Commons was on the 'Admission of Women to the Electoral Franchise.'

But Mill was keenly conscious of the dangers of democracy; and he wished that measures should be adopted, on the one hand to prepare men and women by education for self-government, and on the other to prevent a tyranny of the majority. Consequently he was an advocate of a representation of minorities in legislative bodies. He was always known as a friend of the working-man; but he was no demagogue, and would not stoop to flattery. When he was candidate for Parliament, he was asked in a public meeting whether he had ever made the statement that the working classes of England differed from those of other countries in being ashamed of lying, although they were generally liars. The audience was composed largely of working-men, and his reply was a frank and instantaneous "I did." The statement was greeted with applause, which was always to him a source of hope for the wage-earning classes. It showed that they wanted friends, not flatterers.

It is noteworthy, however, that as Mill grew older he became less demo-

cratic and more socialistic. He says of himself and Mrs. Taylor, referring to the year 1843 or thereabouts: —

"We were now much less democrats than I had been, because so long as education continues to be so wretchedly imperfect, we dreaded the ignorance and especially the selfishness and brutality of the mass; but our ideas of ultimate improvement went far beyond democracy, and classed us under the general designation of socialists. . . . The social problem of the future we considered to be, how to unite the greatest liberty of action with a common ownership of the raw material of the globe, and an equal participation of all in the benefits of combined labor."

Mill's chief contribution to ethics is found in his little work entitled 'Utilitarianism'; and this gives him a position in the history of ethical thought. His "utilitarianism" was what he himself called the "greatest happiness" principle; not the greatest happiness of the individual merely, but the greatest happiness of society. This thought of the greatest happiness as the ultimate test of conduct in the individual and in society runs all through his writing, and is fundamental. It must always be borne in mind by one who would understand what he wrote; and in it we find at least a certain unity amid many inconsistencies. The greatest-happiness rule was Bentham's principle: but Mill added to considerations of quantity of happiness, the considerations of quality; it was not merely the highest quantity of happiness which must be sought, but the highest sorts of happiness. While this elevated utilitarianism, it introduced an element of idealism which has rightly been held to be inconsistent with the utilitarian philosophy. If happiness is fundamental, how can we distinguish between kinds of happiness on any other grounds than those of mere quantity? If we are able to say that one sort of happiness is higher than another, then we must have some different test and some more fundamental test than happiness itself.

Mill's 'Political Economy' is a transitional work; and indeed, it may not be too much to say of all his work that it was transitional. He brought to a close a line of development in economics proceeding from Adam Smith through Ricardo, Malthus, and James Mill, and opened a new era. He added on to the superstructure large humanitarian and social considerations which were hardly consistent with the foundations upon which he built; and this he himself recognized late in life. Yet the very imperfections of his book on political economy render it interesting and also instructive. It must be read carefully and in connection with his other writings to be fully understood; but its mastery has been called in itself a liberal education.

The book is entitled 'Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy.' It is in truth as a part of a system of social philosophy that Mill's political economy is most interesting. This enlargement of the scope of political economy, and its connection with general sociology, is something for which he was chiefly indebted to the French sociologist

Auguste Comte, whose works he studied, with whom he formed a warm friendship which lasted for some years, and whom he always admired. It was from Comte that he learned his distinction between social statics and social dynamics: the first dealing with phenomena in their coexistence, and giving us the theory of order; the second dealing with social phenomena in their succession, and giving us the theory of progress.

The view of nature found in his writing is in marked contrast to the eighteenth-century view entertained by Adam Smith. Nature is no longer a beneficent power, but inexpressibly cruel. Man is beneficent, and the good in the world is brought about through the subjugation of nature by man. Civilization means to him a contest with nature and a conquest of her forces. It is for man to overcome her inequalities and injustices.

Mill's thoughts were directed to the improvement of the condition of the masses; and this improvement was to be brought about gradually, through an enlargement of economic and political opportunities. He advocated views of the taxation and regulation of inheritance and bequest which would break down large fortunes and bring about a wider diffusion of property. In the same spirit was conceived his plan for the appropriation of the "unearned increment" of land, or future increments in the rent of land due to the progress of society and not to the exertions of the individual landowner. His last public act was the foundation of the Land Tenure Reform Association, which was designed to carry out this idea of the appropriation of the future unearned increment by society, to be used for general social purposes and to encourage co-operative agriculture.

It has already been stated that Mill's views gradually changed in the direction of socialism. He was at work on the problem of socialism at the time of his death in 1873, but appears to have reached no definite conclusion. He dreaded anything like tyranny over the individual, and on this account rejected all schemes of socialism with which he was familiar. Nevertheless, he was working towards an ideal kind of socialism, which, as he said, should, with the common ownership of the instruments of production, and participation in the benefits of combined labor, "unite the greatest individual liberty of action."

RICHARD T. ELY

OF COMPETITION

From 'Political Economy'

I AGREE, then, with the socialist writers in their conception of the form which industrial operations tend to assume in the advance of improvement; and I entirely share their opinion that the time is ripe for commencing this transformation, and that it should by all just and effectual means be aided and encouraged. But while I agree and sympathize with socialists in this practical portion of their aims, I utterly dissent from the most conspicuous and vehement part of their teaching — their declamations against competition. With moral conceptions in many respects far ahead of the existing arrangements of society, they have in general very confused and erroneous notions of its actual working; and one of their greatest errors, as I conceive, is to charge upon competition all the economical evils which at present exist. They forget that wherever competition is not, monopoly is; and that monopoly, in all its forms, is the taxation of the industrious for the support of indolence, if not of plunder. They forget too that with the exception of competition among laborers, all other competition is for the benefit of the laborers, by cheapening the articles they consume; that competition even in the labor market is a source not of low but of high wages, wherever the competition *for* labor exceeds the competition *of* labor, — as in America, in the colonies, and in the skilled trades, — and never could be a cause of low wages save by the overstocking of the labor market through the too great numbers of the laborers' families; while if the supply of laborers is excessive, not even socialism can prevent their remuneration from being low. Besides, if association were universal, there would be no competition between laborer and laborer; and that between association and association would be for the benefit of the consumers, — that is, of the associations, of the industrious classes generally.

I do not pretend that there are no inconveniences in competition, or that the moral objections urged against it by socialist writers, as a source of jealousy and hostility among those engaged in the same occupation, are altogether groundless. But if competition has its evils, it prevents greater evils. As M. Feugueray well says, "The deepest root of the evils and iniquities which fill the industrial world is not competition, but the subjection of labor to capital, and the enormous share which the possessors of the instruments of industry are able to take from the produce. . . . If competition has great power for evil, it is no less fertile of good, especially in what regards the development of the individual faculties and the success of innovations."

It is the common error of socialists to overlook the natural indolence of mankind; their tendency to be passive, to be the slaves of habit, to persist in-

definitely in a course once chosen. Let them once attain any state of existence which they consider tolerable, and the danger to be apprehended is that they will thenceforth stagnate; will not exert themselves to improve; and by letting their faculties rust, will lose even the energy required to preserve them from deterioration. Competition may not be the best conceivable stimulus, but it is at present a necessary one; and no one can foresee the time when it will not be indispensable to progress. Even confining ourselves to the industrial department,—in which, more than in any other, the majority may be supposed to be competent judges of improvements,—it would be difficult to induce the general assembly of an association to submit to the trouble and inconvenience of altering their habits by adopting some new and promising invention, unless their knowledge of the existence of rival associations made them apprehend that what they would not consent to do, others would, and that they would be left behind in the race.

Instead of looking upon competition as the baneful and anti-social principle which it is held to be by the generality of socialists, I conceive that, even in the present state of society and industry, every restriction of it is an evil, and every extension of it—even if for the time injuriously affecting some class of laborers—is always an ultimate good. To be protected against competition is to be protected in idleness, in mental dullness; to be saved the necessity of being as active and as intelligent as other people: and if it is also to be protected against being underbid for employment by a less highly paid class of laborers, this is only where old custom or local and partial monopoly has placed some particular class of artisans in a privileged position as compared with the rest; and the time has come when the interest of universal improvement is no longer promoted by prolonging the privileges of a few. If the slopsellers and others of their class have lowered the wages of tailors and some other artisans, by making them an affair of competition instead of custom, so much the better in the end. What is now required is not to bolster up old customs, whereby limited classes of laboring people obtain partial gains which interest them in keeping up the present organization of society, but to introduce new general practices beneficial to all; and there is reason to rejoice at whatever makes the privileged classes of skilled artisans feel that they have the same interests, and depend for their remuneration on the same general causes, and must resort for the improvement of their condition to the same remedies, as the less fortunately circumstanced and comparatively helpless multitude.

IDEAL MARRIAGE

From 'The Subjection of Women'

WHAT marriage may be in the case of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinions and purposes, between whom there exists that best kind of equality, similarity of powers and capacities with reciprocal superiority in them — so that each can enjoy the luxury of looking up to the other, and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and of being led in the path of development — I will not attempt to describe. To those who can conceive it, there is no need; to those who cannot, it would appear the dream of an enthusiast. But I maintain, with the profoundest conviction, that this, and this only, is the ideal of marriage; and that all opinions, customs, and institutions which favor any other notion of it, or turn the conceptions and aspirations connected with it into any other direction, by whatever pretenses they may be colored, are relics of primitive barbarism. The moral regeneration of mankind will only really commence, when the most fundamental of the social relations is placed under the rule of equal justice, and when human beings learn to cultivate their strongest sympathy with an equal in rights and in cultivation.

Thus far, the benefits which it has appeared that the world would gain by ceasing to make sex a disqualification for privileges and a badge of subjection, are social rather than individual; consisting in an increase of the general fund of thinking and acting power, and an improvement in the general conditions of the association of men with women. But it would be a grievous understatement of the case to omit the most direct benefit of all, the unspeakable gain in private happiness to the liberated half of the species; the difference to them between a life of subjection to the will of others, and a life of rational freedom. After the primary necessities of food and raiment, freedom is the first and strongest want of human nature. While mankind are lawless, their desire is for lawless freedom. When they have learnt to understand the meaning of duty and the value of reason, they incline more and more to be guided and restrained by these in the exercise of their freedom; but they do not therefore desire freedom less; they do not become disposed to accept the will of other people as the representative and interpreter of those guiding principles. On the contrary, the communities in which the reason has been most cultivated, and in which the idea of social duty has been most powerful, are those which have most strongly asserted the freedom of action of the individual — the liberty of each to govern his conduct by his own feelings of duty, and by such laws and social restraints as his own conscience can subscribe to.

He who would rightly appreciate the worth of personal independence as an element of happiness, should consider the value he himself puts upon it as an

ingredient of his own. There is no subject on which there is a greater habitual difference of judgment between a man judging for himself, and the same man judging for other people. When he hears others complaining that they are not allowed freedom of action — that their own will has not sufficient influence in the regulation of their affairs — his inclination is, to ask, what are their grievances? what positive damage they sustain? and in what respect they consider their affairs to be mismanaged? and if they fail to make out, in answer to these questions, what appears to him a sufficient case, he turns a deaf ear, and regards their complaint as the fanciful querulousness of people whom nothing reasonable will satisfy. But he has a quite different standard of judgment when he is deciding for himself. Then, the most unexceptionable administration of his interests by a tutor set over him, does not satisfy his feelings: his personal exclusion from the deciding authority appears itself the greatest grievance of all, rendering it superfluous even to enter into the question of mismanagement. It is the same with nations. What citizen of a free country would listen to any offers of good and skilful administration, in return for the abdication of freedom? Even if he could believe that good and skilful administration can exist among a people ruled by a will not their own, would not the consciousness of working out their own destiny under their own moral responsibility be a compensation to his feelings for great rudeness and imperfection in the details of public affairs? Let him rest assured that whatever he feels on this point, women feel in a fully equal degree. Whatever has been said or written, from the time of Herodotus to the present, of the ennobling influence of free government — the nerve and spring which it gives to all the faculties, the larger and higher objects which it presents to the intellect and feelings, the more unselfish public spirit, and calmer and broader views of duty, that it engenders, and the generally loftier platform on which it elevates the individual as a moral, spiritual, and social being — is every particle as true of women as of men. Are these things no important part of individual happiness? Let any man call to mind what he himself felt on emerging from boyhood — from the tutelage and control of even loved and affectionate elders — and entering upon the responsibilities of manhood. Was it not like the physical effect of taking off a heavy weight, or releasing him from obstructive, even if not otherwise painful, bonds? Did he not feel twice as much alive, twice as much a human being, as before? And does he imagine that women have none of these feelings? But it is a striking fact that the satisfactions and mortifications of personal pride, though all in all to most men when the case is their own, have less allowance made for them in the case of other people, and are less listened to as a ground or a justification of conduct than any other natural human feelings; perhaps because men compliment them in their own case with the names of so many other qualities that they are seldom conscious how mighty an influence these feelings exercise in their own lives. No less large and powerful is their part, we may assure ourselves, in the lives and

feelings of women. Women are schooled into suppressing them in their most natural and most healthy direction, but the internal principle remains, in a different outward form. An active and energetic mind, if denied liberty, will seek for power: refused the command of itself, it will assert its personality by attempting to control others. To allow to any human beings no existence of their own but what depends on others is giving far too high a premium on bending others to their purposes. Where liberty cannot be hoped for, and power can, power becomes the grand object of human desire; those to whom others will not leave the undisturbed management of their own affairs will compensate themselves, if they can, by meddling for their own purposes with the affairs of others. Hence also women's passion for personal beauty, and dress and display; and all the evils that flow from it, in the way of mischievous luxury and social immorality. The love of power and the love of liberty are in eternal antagonism. Where there is least liberty, the passion for power is the most ardent and unscrupulous. The desire of power over others can only cease to be a depraving agency among mankind when each of them individually is able to do without it: which can only be where respect for liberty in the personal concerns of each is an established principle.

But it is not only through the sentiment of personal dignity that the free direction and disposal of their own faculties is a source of individual happiness, and to be fettered and restricted in it, a source of unhappiness, to human beings, and not least to women. There is nothing, after disease, indigence, and guilt, so fatal to the pleasurable enjoyment of life as the want of a worthy outlet for the active faculties. Women who have the cares of a family, and while they have the cares of a family, have this outlet, and it generally suffices for them: but what of the greatly increasing number of women, who have had no opportunity of exercising the vocation which they are mocked by telling them is their proper one? What of the women whose children have been lost to them by death or distance, or have grown up, married, and formed homes of their own? There are abundant examples of men who, after a life engrossed by business, retire with a competency to the enjoyment, as they hope, of rest, but to whom, as they are unable to acquire new interests and excitements that can replace the old, the change to a life of inactivity brings ennui, melancholy, and premature death. Yet no one thinks of the parallel case of so many worthy and devoted women, who, having paid what they are told is their debt to society — having brought up a family blamelessly to manhood and womanhood — having kept a house as long as they had a house needing to be kept — are deserted by the sole occupation for which they have fitted themselves; and remain with undiminished activity but with no employment for it, unless perhaps a daughter or daughter-in-law is willing to abdicate in their favor the discharge of the same functions in her younger household. Surely a hard lot for the old age of those who have worthily discharged, as long as it was given to them to discharge, what the world accounts their only social

duty. Of such women, and of those others to whom this duty has not been committed at all — many of whom pine through life with the consciousness of thwarted vocations and activities which are not suffered to expand — the only resources, speaking generally, are religion and charity. But their religion, though it may be one of feeling and of ceremonial observance, cannot be a religion of action, unless in the form of charity. For charity many of them are by nature admirably fitted; but to practise it usefully, or even without doing mischief, requires the education, the manifold preparation, the knowledge and the thinking powers of a skilful administrator. There are few of the administrative functions of government for which a person would not be fit who is fit to bestow charity usefully. In this as in other cases (pre-eminently in that of the education of children), the duties permitted to women cannot be performed properly, without their being trained for duties which, to the great loss of society, are not permitted to them. And here let me notice the singular way in which the question of women's disabilities is frequently presented to view by those who find it easier to draw a ludicrous picture of what they do not like than to answer the arguments for it. When it is suggested that women's executive capacities and prudent counsels might sometimes be found valuable in affairs of state, these lovers of fun hold up to the ridicule of the world, as sitting in parliament or in the cabinet, girls in their teens, or young wives of two or three and twenty, transported bodily, exactly as they are, from the drawing-room to the House of Commons. They forget that males are not usually selected at this early age for a seat in Parliament, or for responsible political functions. Common-sense would tell them that if such trusts were confided to women, it would be to such as having no special vocation for married life, or preferring another employment of their faculties (as many women even now prefer to marriage some of the few honorable occupations within their reach) have spent the best years of their youth in attempting to qualify themselves for the pursuits in which they desire to engage; or still more frequently perhaps, widows or wives of forty or fifty, by whom the knowledge of life and faculty of government which they have acquired in their families could by the aid of appropriate studies be made available on a less contracted scale. There is no country of Europe in which the ablest men have not frequently experienced, and keenly appreciated, the value of the advice and help of clever and experienced women of the world, in the attainment both of private and of public objects; and there are important matters of public administration to which few men are equally competent with such women; among others, the detailed control of expenditure. But what we are now discussing is not the need which society has of the services of women in public business, but the dull and hopeless life to which it so often condemns them, by forbidding them to exercise the practical abilities which many of them are conscious of, in any wider field than one which to some of them never was, and to others is no longer, open. If there is anything vitally im-

portant to the happiness of human beings, it is that they should relish their habitual pursuit. This requisite of an enjoyable life is very imperfectly granted, or altogether denied, to a large part of mankind; and by its absence many a life is a failure, which is provided, in appearance, with every requisite of success. But if circumstances which society is not yet skilful enough to overcome, render such failures often for the present inevitable, society need not itself inflict them. The injudiciousness of parents, a youth's own inexperience, or the absence of external opportunities for the congenial, and their presence for an uncongenial, condemn numbers of men to pass their lives in doing one thing reluctantly and ill, when there are other things which they could have done well and happily. But on women this sentence is imposed by actual law, and by customs equivalent to law. What, in unenlightened societies, color, race, religion, or in the case of a conquered country, nationality, are to some men, sex is to all women; a peremptory exclusion from almost all honorable occupations, but either such as cannot be fulfilled by others, or such as those others do not think worthy of their acceptance. Sufferings arising from causes of this nature usually meet with so little sympathy that few persons are aware of the great amount of unhappiness even now produced by the feeling of a wasted life. The case will be even more frequent, as increased cultivation creates a greater and greater disproportion between the ideas and faculties of women, and the scope which society allows to their activity.

When we consider the positive evil caused to the disqualified half of the human race by their disqualification — first in the loss of the most inspiriting and elevating kind of personal enjoyment, and next in the weariness, disappointment, and profound dissatisfaction with life, which are so often the substitute for it, one feels that among all the lessons which men require for carrying on the struggle against the inevitable imperfections of their lot on earth, there is no lesson which they more need than not to add to the evils which nature inflicts by their jealous and prejudiced restrictions on one another. Their vain fears only substitute other and worse evils for those which they are idly apprehensive of: while every restraint on the freedom of conduct of any of their human fellow creatures, (otherwise than by making them responsible for any evil actually caused by it), dries up *pro tanto* [to that extent] the principal fountain of human happiness, and leaves the species less rich, to an inappreciable degree, in all that makes life valuable to the individual human being.

MILL'S FINAL VIEWS ON THE DESTINY OF SOCIETY

From the 'Autobiography.'

IN this third period (as it may be termed) of my mental progress, which now went hand in hand with hers [his wife's], my opinions gained equally in breadth and depth; I understood more things, and those which I had understood before, I now understood more thoroughly. I had now completely turned back from what there had been of excess in my reaction against Benthamism. I had, at the height of that reaction, certainly become much more indulgent to the common opinions of society and the world; and more willing to be content with seconding the superficial improvement which had begun to take place in those common opinions, than became one whose convictions on so many points differed fundamentally from them. I was much more inclined than I can now approve to put in abeyance the more decidedly heretical part of my opinions, which I now look upon as almost the only ones the assertion of which tends in any way to regenerate society. But in addition to this, our opinions were far *more* heretical than mine had been in the days of my most extreme Benthamism. In those days I had seen little further than the old school of political economists into the possibilities of fundamental improvement in social arrangements. Private property, as now understood, and inheritance, appeared to me as to them the *dernier mot* [last word] of legislation; and I looked no further than to mitigating the inequalities consequent on these institutions, by getting rid of primogeniture and entails. The notion that it was possible to go further than this in removing the injustice—for injustice it is, whether admitting of a complete remedy or not—involved in the fact that some are born to riches and the vast majority to poverty, I then reckoned chimerical; and only hoped that by universal education, leading to voluntary restraint on population, the portion of the poor might be made more tolerable. In short, I was a democrat, but not the least of a socialist. We were now much less democrats than I had been, because so long as education continues to be so wretchedly imperfect, we dreaded the ignorance and especially the selfishness and brutality of the mass; but our ideal of ultimate improvement went far beyond democracy, and would class us decidedly under the general designation of socialists. While we repudiated with the greatest energy that tyranny of society over the individual which most socialistic systems are supposed to involve, we yet looked forward to a time when society will no longer be divided into the idle and the industrious; when the rule that they who do not work shall not eat, will be applied not to paupers only, but impartially to all; when the division of the produce of labor, instead of depending, as in so great a degree it now does, on the accident of birth, will be made by concert on an acknowledged principle of justice; and when it will

no longer either be, or be thought to be, impossible for human beings to exert themselves strenuously in procuring benefits which are not to be exclusively their own, but to be shared with the society they belong to.

The social problem of the future we considered to be, how to unite the greatest individual liberty of action with a common ownership in the raw material of the globe and an equal participation of all in the benefits of combined labor. We had not the presumption to suppose that we could already foresee by what precise form of institutions these objects could most effectually be attained, or at how near or how distant a period they would become practicable. We saw clearly that to render any such social transformation either possible or desirable, an equivalent change of character must take place both in the uncultivated herd who now compose the laboring masses, and in the immense majority of their employers. Both these classes must learn by practice to labor and combine for generous, or at all events for public and social purposes, and not, as hitherto, solely for narrowly interested ones. But the capacity to do this has always existed in mankind, and is not, nor is ever likely to be, extinct. Education, habit, and the cultivation of the sentiments, will make a common man dig or weave for his country as readily as fight for his country. True enough, it is only by slow degrees, and a system of culture prolonged through successive generations, that men in general can be brought up to this point. But the hindrance is not in the essential constitution of human nature. Interest in the common good is at present so weak a motive in the generality, not because it can never be otherwise, but because the mind is not accustomed to dwell on it as it dwells from morning till night on things which tend only to personal advantage. When called into activity, as only self-interest now is, by the daily course of life, and spurred from behind by the love of distinction and the fear of shame, it is capable of producing, even in common men, the most strenuous exertions as well as the most heroic sacrifices. The deep-rooted selfishness which forms the general character of the existing state of society is so deeply rooted, only because the whole course of existing institutions tends to foster it; and modern institutions in some respects more than ancient, since the occasions on which the individual is called on to do anything for the public, without receiving its pay, are far less frequent in modern life than in the smaller commonwealths of antiquity. These considerations did not make us overlook the folly of premature attempts to dispense with the inducements of private interest in social affairs, while no substitute for them has been or can be provided; but we regarded all existing institutions and social arrangements as being (in a phrase I once heard from Austin) "merely provisional."

GEORGE BORROW

GEORGE BORROW lived eight-and-seventy years (1803-1881) and published eleven books. In his veins was mingled the blood of Cornwall and of Normandy; but though proud of this strain, he valued still more that personal independence which, together with his love of strange tongues and his passion for outdoor life, molded his career. His nature was mystical and eccentric, and he sometimes approached—though he never crossed—the confines of insanity; yet his instincts were robust and plain, he was an apostle of English ale and a master of the art of self-defense, he was an uncompromising champion of the Church of England and the savage foe of Papistry, he despised “kid-glove gentility” in life and literature, and delighted to make his spear ring against the hollow shield of social convention. A nature so complicated and individual, so outspoken and aggressive, could not slip smoothly along the grooves of civilized existence; he was soundly loved and hated, but seldom or never understood. And the obstinate pride which gave projection to most of his virtues was also at the bottom of his faults: he better liked to perplex than to open himself to his associates; he wilfully repelled where he might have captivated. Some human element was wanting in him: he was strong, masculine, subtle, persistent; of a lofty and austere spirit; too proud even to be personally ambitious; gifted with humor and insight; fearless and faithful;—but no tenderness, no gentleness, no inviting human warmth ever appears in him; and though he could reverence women, and admire them, and appreciate them also from the standpoint of the senses, they had no determining sway over his life or thought. If there be any man in English history whom such a summary of traits as this recalls, it is Dean Swift. Nevertheless Borrow’s differences from him are far greater than the resemblances between them. Giant force was in both of them. Both were enigmas, but the deeper we penetrate into Borrow, the more we like him; not so with the blue-eyed Dean.

A man who can be assigned to no recognized type—who flocks by himself, as the saying is—cannot easily be portrayed: we lose the main design in our struggle with the details. Indeed, no two portraits of such a man can be alike: they will vary according to the temperament and limitations of the painter. It is safe to assert, however, that insatiable curiosity was at the base both of his character and of his achievements. Probably this investigating passion had its cause in his own unlikeness to the rest of us: he was as a visitor from another planet, pledged to send home reports of all he saw here. His success in finding strange things is prodigious; his foreign eye detects oddities and

beauties of which we to the manner born were unaware. Adventures attend him everywhere, as the powers of earth and air on Prospero. Here comes the King of the Vipers, the dry stubble crackling beneath his outrageous belly; yonder the foredoomed sailor promptly fulfils his own prediction, falling from the yard-arm into the Bay of Biscay; anon the ghastly visage of Mrs. Herne, of the Hairy Ones, glares for a moment out of the midnight hedge; again, a mysterious infatuation drives the wealthy idler from his bed out into the inclement darkness, and up to the topmost bough of the tree, which he must "touch" ere he can rest; and now, in the gloom of the memorable dingle, the horror of fear falls upon the amateur tinker, the Evil One grapples terribly with his soul, blots of foam fly from his lips, and he is dashed against the trees and stones. An adventure, truly, fit to stand with any of medieval legend, and compared with which the tremendous combat with Blazing Bosville, the Flaming Tinman, is almost a relief. But in what perilous Faery Land forlorn do all these and a thousand more strange and moving incidents take place?—Why, in the quiet lanes and byways of nineteenth-century England, or perchance in priest-ridden Spain, where the ordinary traveler can for the life of him discover nothing more startling than beef and beer, garlic and crucifixes. Adventures are in the adventurer.

Man and nature were Borrow's study, but England was his love. In him exalted patriotism touches its apogee: How nobly and uncompromisingly is he jealous of her honor, her glory, and her independence! He will advocate no policy less austere than purity, courage, and truth. There is in his zeal a narrowness that augments its strength, yet lessens its effect so far as practical issues are concerned. He is an idealist: but surely no young man can read his stern, throbbing pages without a kindling of the soul, and a resolve to be high in deed and aim; and there is no gaging the final influence of such spiritual stimulus. England and mankind must be better for this lonely, indignant voice.

England, and England's religion, and the Bible in its integrity,—these are the controlling strings of Borrow's harp. Yet he had his youthful period of religious doubt and philosophic sophism: has he not told how walls and ceilings rang with the "Hey!" of the man with the face of a lion, when the gray-haired intimated his scepticism? But vicissitudes of soul and body, aided by the itinerant Welsh preacher, cleansed him of these errors, and he undertook and carried through the famous crusade recorded in '*The Bible in Spain*',—a narrative of adventure and devotion which fascinated and astonished England, and sets its author abreast of the great writers of his time. It is as irresistible today as it was eighty years ago: it stands alone; only Trelawny's '*Adventures of a Younger Son*' can be compared with it as narrative, and Trelawny's book lacks the grand central feature which gives dignity and unity to Borrow's. Being a story of fact, '*The Bible in Spain*' lacks much of the literary art and felicity, as well as the imaginative charm,

of 'Lavengro'; but within its own scope it is great, and nothing can supersede it.

Gipsydom in all its aspects, though logically a side-issue with Borrow, was nevertheless the most noticeable thing relating to him: it engaged and colored him on the side of his temperament; and in the picture we form of a man, temperament tells far more than intellect because it is more individual. Later pundits have called in question the academic accuracy of Borrow's researches in the Romany language: but such frettings are beside the mark; Borrow is the only genuine expounder of Gipsyness that ever lived. He laid hold of their vitals, and they of his; his act of brotherhood with Mr. Jasper Petulengro is but a symbol of his mystical alliance with the race. Borrow's nature comprised the gipsy, but the gipsy by no means comprised him; he wandered like them, but the object of his wanderings was something more than to tell dukkeripens, poison pigs, mend kettles, or deal in horseflesh. Therefore he puzzled them more than they did him.

'The Gipsies of Spain' (1841) was his first book about them; 'Lavengro' came ten years later, and 'The Romany Rye' six years after that. In 1874 he returns to the subject in 'Romano Lavo-lil,' a sort of dictionary and phrase-book of the language, but unlike any other dictionary and phrase-book ever conceived: it is well worth reading as a piece of entertaining literature. His other books are translations of Norse and Welsh poetry, and a book of travels in 'Wild Wales,' published in 1862. All these works are more than readable: the translations, though rugged and unmusical, have about them a frank sensuousness and a primitive force that are amusing and attractive. But after all, Borrow is never thoroughly himself in literature unless the gipsies are close at hand; and of all his gipsy books 'Lavengro' is by far the best. Indeed, it is so much the best and broadest thing that he produced, that the reader who would know Borrow need never go beyond these pages. In 'Lavengro' we get the culmination of both the author and the man; it is his book in the full sense, and may afford profitable study to any competent reader for a lifetime.

'Lavengro,' in fact, is like nothing else in either biography or fiction—and it is both fictitious and biographical. It is the gradual revelation of a strange, unique being. But the revelation does not proceed in an orderly and chronological fashion: it is not begun in the first chapter, and still less is it completed in the last. After a careful perusal of the book, you will admit that though it has fascinated and impressed you, you have quite failed to understand it. Why is the author so whimsical? Wherefore these hinted but unconfessed secrets? Why does he stop short on the brink of an important disclosure, and diverge under cover of a line of asterisks into another subject? — But Borrow in 'Lavengro' is not constructing a book, he is creating one. He has the reserves of a man who respects his own nature, yet he treats the reader fairly. If you are worthy to be his friend, by-and-by you will see his heart,—look again, and yet again! That passage in a former chapter was in-

complete; but look ahead a hundred pages and consider a paragraph there: by itself it seems to say little; but gradually you recognize in it a part of the inwoven strand which disappears in one part of the knot and emerges in another. Though you cannot solve the genial riddle today, you may tomorrow. The only clue is sympathy.

'The Romany Rye' is a continuation of 'Lavengro,' but scarcely repeats its charm; its most remarkable feature is an "Appendix," in which Borrow expounds his views upon things in general, including critics and politics. It is a marvelously trenchant piece of writing, and from the literary point of view delightful; but it must have hurt a good many people's feelings at the time it was published, and even now shows the author on his harsh side only. We may agree with all he says, and yet wish he had uttered it in a less rasping tone.

Like nearly all great writers, Borrow, in order to get his best effects, must have room for his imagination. Mere fact would not rouse him fully, and abstract argument still less. In 'Lavengro' he hit upon his right vein, and he worked it in the fresh maturity of his power. The style is Borrow's own, peculiar to him: eloquent, rugged, full of liturgical repetitions, shunning all soft assonances and refinements, and yet with remote sea-like cadences, and unhackneyed felicities that rejoice the jaded soul. Writing with him was spontaneous, but never heedless or unconsidered; it was always the outcome of deep thought and vehement feeling. Other writers and their books may be twain, but Borrow and his books are one. Perhaps they might be improved in art, or arrangement, or subject; but we should no longer care for them then, because they would cease to be Borrow. Borrow may not have been a beauty or a saint; but a man he was; and good or bad, we would not alter a hair of him.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—The lack of a competent biography of Borrow was removed in 1899 by the publication of W. I. Knapp's elaborate researches, which formed the basis of a succession of books about Borrow for many years. Much has been added to our knowledge of his strange adventures, but so far as the main events of his life are concerned there has been little change in the most important details. Borrow was born in 1803 and died in 1881; his father, a soldier, failed to make a solicitor of him, and the youth, at his father's death, came up to London to live or die by literature. After much hardship (of which the chapters in 'Lavengro' describing the production of 'Joseph Sell' convey a hint), he set out on a wandering pilgrimage over England, Europe, and the East. As agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society he traversed Spain and Portugal, sending to the *Morning Herald* letters descriptive of his adventures, which afterwards were made the substance of his books. He married at thirty-seven, and lived at Oulton Broad nearly all his life after.

IN THE DINGLE WITH ISOPEL BERNERS

From 'Lavengro'

[The wandering scholar who is the hero of this autobiographical romance, having bought the pony and outfit of a traveling tinker, encamps in a solitary dingle not far from the Welsh border, and there encounters the Flaming Tin-man, upon whose territory he has unwittingly trespassed.]

TWO mornings after the period to which I have brought the reader in the preceding chapter, I sat by my fire at the bottom of the dingle; I had just breakfasted, and had finished the last morsel of food which I had brought with me to that solitude.

"What shall I now do?" said I to myself; "shall I continue here, or decamp?—this is a sad and lonely spot—perhaps I had better quit it; but whither shall I go? the wide world is before me, but what can I do therein? I have been in the world already without much success. No, I had better remain here; the place is lonely, it is true, but here I am free and independent, and can do what I please; but I can't remain here without food. Well, I will find my way to the nearest town, lay in a fresh supply of provision, and come back, turning my back upon the world, which has turned its back upon me. I don't see why I should not write a little sometimes; I have pens and an ink-horn, and for a writing-desk I can place the Bible on my knee. I shouldn't wonder if I could write a capital satire on the world on the back of that Bible; but first of all, I must think of supplying myself with food."

I rose up from the stone on which I was seated, determining to go to the nearest town, with my little horse and cart, and procure what I wanted. The nearest town, according to my best calculation, lay about five miles distant; I had no doubt, however, that, by using ordinary diligence, I should be back before evening. In order to go lighter, I determined to leave my tent standing as it was, and all the things which I had purchased of the tinker, just as they were. "I need not be apprehensive on their account," said I to myself; "nobody will come here to meddle with them—the great recommendation of this place is its perfect solitude—I dare say that I could live here six months without seeing a single human visage. I will now harness my little gry and be off to the town."

At the first whistle which I gave, the little gry, which was feeding on the bank near the uppermost part of the dingle, came running to me, for by this time he had become so accustomed to me, that he would obey my call, for all the world as if he had been one of the canine species. "Now," said I to him, "we are going to the town to buy bread for myself, and oats for you—I am in a hurry to be back; therefore, I pray you to do your best, and

to draw me and the cart to the town with all possible speed, and to bring us back; if you do your best, I promise you oats on your return. You know the meaning of oats, Ambrol?"

Ambrol whinnied as if to let me know that he understood me perfectly well, as indeed he well might, as I had never once fed him during the time that he had been in my possession without saying the word in question to him. Now, Ambrol, in the Gipsy tongue, signifieth a pear.

So I caparisoned Ambrol, and then, going to the cart, I removed two or three things from it into the tent; I then lifted up the shafts, and was just going to call to the pony to come and be fastened to them, when I thought I heard a noise.

I stood stock still, supporting the shaft of the little cart in my hand, and bending the right side of my face slightly towards the ground, but I could hear nothing; the noise which I thought I had heard was not one of those sounds which I was accustomed to hear in that solitude—the note of a bird, or the rustling of a bough; it was—there I heard it again, a sound very much resembling the grating of a wheel amongst gravel. Could it proceed from the road? Oh, no, the road was too far distant for me to hear the noise of anything moving along it. Again I listened, and now I distinctly heard the sound of wheels, which seemed to be approaching the dingle; nearer and nearer they drew, and presently the sound of wheels was blended with the murmur of voices. Anon I heard a boisterous shout, which seemed to proceed from the entrance of the dingle. "Here are folks at hand," said I, letting the shaft of the cart fall to the ground, "is it possible that they can be coming home?"

My doubts on that point, if I entertained any, were soon dispelled; the wheels, which had ceased moving for a moment or two, were once again in motion, and were now evidently moving down the winding path which led to my retreat. Leaving my cart, I came forward and placed myself near the entrance of the open space, with my eyes fixed on the path down which my unexpected, and I may say unwelcome, visitors were coming. Presently I heard a stamping or sliding, as if of a horse in some difficulty; then a loud curse, and the next moment appeared a man and a horse and cart; the former holding the head of the horse up to prevent him from falling, of which he was in danger, owing to the precipitous nature of the path. Whilst thus occupied, the head of the man was averted from me. When, however, he had reached the bottom of the descent, he turned his head, and perceiving me, as I stood bareheaded, without either coat or waistcoat, about two yards from him, he gave a sudden start, so violent, that the backward motion of his hand had nearly flung the horse upon his haunches.

"Why don't you move forward?" said a voice from behind, apparently that of a female, "you are stopping up the way, and we shall be all down upon one another;" and I saw the head of another horse overtopping the back of the cart.

"Why don't you move forward, Jack?" said another voice, also of a female, yet higher up the path.

The man stirred not, but remained staring at me in the posture which he had assumed on first perceiving me, his body very much drawn back, his left foot far in advance of his right, and with his right hand still grasping the halter of the horse, which gave way more and more till it was clean down on its haunches.

"What's the matter?" said the voice which I had last heard.

"Get back with you, Belle, Moll," said the man, still staring at me, "here's something not over canny or comfortable."

"What is it?" said the same voice; "let me pass, Moll, and I'll soon clear the way;" and I heard a kind of rushing down the path.

"You need not be afraid," said I, addressing myself to the man, "I mean you no harm; I am a wanderer like yourself — come here to seek for shelter — you need not be afraid; I am a Roman chabo by matriculation — one of the right sort, and no mistake — Good day to ye, brother; I bid ye welcome."

The man eyed me suspiciously for a moment — then, turning to his horse with a loud curse, he pulled him up from his haunches, and led him and the cart farther down to one side of the dingle, muttering, as he passed me, "Afraid! Hm!"

I do not remember ever to have seen a more ruffianly looking fellow; he was about six feet high, with an immensely athletic frame; his face was black and bluff, and sported an immense pair of whiskers, but with here and there a gray hair, for his age could not be much under fifty. He wore a faded blue frock-coat, corduroys, and high-lows; on his black head was a kind of red nightcap, round his bull neck a Barcelona handkerchief — I did not like the look of the man at all.

"Afraid!" growled the fellow, proceeding to unharness his horse; "that was the word, I think."

But other figures were now already upon the scene. Dashing past the other horse and cart, which by this time had reached the bottom of the pass, appeared an exceedingly tall woman, or rather girl, for she could scarcely have been above eighteen; she was dressed in a tight bodice and a blue stuff gown; hat, bonnet, or cap she had none, and her hair, which was flaxen, hung down on her shoulders unconfined; her complexion was fair, and her features handsome, with a determined but open expression — she was followed by another female, about forty, stout and vulgar looking, at whom I scarcely glanced, my whole attention being absorbed by the tall girl.

"What's the matter, Jack?" said the latter, looking at the man.

"Only afraid, that's all," said the man, still proceeding with his work.

"Afraid at what — at that lad? why, he looks like a ghost — I would engage to thrash him with one hand."

"You might beat me with no hands at all," said I, "fair damsel, only by

looking at me—I never saw such a face and figure, both regal—why, you look like Ingeborg, Queen of Norway; she had twelve brothers, you know, and could lick them all, though they were heroes: —

On Dovrefeld in Norway,
Were once together seen,
The twelve heroic brothers
Of Ingeborg the queen.”

“None of your chaffing, young fellow,” said the tall girl, “or I will give you what shall make you wipe your face; be civil, or you will rue it.”

“Well, perhaps I was a peg too high,” said I; “I ask your pardon—here’s something a bit lower: —

As I was jawing to the *gav yeck divvus*
I met on the drom miro Rommany chi—”

“None of your Rommany chies, young fellow,” said the tall girl, looking more menacingly than before, and clenching her fist; “you had better be civil, I am none of your chies; and though I keep company with gipsies, or, to speak more proper, half-and-halfs, I would have you to know that I come of Christian blood and parents, and was born in the great house of Long Melford.”

“I have no doubt,” said I, “that it was a great house; judging from your size I shouldn’t wonder if you were born in a church.”

“Stay, Belle,” said the man, putting himself before the young virago, who was about to rush upon me, “my turn is first”—then, advancing to me in a menacing attitude, he said, with a look of deep malignity, “‘Afraid’ was the word, wasn’t it?”

“It was,” said I, “but I think I wronged you; I should have said, aghast, you exhibited every symptom of one laboring under uncontrollable fear.”

The fellow stared at me with a look of stupid ferocity, and appeared to be hesitating whether to strike or not: ere he could make up his mind, the tall girl started forward, crying, “He’s chaffing; let me at him;” and before I could put myself on my guard, she struck me a blow on the face which had nearly brought me to the ground.

“Enough,” said I, putting my hand to my cheek; “you have now performed your promise, and made me wipe my face: now be pacified, and tell me fairly the grounds of this quarrel.”

“Grounds!” said the fellow: “didn’t you say I was afraid; and if you hadn’t, who gave you leave to camp on my ground?”

“Is it your ground?” said I.

“A pretty question,” said the fellow; “as if all the world didn’t know that. Do you know who I am?”

"I guess I do," said I; "unless I am much mistaken, you are he whom folks call the 'Flaming Tinman.' To tell you the truth, I'm glad we have met, for I wished to see you. These are your two wives, I suppose; I greet them. There's no harm done—there's room enough here for all of us—we shall soon be good friends, I dare say; and when we are a little better acquainted, I'll tell you my history."

"Well, if that doesn't beat all!" said the fellow.

"I don't think he's chaffing now," said the girl, whose anger seemed to have subsided on a sudden; "the young man speaks civil enough."

"Civil!" said the fellow, with an oath; "but that's just like you; with you it is a blow, and all over. Civil! I suppose you would have him stay here, and get into all my secrets, and hear all I may have to say to my two morts."

"Two morts!" said the girl, kindling up, "where are they? Speak for one, and no more. I am no mort of yours, whatever someone else may be. I tell you one thing, Black John, or Anselo,—for t'other an't your name,—the same thing I told the young man here, be civil, or you will rue it."

The fellow looked at the girl furiously, but his glance soon quailed before hers; he withdrew his eyes, and cast them on my little horse, which was feeding amongst the trees. "What's this?" said he, rushing forward and seizing the animal. "Why, as I am alive, this is the horse of the mumping villain Slingsby."

"It's his no longer; I bought it and paid for it."

"It's mine now," said the fellow; "I swore I would seize it the next time I found it on my beat; ay, and beat the master too."

"I am not Slingsby."

"All's one for that."

"You don't say you will beat me?"

"Afraid was the word."

"I am sick and feeble."

"Hold up your fists."

"Won't the horse satisfy you?"

"Horse nor bellows either."

"No mercy, then?"

"Here's at you."

"Mind your eyes, Jack. There, you've got it. I thought so," shouted the girl, as the fellow staggered back from a sharp blow in the eye; "I thought he was chaffing at you all along."

"Never mind, Anselo. You know what to do—go in," said the vulgar woman, who had hitherto not spoken a word, but who now came forward with all the look of a fury; "go inapopli; you'll smash ten like he."

The Flaming Tinman took her advice, and came in bent on smashing, but stopped short on receiving a left-handed blow on the nose.

"You'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in that way," said the girl, looking at me doubtfully.

And so I began to think myself, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Tinman, disengaging himself of his frock-coat, and dashing off his red nightcap, came rushing in more desperately than ever. To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done; in a moment his arms were around me, and in another he had hurled me down, falling heavily upon me. The fellow's strength appeared to be tremendous.

"Pay him off now," said the vulgar woman. The Flaming Tinman made no reply but, planting his foot on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands. I gave myself up for dead, and probably should have been so in another minute but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchief which the fellow wore round his neck, with a grasp nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat.

"Do you call that fair play?" said she.

"Hands off, Belle," said the other woman; "do you call it fair play to interfere? hands off, or I'll be down upon you myself."

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the handkerchief, that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled; suddenly relinquishing his hold of me, he started on his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly: —

"Finish t'other business first, and then I'm your woman whenever you like; but finish it fairly—no foul play when I'm by—I'll be the boy's second, and Moll can pick up you when he happens to knock you down."

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but on the contrary received six knock-down blows myself. "I can never stand this," said I, as I sat on the knee of Belle, "I am afraid I must give in; the Flaming Tinman hits very hard," and I spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Sure enough you'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight —it's of no use flipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand; why don't you use your right?"

"Because I'm not handy with it," said I; and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left-handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs.

"Now, will you use Long Melford?" said Belle, picking me up.

"I don't know what you mean by Long Melford," said I, gasping for breath.

"Why, this long right of yours," said Belle, feeling my right arm; "if you do, I shouldn't wonder if you yet stand a chance."

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself. I, however, rose from my second's knee as well as my weakness would permit me. On he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled, and his nether lip was cut in two; on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him. At last he aimed a blow which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven; before the Tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted; and it so happened that the blow which I struck the Tinker beneath the ear was a right-handed blow.

"Hurrah for Long Melford!" I heard Belle exclaim; "there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness, all the world over."

At these words I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the Flaming Tinman stretched upon the ground apparently senseless. "He is dead," said the vulgar woman, as she vainly endeavored to raise him up; "he is dead; the best man in all the north country, killed in this fashion, by a boy!" Alarmed at these words, I made shift to get on my feet; and, with the assistance of the woman, placed my fallen adversary in a sitting posture. I put my hand to his heart, and felt a slight pulsation—"He's not dead," said I, "only stunned; if he were let blood he would recover presently." I produced a penknife which I had in my pocket and, baring the arm of the Tinman, was about to make the necessary incision, when the woman gave me a violent blow, and, pushing me aside, exclaimed, "I'll tear the eyes out of your head, if you offer to touch him. Do you want to complete your work, and murder him outright, now he's asleep? you have had enough of his blood already." "You are mad," said I, "I only seek to do him service. Well, if you won't let him be bled, fetch some water, and fling it in his face, you know where the pit is."

"A pretty manoeuvre!" said the woman; "leave my husband in the hands of you and that limmer, who has never been true to us—I should find him strangled or his throat cut when I came back." "Do you go," said I to the tall girl; "take the can and fetch some water from the pit." "You had better go yourself," said the girl, wiping a tear as she looked on the yet senseless form of the Tinker; "you had better go yourself, if you think water will do him good." I had by this time somewhat recovered my exhausted powers, and, taking the can, I bent my steps as fast as I could to the pit; arriving there, I lay down on the brink, took a long draught, and then plunged my head into the water; after which I filled the can, and bent my way back to the dingle. Before I could reach the path which led down into its depths, I had to pass

some way along its side; I had arrived at a part immediately over the scene of the last encounter, where the bank, overgrown with trees, sloped precipitously down. Here I heard a loud sound of voices in the dingle; I stopped, and laying hold of a tree, leaned over the bank and listened. The two women appeared to be in hot dispute in the dingle. "It was all owing to you, you limmer," said the vulgar woman to the other; "had you not interfered, the old man would soon have settled the boy."

"I'm for fair play and Long Melford," said the other. "If your old man, as you call him, could have settled the boy fairly, he might for all I should have cared, but no foul work for me, and as for sticking the boy with our gulleys when he comes back, as you propose, I am not so fond of your old man or you that I should oblige you in it, to my soul's destruction." "Hold your tongue, or I'll—" I listened no farther, but hastened as fast as I could to the dingle. My adversary had just begun to show signs of animation; the vulgar woman was still supporting him, and occasionally cast glances of anger at the tall girl, who was walking slowly up and down. I lost no time in dashing the greater part of the water into the Tinman's face, whereupon he sneezed, moved his hands, and presently looked round him. At first his looks were dull and heavy, and without any intelligence at all; he soon, however, began to recollect himself, and to be conscious of his situation; he cast a scowling glance at me, then one of the deepest malignity at the tall girl, who was still walking about without taking much notice of what was going forward. At last he looked at his right hand, which had evidently suffered from the blow against the tree, and a half-stifled curse escaped his lips. The vulgar woman now said something to him in a low tone, whereupon he looked at her for a moment, and then got upon his legs. Again the vulgar woman said something to him; her looks were furious, and she appeared to be urging him on to attempt something. I observed that she had a clasped knife in her hand. The fellow remained standing for some time as if hesitating what to do; at last he looked at his hand, and, shaking his head, said something to the woman which I did not understand. The tall girl, however, appeared to overhear him, and, probably repeating his words, said, "No, it won't do; you are right there; and now hear what I have to say,—let bygones be bygones, and let us all shake hands, and camp here, as the young man was saying just now." The man looked at her, and then, without any reply, went to his horse, which was lying down among the trees and, kicking it up, led it to the cart, to which he forthwith began to harness it. The other cart and horse had remained standing motionless during the whole affair which I have been recounting, at the bottom of the pass. The woman now took the horse by the head, and leading it with the cart into the open part of the dingle, turned both round, and then led them back, till the horse and cart had mounted a little way up the ascent; she then stood still and appeared to be expecting the man. During this proceeding Belle had stood looking on without saying anything; at last, perceiv-

ing that the man had harnessed his horse to the other cart, and that both he and the woman were about to take their departure, she said, " You are not going, are you? " Receiving no answer, she continued: " I tell you what, both of you, Black John, and you Moll, his mort, this is not treating me over civilly,—however, I am ready to put up with it, and to go with you if you like, for I bear no malice. I'm sorry for what has happened, but you have only yourselves to thank for it. Now, shall I go with you, only tell me? " The man made no manner of reply, but flogged his horse. The woman, however, whose passions were probably under less control, replied, with a screeching tone, " Stay where you are, you jade, and may the curse of Judas cling to you,—stay with the bit of a mullo whom you helped, and my only hope is that he may gully you before he comes to be. . . . Have you with us, indeed! after what's past! no, nor nothing belonging to you. Fetch down your mailla go-cart and live here with your chabo." She then whipped on the horse, and ascended the pass, followed by the man. The carts were light, and they were not long in ascending the winding path. I followed to see that they took their departure. Arriving at the top, I found near the entrance a small donkey-cart, which I concluded belonged to the girl. The tinker and his mort were already at some distance; I stood looking after them for a little time, then taking the donkey by the reins I led it with the cart to the bottom of the dingle. Arrived there, I found Belle seated on the stone by the fireplace. Her hair was all dishevelled, and she was in tears.

" They were bad people," said she, " and I did not like them, but they were my only acquaintance in the wide world."

In the evening of that same day the tall girl and I sat at tea by the fire, at the bottom of the dingle; the girl on a small stool, and myself, as usual, upon my stone.

The water which served for the tea had been taken from a spring of pellucid water in the neighborhood, which I had not had the good fortune to discover, though it was well known to my companion, and to the wandering people who frequented the dingle.

" This tea is very good," said I, " but I cannot enjoy it as much as if I were well: I feel very sadly."

" How else should you feel," said the girl, " after fighting with the Flaming Tinman? All I wonder at is that you can feel at all! As for the tea, it ought to be good, seeing that it cost me ten shillings a pound."

" That's a great deal for a person in your station to pay."

" In my station! I'd have you to know, young man—however, I haven't the heart to quarrel with you, you look so ill; and after all, it is a good sum for one to pay who travels the roads; but if I must have tea, I like to have the best; and tea I must have, for I am used to it, though I can't help thinking that it sometimes fills my head with strange fancies—what some folks call vapours, making me weep and cry."

"Dear me," said I, "I should never have thought that one of your size and fierceness would weep and cry!"

"My size and fierceness! I tell you what, young man, you are not over civil this evening; but you are ill, as I said before, and I shan't take much notice of your language, at least for the present; as for my size, I am not so much bigger than yourself; and as for being fierce, you should be the last one to fling that at me. It is well for you that I can be fierce sometimes. If I hadn't taken your part against Blazing Bosville, you wouldn't be now taking tea with me."

"It is true that you struck me in the face first; but we'll let that pass. So that man's name is Bosville; what's your own?"

"Isopel Berners."

"How did you get that name?"

"I say, young man, you seem fond of asking questions: will you have another cup of tea?"

"I was just going to ask for another."

"Well, then, here it is, and much good may it do you; as for my name, I got it from my mother."

"Your mother's name, then, was Isopel?"

"Isopel Berners."

"But had you never a father?"

"Yes, I had a father," said the girl, sighing, "but I don't bear his name."

"Is it the fashion, then, in your country, for children to bear their mother's name?"

"If you ask such questions, young man, I shall be angry with you. I have told you my name, and, whether my father's or mother's, I am not ashamed of it."

"It is a noble name."

"There you are right, young man. The chaplain in the great house, where I was born, told me it was a noble name; it was odd enough, he said, that the only three noble names in the county were to be found in the great house; mine was one; the other two were Devereux and Bohun."

"What do you mean by the great house?"

"The workhouse."

"Is it possible that you were born there?"

"Yes, young man; and as you now speak softly and kindly, I will tell you my whole tale. My father was an officer of the sea, and was killed at sea as he was coming home to marry my mother, Isopel Berners. He had been acquainted with her, and had left her; but after a few months he wrote her a letter, to say that he had no rest, and that he repented, and that as soon as his ship came to port he would do her all the reparation in his power. Well, young man, the very day before they reached port they met the enemy, and there was a fight, and my father was killed, after he had struck down six of the enemy's crew on their own deck; for my father was a big man, as I

have heard, and knew tolerably well how to use his hands. And when my mother heard the news, she became half distracted, and ran away into the fields and forests, totally neglecting her business, for she was a small milliner; and so she ran demented about the meads and forests for a long time, now sitting under a tree, and now by the side of a river—at last she flung herself into some water, and would have been drowned, had not someone been at hand and rescued her, whereupon she was conveyed to the great house, lest she should attempt to do herself farther mischief, for she had neither friends nor parents—and there she died three months after, having first brought me into the world. She was a sweet pretty creature, I'm told, but hardly fit for this world, being neither large, nor fierce, nor able to take her own part. So I was born and bred in the great house, where I learnt to read and sew, to fear God, and to take my own part. When I was fourteen I was put out to service to a small farmer and his wife, with whom, however, I did not stay long, for I was half-starved, and otherwise ill-treated, especially by my mistress, who one day attempting to knock me down with a besom, I knocked her down with my fist, and went back to the great house."

"And how did they receive you in the great house?"

"Not very kindly, young man—on the contrary, I was put into a dark room, where I was kept a fortnight on bread and water; I did not much care, however, being glad to have got back to the great house at any rate—the place where I was born, and where my poor mother died; and in the great house I continued two years longer, reading and sewing, fearing God, and taking my own part when necessary. At the end of the two years I was again put out to service, but this time to a rich farmer and his wife, with whom, however, I did not live long, less time, I believe, than with the poor ones, being obliged to leave for"

"Knocking your mistress down?

"No, young man, knocking my master down, who conducted himself improperly towards me. This time I did not go back to the great house, having a misgiving that they would not receive me; so I turned my back to the great house where I was born, and where my poor mother died, and wandered for several days I know not whither, supporting myself on a few halfpence which I chanced to have in my pocket. It happened one day, as I sat under a hedge crying, having spent my last farthing, that a comfortable-looking elderly woman came up in a cart, and seeing the state in which I was, she stopped and asked what was the matter with me; I told her some part of my story, whereupon she said, 'Cheer up, my dear; if you like, you shall go with me, and wait upon me.' Of course I wanted little persuasion, so I got into the cart and went with her. She took me to London and various other places, and I soon found that she was a traveling woman, who went about the country with silks and linen. I was of great use to her, more especially in those places where we met evil company. Once, as we were coming from Dover, we were

met by two sailors, who stopped our cart, and would have robbed and stripped us. 'Let me get down,' said I; so I got down, and fought with them both, till they turned round and ran away. Two years I lived with the old gentlewoman, who was very kind to me, almost as kind as a mother; at last she fell sick at a place in Lincolnshire, and after a few days died, leaving me her cart and stock in trade, praying me only to see her decently buried—which I did, giving her a funeral fit for a gentlewoman. After which I traveled the country, melancholy enough for want of company, but so far fortunate, that I could take my own part when anybody was uncivil to me. At last, passing through the valley of Todmorden, I formed the acquaintance of Blazing Bosville and his wife, with whom I occasionally took journeys for company's sake, for it is melancholy to travel about alone, even when one can take one's own part. I soon found they were evil people; but, upon the whole, they treated me civilly, and I sometimes lent them a little money, so that we got on tolerably well together. He and I, it is true, had once a dispute, and nearly came to blows; for once, when we were alone, he wanted me to marry him, promising, if I would, to turn off Gray Moll, or, if I liked it better, to make her wait upon me as a maid-servant; I never liked him much, but from that hour less than ever. Of the two, I believe Gray Moll to be the best, for she is at any rate true and faithful to him, and I like truth and constancy—don't you, young man?"

"Yes," said I, "they are very nice things. I feel very strangely."

"How do you feel, young man?"

"Very much afraid."

"Afraid at what? At the Flaming Tinman? Don't be afraid of him. He won't come back, and if he did, he shouldn't touch you in this state, I'd fight him for you; but he won't come back, so you needn't be afraid of him."

"I'm not afraid of the Flaming Tinman."

"What, then, are you afraid of?"

"The evil one."

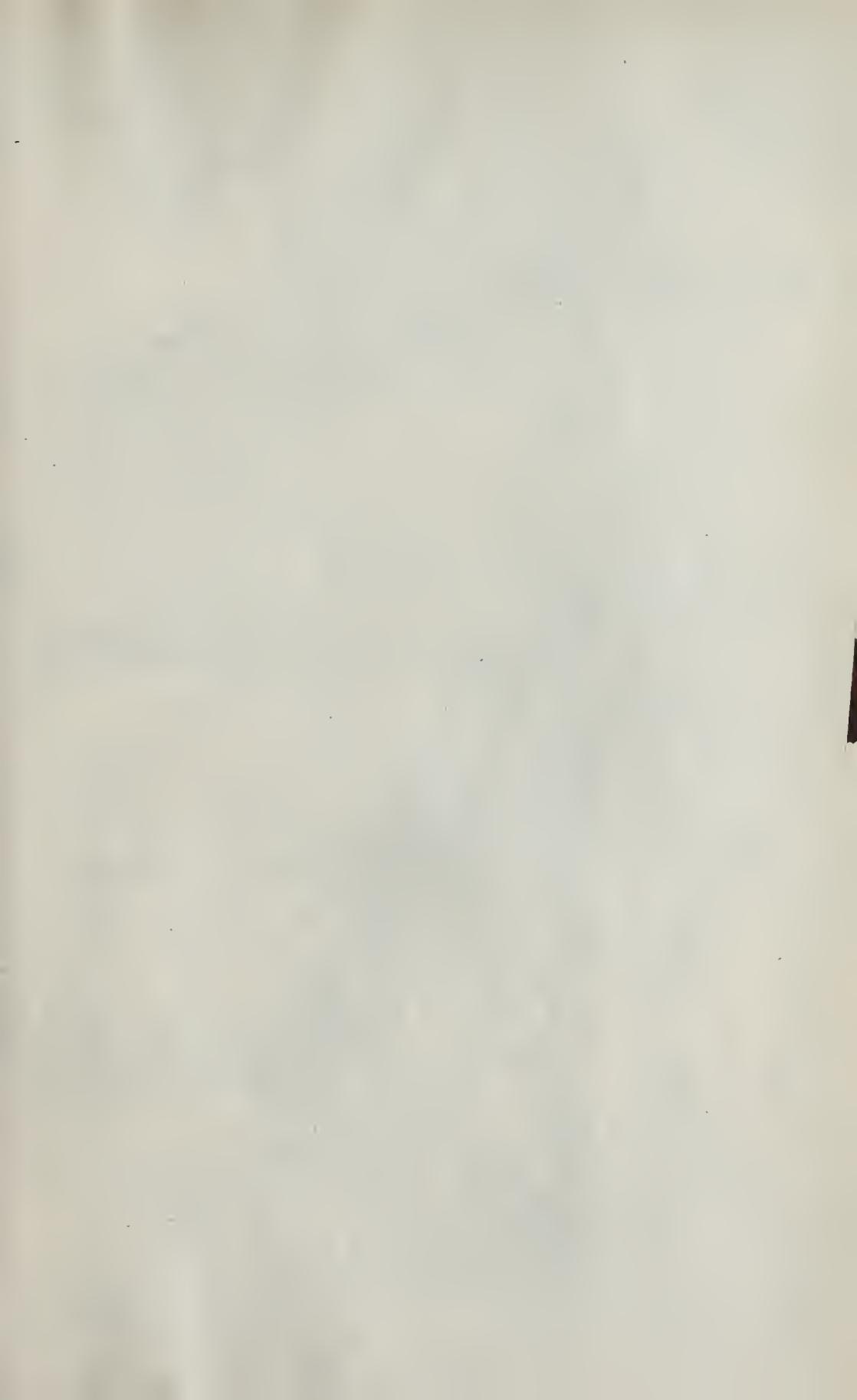
"The evil one!" said the girl, "where is he?"

"Coming upon me."

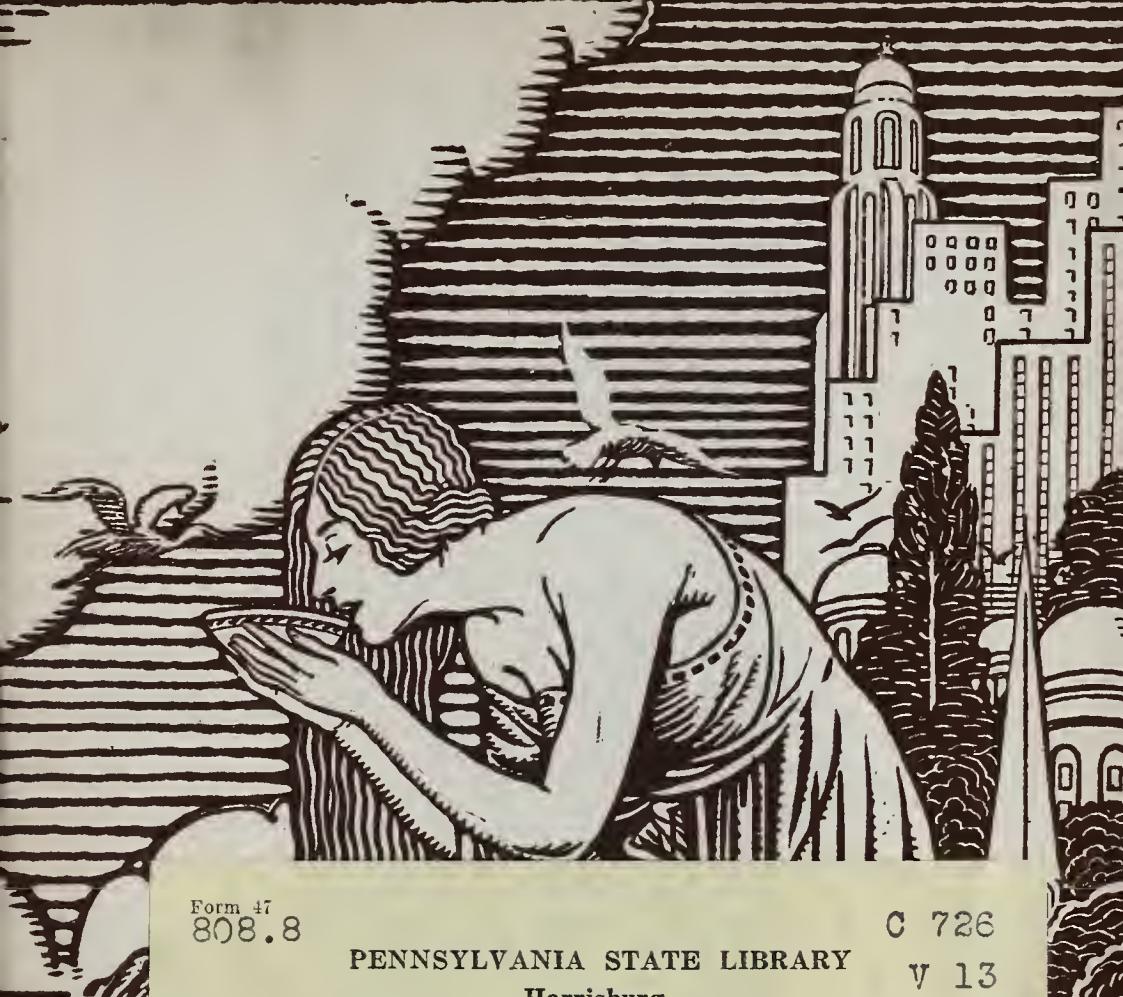
"Never heed," said the girl, "I'll stand by you."

Time passed on, and Belle and I lived in the dingle; when I say lived, the reader must not imagine that we were always there. She went out upon her pursuits, and I went out where inclination led me; but my excursions were very short ones, and hers occasionally occupied whole days and nights. If I am asked how we passed the time when we were together in the dingle, I would answer that we passed the time very tolerably, all things considered; we conversed together, and when tired of conversing I would sometimes give Belle a lesson in Armenian; her progress was not particularly brilliant, but upon the whole satisfactory; in about a fortnight she had hung up one hundred

Haikan numerals upon the hake of her memory. I found her conversation highly entertaining; she had seen much of England and Wales, and had been acquainted with some of the most remarkable characters who traveled the roads at that period; and let me be permitted to say that many remarkable characters have traveled the roads of England, of whom fame has never said a word. I loved to hear her anecdotes of these people; some of whom I found had occasionally attempted to lay violent hands either upon her person or effects, and had invariably been humbled by her without the assistance of either justice or constable. I could clearly see, however, that she was rather tired of England, and wished for a change of scene; she was particularly fond of talking of America, to which country her aspirations chiefly tended. She had heard much of America, which had excited her imagination; for at that time America was much talked of, on roads and in homesteads—at least, so said Belle, who had good opportunities of knowing—and most people allowed that it was a good country for adventurous English. The people who chiefly spoke against it, as she informed me, were soldiers disbanded upon pensions, the sextons of village churches, and excisemen. Belle had a craving desire to visit that country, and to wander with cart and little animal amongst its forests; when I would occasionally object, that she would be exposed to danger from strange and perverse customers, she said that she had not wandered the roads of England so long and alone, to be afraid of anything which might befall in America; and that she hoped, with God's favor, to be able to take her own part, and to give to perverse customers as good as they might bring. She had a dauntless heart, that same Belle. Such was the staple of Belle's conversation. As for mine, I would endeavor to entertain her with strange dreams of adventure, in which I figured in opaque forests, strangling wild beasts, or discovering and plundering the hoards of dragons; and sometimes I would narrate to her other things far more genuine—how I had tamed savage mares, wrestled with Satan, and had dealings with ferocious publishers. Belle had a kind heart, and would weep at the accounts I gave her of my early wrestlings with the dark Monarch. She would sigh, too, as I recounted the many slights and degradations I had received at the hands of ferocious publishers; but she had the curiosity of a woman; and once, when I talked to her of the triumphs which I had achieved over unbroken mares, she lifted up her head and questioned me as to the secret of the virtue which I possessed over the aforesaid animals; whereupon I sternly reprimanded, and forthwith commanded her to repeat the Armenian numerals; and, on her demurring, I made use of words, to escape which she was glad to comply, saying the Armenian numerals from one to a hundred, which numerals, as a punishment for her curiosity, I made her repeat three times, loading her with bitterest reproaches whenever she committed the slightest error, either in accent or pronunciation, which reproaches she appeared to bear with the greatest patience. And now I have given a very fair account of the manner in which Isobel Berners and myself passed our time in the dingle.







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